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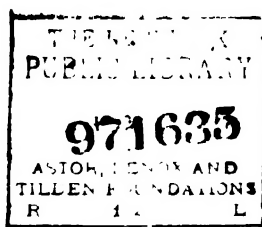
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RECTIFICATION OF THE FRONTIER OF BRITISH AMERICA.

THAT turbulent and arrogant democracy which calls itself America *par excellence* is so constantly in the habit of canvassing the annexation of Canada, and that in times of profound peace, and of as good mutual understanding as there can be expected to exist between a respectable and aged parent and a remarkably rude, forward, and presuming offspring, that we may very fairly be excused saying a word or two upon such rectifications of the frontier of British America, in case of war, as will give a natural development to those possessions and strengthen them for the future.

In the first place, all frontiers to be natural, when not islanded or separated by river or mountain, should be marked out by the flow of the waters, or what are termed hydrographical basins. British Columbia, for example, is watered by the Columbia, or Oregon and Frazer Rivers. By the existing absurd arrangement, half of the Columbia is British and half American, while the American frontier is made to abut on the Frazer. The next great basin, which ought long ago to have been recognised as a distinct colony—Rupert's Land—is watered by the two Saskatchewan, or Bow Rivers, and the Red River with the Winnipeg central system of lakes. The half of the Red River is within the American boundary, as is also the existing readiest water-way from Canada to the future colony. Upper and Lower Canada are watered by the tributaries to the great lake system, the River St. Lawrence, and south-eastward by the minor basin of the St. John's. The New Englanders have appropriated the affluents to the St. Lawrence from the south, including the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, as also the upper course of the St. John's.

Now, first with regard to British Columbia and Oregon, the New Albion of Drake, New Caledonia of Cook, and New Georgia of Vancouver. There is no doubt that the pioneers of discovery on these coasts were the Spaniards, and the haughty Dons held possession of all the New World in virtue of Pope Alexander VI.'s bull, till England, when she threw off her Papal allegiance, at the same time repudiated the validity of this preposterous concession, and Sir Francis Drake obtained Queen Elizabeth's approval for an expedition to the South Seas. This was in 1577. It has been a point warmly contested, as having weight in that long menacing controversy—the Oregon question—whether Drake, in the attempt to discover a north-east passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, reached the parallel of 48 deg., or only that of 43 deg. Dr. Travers Twiss, in his able work on the Oregon Territory, has, however, manifestly established that Sir Francis attained the higher parallel, and is conse-

quently entitled to be regarded as the discoverer of that territory which, until conceded to the United States by the treaty of 1846, was, as "in policy and justice," says Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his work on British Columbia, it should have remained, the southern portion of a natural territory, designated by the first-mentioned great circumnavigator New Albion. Captain Cook's second voyage in 1776-77 was, however, the first in which any survey of the coast was made that could be relied upon. Although Spanish navigators claim to have seen portions of the coast of North America between the limits of 43 deg. and 55 deg. prior to the visit of our great national explorer, yet their discoveries had not been made public, and their observations had been too cursory and vague to lead to any practical result.

Whatever additions were made to our further acquaintance with the coast of North-West America after the time of Cook was accomplished by the fur companies; but after the independence of the United States had been acknowledged, the Americans engaged actively in the trade of the North Pacific, and Captain Grey, one of their traders, having sailed round Queen Charlotte's Island, he gave it the name of his sloop—Washington, although it had been named and explored by Dixon, and afterwards by Duncan, both English navigators, some years previously. In 1790 two vessels, the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, were despatched, under the command of Captain Vancouver and Lieutenant Broughton, on the authority of a convention with the Spaniards, to receive the cession of the territory from their officers in the Pacific, and, after an examination of the coast eastward, the navigators proceeded to take possession, in the name of the King of England, of all that part of New Albion, from 39 deg. 20 min. south latitude, and 236 deg. 26 min. east longitude, and they christened the territory New Georgia. It is important to remark that the territory so defined includes the most southerly tributary to the Columbia river, commonly known as Lewis River, from its having been subsequently explored by an American traveller. The mouth of the Columbia was first discovered in 1775, by Quadra, a Spaniard, who denominated it Heceta, and the River of Ascension was explored by Galeano Valdez and Vancouver, but the appellation of Columbia was given to it by the American Gray; and the merit of exploring the interior—but that long after the Spanish possessions had been established as British territory—is due to the Americans Lewis and Clarke, who crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1805. This, it is manifest, no more establishes a right of possession by discovery than if a Chinaman was, when gold-exploring, to discover a new tributary to the Murray, in Victoria, and found upon it a claim for China to a part of Central Australia. Certain it is, however, that this journey of exploration was followed by the foundation of the American establishment of Astoria on the south side of the Columbia, within what was then British territory, while the Canadian traders founded Fort George and Fort Vancouver, the former situated also on the south side of the river, and eight miles from the sea, and the latter eighty miles up the river from Fort George.

The treaty of 1795 having established the parallel of the 49th degree of north latitude as the southern boundary of British America, west of the Rocky Mountains, the Yankees, as they progressed on the Columbia,

had the acuteness to insist upon the same parallel being adopted for British Columbia, and the government, being unwilling to make so remote and little populated a country a source of disturbance, or a cause for serious rupture between two great powers, had the weakness to yield the point, and with it the Canadian settlements on the Columbia, by the treaty of 1846. Such a spirit of concession is, however, never of any avail with an ambitious and arrogant people, and can only delay a necessity that becomes inevitable in the long run of determining a boundary by force of arms. For as while the Americans, restrained by Great Britain to the 49th parallel in the north, hastened to absorb the frontier of a less powerful state—Mexico—to the south, so that power only abided time till she had gathered strength on the Columbia to seize upon the San Juan Archipelago, which lie west of Vancouver Straits, down the middle of which the boundary line was to be carried, and are between that strait and Haro Strait, the latter of which is so encumbered with islands as to be barely available for purposes of navigation, and was never named or considered for a moment to be the main channel, or “Vancouver’s Straits.”

It is obvious, then, that to put all such outrages out of the power of the Americans for the future, and to re-establish the original and legitimate line of demarcation of British Columbia, it would be advisable to include within that territory not all the lands formerly attached to it, but the whole valley of the Columbia river and of its affluents. A territory so marked out would be separated from California by the best of all frontiers—the Oregon chain of mountains—and there would be no possibility of any future misunderstandings where the course of the waters were made the basis of a treaty. The reappropriation of Oregon, or of the valley of the Columbia, by Great Britain might appear to some to be a somewhat oppressive step to take. It is not so, for the country was a much longer time in our possession than it has been in that of the Americans, and we had more prosperous and powerful stations on the river (the Americans had even abandoned Astoria altogether), at the time when that great and noble valley was given up to the clamour of the Yankees, than the Americans had in the same territory. But a far more important consideration should impel us to take such a step, and that is the peace and quiet and safety of the future populations that will arise upon the gold-producing banks of the Columbia and the Frazer Rivers, that will tend their flocks on the wide-spreading pastures of the littoral and of the interior, and that will carry with them enterprise and industry gradually into the rocky recesses of the most remote portions of New Albion. It is impossible there can be any prospect for such, so long as a people so peculiarly constituted as we are grieved to see the descendants of our own forefathers are, when mentally and physically deteriorating under the influence of a different climate, shall be tolerated in the very spirit of antagonism close to the Frazer River, and opposite to Victoria, in order to march thence their predatory bands into our own islands in the Gulf of Georgia. If this view of our duty is conceded, and it is really irrefragable, it is evident that government should avail itself of the opportunity that war must present to it of so rectifying this long debated frontier as to ensure peace and quiet in future to their

subjects dwelling under the English episcopal banner in Vancouver and British Columbia.*

It is upon the same principle that we should advocate the annexation of the Upper Red River to British America. It is not that there is anything to be gained by the addition of such territory, as is the case in British Columbia, where our old-established claims come to lend strength to that which is counselled by all principles of justice and humanity, but it is that nothing can be more absurd than a straight line—an arbitrary band stolen from the heavens and traced across a map—carried in imagination across a continent, and there made to intersect a great river, upon which a powerful colony has rapidly risen into existence, quietly into two! The thing is so preposterous that it can never last. Already the chief communications of the Red River settlement are *via* Pembina and Sarsfield, to the American settlements in the Upper Mississippi, and the flow of the waters to the north, or to the south, would alone constitute a natural line of demarcation, and one that would be likely to be permanent.

The line of boundary being determined in British Columbia, then, by the affluents to the river of the same name, it would take a northerly course up the Rocky Mountains; for the same principles that we advocate in regard to ourselves would, when applied to the Americans, ensure to them the sources and the first or most remote affluents of the Missouri, and hence the territory watered by the Milk River, which has its sources in British America, should be made over to the States, the Cypress Hills constituting the boundary between that territory and such as is watered by the Bow Rivers; while, on the other hand, such small tracts as are watered by the Moose and Mouse Rivers—tributaries to the Assiniboine and the Red River—would pass into British hands, the Grand Coteau du Missouri constituting the boundary at that point. Some difficulties might present themselves in marking out the boundary in that exceedingly marshy and lacustrine district, which gives birth to the Mississippi on the one hand and the Big Fork River on the other. It is almost questionable if on the upland itself, before the waters flow from the lakes, the latter do not interlace or interweave with one another, but even if so there must be always a determinable point where the waters begin to flow north and where they begin to flow south, and half way between would be the natural line of demarcation. It would be the same with regard to the Pekan, or Little Fork River, and Vermilion Lake, and we should do away with the characteristic anomaly of the Americans carrying their line of demarcation of 49 deg. to beyond the parallel of 50 deg. in the Lake of Woods, because they conceived that there was there an extent of land and water so endowed by nature as to constitute a little gem in itself, and therefore worthy of being seized and retained, despite all principles of justice.

* British Columbia is a colony that is, unfortunately, much overlooked by government; at the epoch of the last letters from thence, bearing date October 26, there was only one vessel of war in harbour at Esquimalt, the *Topaze*, of 57 guns, Captain the Hon. J. W. S. Spencer, and two gunboats that are permanently stationed there. There is also as yet no dock at Esquimalt, and any ship of war or merchantman requiring repairs has to go to San Francisco, liable to be any day in the hands of a hostile power.

It must not be lost sight of that the only line of available country that crosses the so-called "Prairies," but in reality the "Great American Desert," which stretches from the Rocky Mountains eastward, and from the valley of the Bow River in the north to that of the Colorado in the south, presents itself in British territory, as do also the most available passes in the Rocky Mountains that have yet been discovered, and that hence the most promising line of communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific is through Canada and Rupert's Land, and thence by the valley of the Columbia River to the Pacific.

The existing line of demarcation that applies itself to the great Central Lake system might remain as it is: that is to say, as far as we can understand it, the British boundary on the north side, and the so-called American boundary on the south sides of Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, and the intervening inland seas would remain joint property. There could be no possible advantage in claiming an exclusive right over those lakes, and still less so in endeavouring to establish a claim to their affluents from the south. In a military point of view such a position would be untenable, and it would be equally useless in a commercial point of view. If the Yankees have a greater extent of tonnage, of packet accommodation, and of steamers available for war purposes on the North American lakes, as well as more prosperous sites on their banks, or shores, this must be attributed to several reasons, among which the advantages of the climate and the superior enterprise of the people will have due prominence.

If at the Sault Ste. Marie the Americans have a small town containing seven or eight hundred inhabitants, with a well-built garrison (Paul Kane, "*Wanderings of an Artist*," p. 46), while the Hudson's Bay have only a paltry trading establishment on the opposite side, we know quite well that this is as much owing to the long tenure of a company of an amount of territory equal to that held by first-rate powers in Europe, for the sole purposes of hunting, as to the enterprise of the Americans. But if, according to Mr. Hind ("*Narrative of the Red River Exploring Expedition*," &c., vol. i. p. 18), 3065 steamers passed up from Lake Erie to Lakes Huron and Superior, by Detroit, in 1859, and 3121 passed down, of which the greater part were American, the causes must be sought for elsewhere. Detroit statistics show that five steamers, seven propellers, four barques, seven brigs, and eighty-five schooners were more or less engaged in the Lake Superior trade during the same year. Forty vessels left during the season for European and outward ports, some of which have returned. What is equally significant is, that the Americans have Monroe, Detroit, St. Clair, and Port Huron on their side of the passage between Lakes Erie and Huron, with railway accommodation; the Canadians have only Port Sarnia, Windsor, and Malden, but also with railway communication with Toronto and Kingston, besides the cross railway from Port Staley, on Lake Erie, by London and Stratford, to Goderich, on Lake Huron—an important line in a strategic point of view.

And so it is at Niagara, where the population and movement are, it is well known, on the American side, and where, or close by, is a thriving, bustling, commercial town—Buffalo. But here, again, it ought not to

be lost sight of that the supply of water to the Erie and Welland canals, to which Buffalo owes its importance, is dependent upon the relative height of the waters of Lake Erie. Periods of great anxiety have occurred among mercantile men at Buffalo respecting the supply of water to the great artery which unites Lake Erie with the Hudson River, and this uncertain supply might be rendered still more so in time of war. Again, notwithstanding the superiority of shipping and of population on the part of America on the upper lakes—with Milwaukie, Chicago, Toledo, Sandusky, Cleveland, Erie, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Lockport, Rochester, Oswego, Sackett's Harbour, Clayton, Ogdensburg, and other sites of more or less existing and growing importance—still, Chicago and Buffalo excepted, few of these can compare with Toronto and Kingston on the Canadian side.

This brings us to the most important part of the subject which we have proposed to ourselves to take up. It is quite manifest that if there is any soundness at all in the principles upon which we started—and all history might be brought in evidence of their consistency—either one bank of the St. Lawrence should belong to the British and one to the Americans, or the affluents from the south should be made the permanent and natural line of demarcation.

The arbitrary and absurd line of the 49th parallel is, it is to be remarked, dispensed with the moment we get to the lakes. The moment the line touches Lake Superior, away it goes on the American side to the south; and so it is prolonged up and down with the contour of Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, till, reaching the St. Lawrence, it goes off, at another arbitrary and unmeaning tangent, across the northern extremity of Lake Champlain to Island Point, where, to meet the importance of the State of Maine, it is carried northwards again to the very banks of the St. Lawrence, to retreat just as rapidly along the valley of the River St. John's, and to separate that state from the British province of New Brunswick. Can anything be more irrational or less calculated to withstand the conflicting passions roused by war? And yet all these inconsistencies have been allowed to be perpetrated just where population and commerce are greatest, and the opposing interests of people brought into the most close and dangerous contact.

A natural demarcation, establishing that the affluents of the St. Lawrence belonged to the possessors of that river, would at once show that Lake Champlain and its affluents belonged to Canada, the boundaries of which would also include Sackett's Harbour. One of the strongest works on the whole line of the American fortifications on the Canadian frontier is Fort Montgomery, at Rowse's Point, at the head of Lake Champlain. This fort has been foolishly nicknamed "Fort Blunder," because erected upon British soil—afterwards, as usual, conceded to the Yankees under pressure. Encroachments of that kind on the part of the Americans are never "blunders." Since Mr. Seward's instructions of the 14th October to fortify the coast, lake, and frontier line on the American side (instructions which showed a foregone purpose, for they long anticipated the causes of rupture with this country), Fort Montgomery is said to have been considerably enlarged, and to be now nearly completed. It will mount sixty-five guns in position, and twenty-five en barbette. It is

protected on the land side by a moat and rampart of earth; and, on the whole, it is a very formidable work. Rowse's Point is about thirty-eight miles from Montreal, and upon the main line of railway communication between Boston, New York, and Canada. Lake Champlain, which lies between the states of New York and Vermont, extending for four miles into Lower Canada, is one hundred and five miles in length, north to south, its breadth varying from ten miles to half a mile. It contains numerous islands, receives several rivers, and discharges its superfluous waters by the Richelieu River into the St. Lawrence. This lake was the centre of many important military operations during the revolutionary war, and now forms an important medium of commerce.

It would be of the utmost importance in any future defensive or offensive operations that this fort should be reduced by blockade or otherwise, and that the tributary to the St. Lawrence, which has been so often the centre of military operations, should, once for all, pass into its legitimate keeping. The interests of Montreal especially demand that such a resolute step should be taken, for that great commercial entrepôt is never safe, with its communications with New York and Boston liable to be cut off at any moment by an excitable, irritable, and hostile power; its citizens suspected, maltreated, or kidnapped; and itself exposed to any sudden foray on the part of a not over-scrupulous or conscientious enemy.

This effected, the northern part of Vermont and of New Hampshire would go with the valleys of the Richelieu. The Montpellier of New England would become the Montpellier of Old England or of Canada, and it would become a matter for due and weighty consideration whether the boundary of Maine, overlooking, as it now does, St. Ann on the St. Lawrence, should be finally fixed at Portland or Portsmouth. The principles we have evoked ought, it might be said, to be carried out by keeping to the line of water-shed, but the case here is an utterly exceptional one. New Brunswick is a British province, and it embraces the St. John's and other tributaries that flow to the North Atlantic Ocean, and not to the St. Lawrence. Hence the rivers of Maine, up, indeed, to Cape Cod, may be considered as part of the hydrographical basin of the St. John's. The only exception is the rivers Connecticut. Penobscot Bay is but an inlet outlying Fundy Bay, and the latter has been trouble enough to us from the incessant encroachments of the American fishermen. Nova Scotia advances into the ocean south of Penobscot, and there never will be peace in those waters till one power rules on both sides alike, and at the entrance of the bay. There could be no wish to so far humble New England as to hold possession of any portion of Massachusetts; but Great Britain wants a port open to the Atlantic that shall be safe at all seasons of the year, and from which, as from Portland and Portsmouth, there is railway communication with Canada. The Canadian Regiment has announced itself ready to annex Maine with its own loyal battalions unaided. We have pointed out a more moderate view of the idea, but which is at the same time a more natural solution of the difficulty, and one that, being natural, would be more likely to be permanent. The prolongation of Maine up to the very banks of the St. Lawrence is, at all events, a thing not to be tolerated, except from a superior power.

It is quite as irrational and still more intolerable than the Yankee-Doodle line that is carried in existing maps from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Georgia; and both alike require a bold and uncompromising rectification should the opportunity for such present itself. The line marked out by the flow of water is as simple as everything that nature does; the line marked out by men is just as absurd as all things are in which human passions and not an informed reason have had the ascendancy.

There is one more point of view in which the latter portion of the question deserves to be considered, and that is a purely military one, or one rather in which military advantages can be shown to coincide with political, commercial, and strategic interests. Supposing war to be declared, the first ships that have left this country are going to try and get up the St. Lawrence as far as Bic or Rivière du Loup; but even if they succeed, those that follow will be thrown upon Halifax or St. John's. Now it is well known that, in time of war, it is not at all essential to remain on the defensive, but, on the contrary, that a successful blow struck at the enemy often cripples him for all offensive purposes. The British troops landed this winter at St. John's cannot proceed to the defence of Canada except by marching or sledging over vast tracts of snow and ice.* If at peace, they could march to Bangor and obtain railway accommodation thence. But if peace is broken, it would be difficult to see how they could be better employed than aided by a sufficient maritime force in operating against Portland, or such point on the coast of Maine as will ensure to Canada the possession of a winter harbour and of railway communication with the sea. Portland has railway communication with Bangor and with Montreal, *via* Paris, Berlin, Richmond, and Lenquoil—the two last, Canadian towns. But Portsmouth has the same communication, as also another line, *via* Concord, Burlington, and Rowe's Point, to Lenquoil and Montreal. Portsmouth would appear to present twofold strategic advantages in closing two approaches to Montreal to the enemy. But Portland presents a readier, and probably a more defensible, position. Added to this, the principles of natural boundaries which we started with might be carried out in all its minutest details in such an annexation, for the line of demarcation, after being carried from Sackett's Harbour north of the head-waters of the Hudson, and then southward to the head-waters of Lake Champlain, could in the same way be again carried northwards round the head-waters of the Connecticut river, and thence in a southeasterly direction to Portland. The railway communication between Portland and Island Point must not, however, be jeopardised by such an

* The only railways in New Brunswick are one from St. John's to Shediac, in the Northumberland Straits, Gulf of St. Lawrence, and one from St. Andrew's to within about twenty miles of Woodstock, the latter being the finished portion of the St. Andrew's and Quebec Railway. The distance from St. John's to Quebec is about 395 miles, and a portion of this may be saved by adopting the route *via* St. Andrew's—viz. St. John's to St. Andrew's, 65 miles, by rail to within 20 miles of Woodstock, or distant from Quebec 265 miles, making 330 miles; saving 65 miles—total, 395 miles. At the time of the Canadian outbreak in 1837, three regiments—the 34th, 43rd, and 85th, with two detachments of artillery—effected their way from Halifax and St. John's in the months of December, 1837, and January, 1838, to the St. Lawrence and Quebec with scarcely a casualty. The conveniences for sleighs and accommodation on the route would be greater now.

arrangement. These are points of detail which could, however, only be determined after a decisive war. Great Britain would have for chief objects, in case of such an untoward event occurring, the recognition of the South, the breaking of the blockade, and the effectual blockading of the ports of the Federal States in the Atlantic and the Pacific; but pending these great maritime operations, our land forces, aided by a sufficient maritime force, would be better employed in striking a blow at Oregon, and possibly at San Francisco, on one side, and at Portland or Portsmouth on the other, than in taking up a merely defensive position on the St. Lawrence and the north side of the Lakes.

An objection might be urged against the proposed mode of action, that we should leave Canada more or less exposed, or in a comparatively speaking undefended state. This would not be the case, because an enemy occupied is an enemy kept from mischief, if not altogether at bay. But what would be still more important is that, by holding the admirable harbour of Portland, we should at the same time obtain possession of railway communication direct with Montreal, by which troops could at any moment be forwarded—unless the population hostile to us were to take up the rails in Maine or New Hampshire—to the defence of the St. Lawrence, or of the approaches left open by the Burlington and Rowse's Point railway. Canada is also, there is no doubt, accessible by rail from several directions in New York, as Ogdensburg, Clayton, Sackett's Harbour, Rochester, Niagara, and Detroit; and the Red River settlement is open to inroads from Minnesota and the Far West. It would be difficult, indeed, if not impossible, to provide, under any circumstances, for the protection of a line of frontier extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But in the more populous and important neighbourhoods, as especially in Canada, the existing powers of defence are quite equal to coping with what the Yankees could bring into the field, harassed with a civil war in the South, and assaulted by a British force of some 12,000 men, aided by a fleet on the north-east flank. There are three regiments of foot, the 17th, 47th, and 80th, in Canada, the 4th battalion of the 60th Rifles, and a strong detachment of the 100th Canadian regiment, besides two or three batteries of artillery. There is next the volunteer force, which is enrolled in Canada, and comprises some 16 batteries of artillery, 16 troops of cavalry of class A, and 12 of class B, and 62 companies of Rifles. There are also several corps of light infantry, and a nominal force of 42 battalions of militia in Lower Canada, and 47 of so-called sedentary militia in Upper Canada. When the 30,000 Enfield rifles now on board the *Melbourne* are in the hands of these troops, it will no doubt add greatly to their natural effectiveness. But still there is quite enough to defend the approaches to Canada and blockade Rowse's Point, if not, indeed, to assume the offensive, and by striking a blow in the east, on Sackett's Harbour, for example, cripple the enemy's action on Lake Ontario, whence they can most annoy Kingston and Toronto, and the lake-board of Upper Canada. As there is railway communication to the Detroit Straits, that point of access might also be put at least in a proper state of defence. The gallant Scotch and the adventurous half-breeds at the Red River, all riflemen and buffalo-hunters to a man, must be left, we regret to say, to

their own resources to contend with any assault from the Far West. We strongly opine that they will do so successfully.

It is, however, this very extent of frontier, and the number of assailable points that present themselves over an extent that is utterly indefensible throughout, that renders it most desirable to act upon the offensive, to transmit our heavy ordnance and stores to towns and citadels, but to employ our field-batteries and troops, now being sent out, where they could be aided from the seaboard in striking a blow that would at once cripple the enemy, and open ready and rapid communication between Great Britain and the active army and the Canadian frontier, as that frontier now exists, leaving to the hour of settlement what shall be the future boundaries of British America, a matter in which we have been impudently overreached, and grossly injured and insulted.

1862.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

WHAT is gone time?—a flash of lightning spent,
And quenched within the ocean deep and drear,
But lingering thunders still to earth are sent—
So men's deeds echo here.

What is gone time?—a wind that did caress
Our brows like balm—that summer odours bore,
Now swept away to some far wilderness,
To soothe our sense no more.

What is gone time?—the gorgeous crimson light
That Artist-Eve spread o'er the sunset sky;
'Tis fled we know not where, as falls the night,
Leaving us but to sigh:

To sigh o'er buried greatness—o'er the tomb
Where youth and age, where learning, virtue sleep,
And Beauty hath resigned her pride, her bloom—
For these we weep—we weep.

But chief for him sad tears our eyes now fill,
Whose death has pierced with grief a nation's breast;
That Royal heart, truth's, honour's home, is still—
Worth early sunk to rest.

The past is bodiless, a dream, a thought;
Our hopes, our wishes, it will claim no more;
The future lures us, with strong magic fraught;
The soul still looks before.

Then not the past, thou new-born Year, I hail thee!
 In thy deep secret chambers what is nursed?
 Do threatening clouds, all black with thunder, veil thee?
 Must War's pent torrents burst?

Say, must the cry that wakes Columbia's shore
 Find echo in Europa's blooming vales?
 Must Horror write in blood men's names once more,
 Death-knells on shrinking gales?

Or shall the Spirit of bright Progress rise,
 Charming contention's, passion's clouds away?
 As we may see the moon in stormy skies
 Diffuse her clearing ray.

Progress, that moon, with silver-shining brow,
 Will ride in beauty o'er Britannia's Isle,
 Leading peace, friendship, never bright as now—
 The stars that round her smile.

Nations will meet in our wave-belted land,
 And while Art, Industry, their glories show,
 Each shall to each extend a brother's hand,
 And hearts will kindlier glow.

O Year! may blessings on thee shower from heaven,
 Earth grow more bounteous, and mankind more wise!
 Whate'er the past, the future still is given,
 To learn, to win, to rise.

Angel of unity, and peace, and love!
 Come from thy fields immortal, crowned with flowers,
 And spread thy wings, thou white, celestial dove!
 O'er England's favoured bowers.

Then, charmed by thy sweet presence, Hope shall fill,
 Through all the year, her cup with golden wine,
 War's fiend shall sleep, the passions shall be still,
 And Joy her chaplet twine.

Then science shall exalt, and arts adorn,
 Rough Labour's cheek be dressed with cheerful smiles,
 And truest glory, of pure virtue born,
 Shall crown the world-famed Isles.*

* The above lines were written before the question of war or peace with the Northern States of America was decided.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE FOURTH.

I.

THE SHADOW.

IN the heart of the town of Prior's Ash was situated the banking-house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin. Built at the corner of a street, it faced two ways: the bank and its doors being in High-street, the principal street of the town; the entrance to the dwelling-house being in Crosse-street, a new, short street, not much frequented, which had been called after Mr. Crosse, who at the time it was made lived at the bank. There were but six or eight houses in Crosse-street; detached, private dwellings; and the street led to the open country, and to a pathway, not a carriage-way, that would, if you liked to follow it, take you to Ashlydyat.

The house attached to the bank was a commodious one: its rooms were mostly large and handsome, though not many in number. A pillared entrance, to which you ascended by steps, took you into a small hall. On the right of this hall, as you entered, was the room used as a dining-room, a light and spacious apartment, its large window opening on a covered terrace, where plants were kept; and that again standing open to a sloping lawn, surrounded with shrubs and flowers. This room was hung with fine old pictures, brought from Ashlydyat. Lady Godolphin did not care for pictures; she preferred delicately-papered walls; and but few of the Ashlydyat paintings had been removed to the Folly. On the left of the hall were the rooms pertaining to the bank. At the back of the hall, beyond the dining-room, a handsome well-staircase led to the apartments above, one of which was a fine drawing-room. From the upper windows at the back of the house a view of Lady Godolphin's Folly might be obtained, rising high and picturesque; also of the turret of Ashlydyat, grey and grim. Not of Ashlydyat itself: its surrounding trees buried it.

This dining-room, elegant and airy, and fitted up with exquisite taste, was the favourite sitting-room of the Miss Godolphins. The drawing-room above, larger and grander, less comfortable, and looking on to the high street, was less used by them. In this lower room there sat one evening Thomas Godolphin and his eldest sister. It was about a month subsequent to that day, at the commencement of this history, when you saw the hounds throw off, and a week or ten days since Sir George Godolphin had been found insensible on the floor of his room at Broomhead. The attack had proved to be nothing but a prolonged fainting-fit; but even that told upon Sir George in his shattered state of health. It had caused plans to be somewhat changed. Thomas Godolphin's visit to Scotland had been postponed, for Sir George was not strong enough for business consultations, which would have been the chief object of his journey: and George Godolphin had not yet returned to Prior's Ash.

Thomas and Miss Godolphin had been dining alone. Bessy was spending the evening at All Souls' Rectory: she and Mr. Hastings were active workers together in parish matters: and Cecil was dining at Ashlydyat. Mrs. Verrall had called in the afternoon and carried her off. The dessert was on the table, but Thomas had turned from it, and was sitting over the fire. Miss Godolphin sat opposite to him, nearer the table, her fingers busy with her knitting, on which fell the rays of the chandelier. They were discussing plans earnestly and gravely.

"No, Thomas, it would not do," she was saying. "We must go. One of the partners always has resided here at the bank, and it is necessary, in my opinion, that one should. Let business men be at their business."

"But look at the trouble, Janet," remonstrated Thomas Godolphin. "Look at the expense. You may be no sooner out than you may have to come back again."

Janet turned her strangely-deep eyes on her brother. "Do not make too sure of that, Thomas."

"How do you mean, Janet? In my father's precarious state, we cannot, unhappily, count upon his life."

"Thomas, I am sure—I seem to see—that he will not be with us long. No: and I am contemplating the time when he shall have left us. It would change many things. Your home would then be Ashlydyat."

Thomas Godolphin smiled. As if any power would keep him from inhabiting Ashlydyat when he should be its master. "Yes," he answered. "And George would come here."

"There it is!" said Janet. "Would George live here? I do not feel sure that he would."

"Of course he would, Janet. He would live here with you, as I do now. That is a perfectly understood thing."

"Does he so understand it?"

"He understands it, and approves of it."

Janet shook her head. "George likes his liberty; he will not be content to settle down to the ways of a sober household."

"Nay, Janet, you must remember one thing. When George shall come to this house, he comes, so to say, as its master. He will not, of course, interfere with your arrangements; he will fall in with them readily; but neither will he, nor must he, be under your control. To attempt anything of the sort again would not do."

Janet knitted on in silence. She had essayed to keep Master George under her hand when they first came to the bank to reside: and the result was that he had chosen a separate home, where he could be entirely *en garçon*.

"Eh me!" sighed Janet. "If young men could but see the folly of their ways—as they see them in after life!"

"Therefore, Janet, I say that it would be exceedingly unadvisable for you to leave the house," continued Thomas Godolphin, leaving her remark unnoticed. "It might be, that, before you were well out of it, you must return to it."

"I see the inconvenience also; the uncertainty," she answered. "But there is no help for it."

"Yes there is. Janet, I wish you would let me settle it."

"How would you settle it?"

"By bringing Ethel here. On a visit to you."

Janet laid down her knitting. "What do you mean? That there should be two mistresses in the house, she and I? No, no, Thomas; the daftest old wife in all the parish would tell you that does not do."

"Not two mistresses. You would be sole mistress, as you are now: I and Ethel your guests. Janet, indeed it would be the best plan. By the spring, we should see how Sir George went on. If he improved, then the question could be definitively settled: and either you or I would fix upon our residence elsewhere. If he does not improve, I fear, Janet, that the spring will have seen the end."

Something in the words appeared to excite particularly the attention of Janet. She gazed at Thomas as if she would search him through and through. "By the spring!" she repeated. "When, then, do you contemplate marrying Ethel?"

"I should like her to be mine by Christmas," was the low answer.

"Thomas! And December close upon us!"

"If not, some time in January," he continued, paying no heed to her surprise. "It is so decided."

Miss Godolphin drew a long breath. "With whom is it decided?"

"With Ethel."

"You'd marry a wife, without a home to bring her to? Had thoughtless George told me that he was going to do such a thing, I could have believed him. Not of you, Thomas."

"Janet, the home shall no longer be a barrier. I wish you would receive Ethel here as your guest."

"It is not likely that she would come. The first thing a married woman looks out for, is to have a home of her own."

Thomas laughed. "Not come, Janet? Have you yet to learn how unassuming and meek is the character of Ethel? We have spoken of this plan together, and Ethel's only fear is, lest she should 'be in the way of Miss Godolphin.' Failing the carrying out of this project, Janet—for I see you are, as I thought you would be, prejudiced against it—I shall engage a lodging as near to the bank as may be, and there I shall take Ethel."

"Would it be seemly that the heir of Ashlydyat should go into lodgings on his marriage?" asked Janet, grief and sternness in her tone.

"Things are seemly or unseemly, Janet, according to circumstances. It would be more seemly for the heir of Ashlydyat to take temporary lodgings while he waited for Ashlydyat, than for him to turn his sisters from their home for a month, or a few months, as the case might be. The pleasantest plan would be for me to bring Ethel here: entirely as your guest. It is what she and I should both like. If you object, I shall take her elsewhere. Bessy and Cecil would be delighted with the arrangement: they are fond of Ethel."

"And when the children begin to come, Thomas?" cried Miss Godolphin, in her old-fashioned, steady, Scotch manner. She had a great deal of her mother about her.

Thomas's lips parted with a quaint smile. "Can the children come

with that speed, Janet? Things will be decided, one way or the other, months before children shall have had time to arrive."

Janet knitted a whole row before she spoke. "I will take a few hours to reflect upon it, Thomas," she said then.

"Do so," he replied, rising and glancing to the time-piece. "Half-past seven! What time will Cecil expect me? I wish to spend half an hour with Ethel. Shall I go for Cecil before, or afterwards?"

"Go for Cecil at once, Thomas. It will be better for her to be home early."

Thomas Godolphin went to the hall-door and looked out upon the night. He was considering whether he need put on an over-coat. It was a bright moonlight night, warm and genial. So he shut the door, and started. "I wish the cold would come!" he exclaimed, half aloud. He was thinking of the fever, which still clung obstinately to Prior's Ash, showing itself fitfully and partially in fresh places about every third or fourth day.

He took the foot road, down Crosse-street: a lonely road, and at night especially unfrequented. In one part of it, as he ascended near Ashlydyat, the pathway was so narrow that two people could scarcely walk abreast, without touching the trunks of the ash-trees growing on either side and meeting overhead. A murder had been committed on this spot a few years before: a sad tale of barbarity, offered to a girl by one who professed to be her lover. She lay buried in All Souls' churchyard; and he within the walls of the county prison where he had been executed. Of course the rumour went that her ghost "walked" there, the natural sequence to these dark tales; and, what with that, and what with the damp loneliness of the place, few could be met in it after dark.

Thomas Godolphin went steadily on, his thoughts running upon the subject of his conversation with Janet. It is probable that but for the difficulty, touching a residence, Ethel would have been his, the past autumn. When anything should happen to Sir George, Thomas would be in residential possession of Ashlydyat three months afterwards; such had been the agreement with Mr. Verrall when he took Ashlydyat. Not in his father's life-time would Thomas Godolphin (clinging to the fancies and traditions which had descended with the old place) consent to take up his abode as Ashlydyat's master; but, no longer than was absolutely necessary, would he remain out of it, as soon as it was his own. George would then remove to the bank, which would still be his sisters' home, as it was now. In the event of George's marrying, the Miss Godolphins would finally leave it: but George Godolphin did not, so far as people saw, give indications that he was likely to marry. In the precarious state of Sir George's health—and it was pretty sure he would soon either get better or worse—these changes might take place any day: therefore it was not desirable that the Miss Godolphins should quit the bank and that the trouble and expense of setting up and furnishing a home for them should be incurred. Of course *they* could not go into lodgings. Altogether, if Janet could only be brought to see it, Thomas's plan was the best—that his young bride should be Janet's guest for a short while.

It was through the upper part of this dark path, which was called the Ash-tree walk, that George Godolphin had taken Maria Hastings, the night they had left Lady Godolphin's dinner-table to visit the Dark Plain.

Thomas, in due course, arrived at the walk's end, and passed through the turnstile. Lady Godolphin's Folly lay on the right, high and white and clear in the moonbeams. Ashlydyat lay to the left, dark and grey, and nearly hidden by the trees. Grey as it was, Thomas looked at it fondly: his heart yearned to it: and it was to be the future home of him and of Ethel!

"Halloa! who's this? Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Godolphin!"

The speaker was Snow, the surgeon. He had come swiftly upon Thomas Godolphin, turning the corner round the ash-trees from the Dark Plain. That he had been to Ashlydyat was certain, for the road led nowhere else. Thomas did not know that illness was in the house.

"Neither did I," said Mr. Snow, in answer to the remark, "until an hour ago, when I was sent for in haste."

A thought crossed Thomas Godolphin. "Not a case of fever, I hope!"

"No. I think that's leaving us. There has been an accident at Ashlydyat, to Mrs. Verrall. At least, what might have been an accident, I should rather say," added the surgeon, correcting himself. "The injury is so slight as not to be worth the name of one."

"What has happened?" asked Thomas Godolphin.

"She managed to set her sleeve on fire: a white lace, or muslin, falling below the silk sleeve of her gown. In standing near a candle, the flame caught it. But now, look at that young woman's presence of mind! Instead of wasting the moments in screams, or running through the house from top to bottom and bottom to top, as most would have done, she instantly threw herself down on the rug, and rolled herself in it. That's the sort of woman to go through life."

"Is she much burnt?"

"Pooh! Many a child gets worse burnt a dozen times in its first dozen years. The arm between the elbow and the wrist is a trifle scorched. It's nothing. They need not have sent for me: a drop of cold water, applied, will take out all the fire. Your sister Cecilia was ten times more alarmed than Mrs. Verrall."

"I am truly glad it is no worse!" said Thomas Godolphin. "I feared the fever might have got up there."

"That is taking its departure; as I think. And, the sooner it's gone, the better. It has been capricious as a coquette's smiles. How strange it is, that not a soul, down by those pollard pig-stys, should have had it, except the Bonds!"

"It is equally strange that, in many houses, it should have attacked only one inmate, and spared the rest. What do you think now of Sarah Anne Grame?"

Mr. Snow shook his head, and his voice grew insensibly low. "In my opinion she is sinking fast, I found her worse this afternoon; weaker than she has been at all. Lady Sarah said, 'If she could get her to Ventnor?'—'if she could get her to Hastings?' But the removal would kill her: she'd die on the road. It will be a terrible blow to Lady Sarah, if it does come: and—though it may seem harsh to say it—a retort upon her selfishness. Did you know that they used to make Ethel head nurse, while the fever was upon her?"

"No!" exclaimed Thomas Godolphin.

"They did, then. My lady inadvertently let it out to-day. Dear child! If she had caught it, I should never have forgiven her mother, whatever you may have done. Good-night. I have half a score visits now to pay, before bedtime."

"Worse!" soliloquised Thomas Godolphin, as he stepped on. "Poor, peevish Sarah Anne! But—I wonder," he hesitated as the thought struck him, "whether, if the worst should come, as Snow seems to anticipate, it would delay Ethel's marriage? What with one delay and another——"

Thomas Godolphin's voice ceased, and his heart stood still. He had turned the corner, to the front of the grove of ash-trees, and, stretching out before him, was the Dark Plain, with its weird-like bushes, so like graves, and—its *Shadow*, lying cold and still in the white moonlight. Yes! there surely lay the Shadow of Ashlydyat. The grey archway rose behind it; the flat plain extended out before it, and the Shadow was between them, all too distinct. The first shock over, Thomas Godolphin's pulses coursed on again. He had seen that Shadow before in his lifetime, but he halted to gaze at it again. It was very palpable. The bier, as it looked like, in the middle, the mourner at the head, the mourner at the foot, each—as a spectator could fancy—with bowed heads. In spite of the superstition touching this strange shadow, in which Thomas Godolphin had been brought up, he looked round now for some natural explanation of it. He was a man of intellect, a man of the world, a man who played his full share in the practical business of every-day life: and such men are not given to acknowledge superstitious fancies in this age of enlightenment, no matter what bent may have been given to their minds in childhood. Therefore Thomas Godolphin ranged his eyes round and round in the air, and could see nothing that would solve the mystery. "I wonder whether it be possible that certain states of the atmosphere should give out these shadows?" he soliloquised. "But—if so—why should it invariably appear in that one precise spot; and in no other? Could Snow have seen that, I wonder?"

He walked on towards Ashlydyat, his head turned sideways always, looking at the Shadow. "I am glad Janet does not see it! It would frighten her into a belief that my father's end was near," came his next thought.

Mrs. Verrall, playing the invalid, lay on a sofa, her auburn hair somewhat dishevelled, her pretty pink cheeks flushed, her satin slippers peeping out; altogether challenging admiration. The damaged arm, its silk sleeve pinned up, was stretched out on a cushion, a small, delicate cambric handkerchief, saturated with water, resting lightly on the burns. A basin of water stood near, with a similar handkerchief lying in it, and Mrs. Verrall's maid was near that, ready to change the handkerchiefs as might be required. Thomas Godolphin drew a chair near to Mrs. Verrall, and listened to the account of the accident, giving her his full sympathy, for it might have been a bad one.

"You must possess great presence of mind," he observed. "I think your showing it, as you have done in this instance, has won Mr. Snow's heart."

Mrs. Verrall laughed. "I believe I do possess presence of mind. And so does Charlotte. Once, we were out with some friends in a barouche, and the horses took fright, ran up a bank, turned the carriage over, and nearly kicked it to pieces. While all with us were frightened in a fearful manner, Charlotte and I remained calm and cool."

"It is a good thing for you," he observed.

"I suppose it is. Better, at any rate, than to go mad with fear, as some do. Cecil"—turning to her—"has had enough fright to last her for a twelvemonth, she says."

"Were you present, Cecil?" asked her brother.

"I was present, but I did not see it," replied Cecil. "It occurred in Mrs. Verrall's bedroom, and I was standing at the dressing-table, with my back to her. The first I knew, or saw, was Mrs. Verrall on the floor, with the rug rolled round her."

The tea was brought in, and Mrs. Verrall insisted that they should remain for it. Thomas pleaded an engagement, but she would not listen: they could not have the heart, she said, to leave her all alone. So Thomas—the very essence of good feeling and politeness—waived his objection and remained. Not the bowing politeness of a *petit-maitre*, but the genuine considerateness that springs from a noble and unselfish heart.

"I am in ecstasy that Verrall was away," she exclaimed. "He would have magnified it into something formidable, and I should not have been let stir for a month."

"When do you expect him home?" asked Thomas Godolphin.

"I never do expect him until he comes," replied Mrs. Verrall. "London seems to possess attractions for him. Once up there, he may stay a day, or he may stay fifty. I never know."

Cecil went up-stairs to put her things on when tea was over, the maid attending her. Mrs. Verrall turned her head to see that the door was closed, and then spoke abruptly.

"Mr. Godolphin, can anything be done to prevent the wind whistling as it does in these passages?"

"Does it whistle?" he replied.

"The last few nights it has whistled—oh, I cannot describe it to you! If I were not a good sleeper, it would have kept me awake. I wish it could be prevented."

"It cannot be done, I believe, without pulling the house down," he said. "My mother had a great dislike to hear it, and a good deal of expense was gone to in trying to remedy it; but it did little or no good."

"What puzzles me is, that the wind should so have been whistling inside the house, when there's no wind to whistle outside. The weather has been quite calm. Sometimes, when it is actually blowing great guns, we cannot hear it at all."

"Something peculiar in the construction of the passages," he carelessly remarked. "You hear the whistling sound, or not, according to the quarter in which the wind may happen to be."

"The servants tell a tale—these old Ashlydyat retainers who remain in the house—that this strangely-sounding wind is connected with the Ashlydyat superstition, and foretels ill to the Godolphins."

Thomas Godolphin smiled. "I am sure you do not give ear to anything so foolish, Mrs. Verrall."

"No, that I do not," she answered. "It would take a great deal to imbue me with faith in the supernatural. Ghosts! Shadows! As if any body with common sense could believe in such impossibilities! They tell another tale about here, do they not? That a shadow of some sort may occasionally be seen in the moonbeams, in front of the archway, on the Dark Plain; a shadow cast by no earthly substance. Charlotte once declared she saw it. How I laughed at her!"

His lips parted as he listened, and he lightly echoed the laugh spoken of as Charlotte's. Considering what his eyes had just seen, the laugh must have been a very conscious one.

"When do you expect your brother home?" asked Mrs. Verrall. "He seems to be making a stay at Broomhead."

"George is not at Broomhead," replied Thomas Godolphin. "He left three or four days ago. He has joined a party of friends in the Highlands. I do not suppose he will return here much before Christmas."

Cecil appeared. They wished Mrs. Verrall good night, and a speedy cure from her burns; and departed. Thomas took the open road-way this time, which did not lead them near the ash-trees or the Dark Plain.

II,

A TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

"CECIL," asked Thomas Godolphin, as they walked along, "how came you to go alone to the Verralls', in this impromptu fashion?"

"There was no harm in it," answered Cecil, who possessed a spice of self-will. "Mrs. Verrall said she was lonely, and it would be a charity if I or Bessy would go home with her. Bessy could not: she was engaged to the rectory. Where was the harm?"

"My dear, had there been 'harm,' I am sure you would not have wished to go. There was none. Only, I do not care that you should become upon very intimate terms with the Verralls. A little visiting on either side cannot be avoided: but let it end there."

"Thomas! you are just like Janet!" impulsively spoke Cecil. "She does not like the Verralls."

"Neither do I. I do not like him. I do not like Charlotte Pain——"

"Janet again!" struck in Cecil. "She and you must be constituted precisely alike, for you are sure to have the same likes and dislikes. She would not willingly let me go to-day; only she could not refuse without downright rudeness."

"I like Mrs. Verrall the best of them, I was going to say," he continued. "Do not get too intimate with them, Cecil."

"But you know nothing against Mr. Verrall?"

"Nothing whatever. Except that I cannot make him out."

"How do you mean—'make him out'?"

"Well, Cecil, it may be difficult to define my meaning, so that you will understand it. Verrall is so impassive; so utterly silent with regard to himself. Who is he? Where did he come from? Did he drop

from the moon? Where has he previously lived? What are his family? Where does his property lie?—in the funds, or in land, or in securities, or what? Most men, even though they do come strangers into a neighbourhood, supply indications of some of these things, either accidentally or purposely."

"They have lived in London," said Cecil.

"London is a wide place," answered Thomas Godolphin.

"And I'm sure they have plenty of money."

"There's where the chief puzzle is. When people possess so much money as Verrall appears to do, they generally make no secret of whence it is derived. Understand, my dear, I cast no suspicion to him in any way: I only say that we know nothing of him: or of the ladies either——"

"They are very charming ladies," interrupted Cecil again. "Especially Mrs. Verrall."

"Beyond the fact that they are very charming ladies," acquiesced Thomas, in a tone that made Cecil think he was laughing at her: "you should let me finish, my dear. But I would prefer that they were rather more open, as to themselves, before they became the too intimate friends of Miss Cecilia Godolphin."

Cecil dropped the subject. She did not always agree with what she called Thomas's prejudices. "How quaint that old doctor of ours is!" she exclaimed. "When he had looked at Mrs. Verrall's arm, he made a great parade of getting out his spectacles, and putting them on, and looking again. 'What d'ye call it—a burn?' he asked her. 'It is a burn, is it not?' she answered, looking at him. 'No,' said he, 'it's nothing but a singe.' It made her laugh so. I think she was pleased to have escaped with so little damage."

"That is just like Snow," said Thomas Godolphin.

Arrived at home, Miss Godolphin was in the same place, knitting still. It was half-past nine. Too late for Thomas to pay his visit to Lady Sarah's. "Janet, I fear you have waited tea for us!" said Cecil.

"To be sure, child. I expected you home to it."

Cecil explained why they did not come, telling of the accident to Mrs. Verrall. "Eh! but it's like the young!" said Janet, lifting her hands. "Careless! careless! She might have been burnt to death."

"She would have been very much more burnt had her dress not been silk," observed Thomas. "Had it been of muslin, like the sleeve, it must have caught."

Miss Godolphin laid down her knitting and approached the tea-table. None must preside at the meals but herself. She inquired of Thomas whether he was going out again.

"I suppose not," he answered, speaking, however, somewhat indcisively. "I should like to have gone, though. Snow tells me Sarah Anne is worse."

"Weaker, I conclude," said Janet.

"Weaker than she has been at all. He thinks there's no hope of her now. No: I will not disturb them," he decisively added. "It would be hard upon ten o'clock by the time I got there."

He took a seat near the fire. Janet went on, preparing the tea. He and Cecil both knew that she would expect them to take a cup, whether they liked it or not.

"What sort of a night is it?" she asked.

"A lovely night," he answered. "Calm and still, and the moon as bright as day. I wish a good strong wind would spring up and blow the sickness away; or a fortnight's hard frost."

"Oh, talking of wind, Thomas," interrupted Cecil, who had been putting her bonnet upon a side-table, "did Mrs. Verrall ask you if anything could be done to the passages at Ashlydyat? She said she should. For the last few days, the sound of the wind has been so great in them as to disturb the house."

Janet laid down the tea-pot and faced her young sister, a strange expression of dismay upon her face. "Cecil!" she uttered, below her breath.

Cecil was surprised. Janet turned to Thomas and gazed at him inquiringly. But his face remained quietly impassive. Janet took up the teapot again.

"What a loud ring!" exclaimed Cecil, as the hall-bell, pulled with no gentle hand, echoed and echoed through the house. "Should it be Bessy come home, she thinks she will let us know who's there."

It was not Bessy. A servant entered the room with a telegraphic despatch. "The man is waiting, sir," he said, holding out the paper for signature to his master.

Thomas Godolphin affixed his signature, and took up the despatch. It came from Scotland. Janet laid her hand upon it ere it was open: her face looked ghastly pale. "A moment of preparation!" she said. "Thomas, it may have brought us the tidings that we have no longer a father."

"Nay, Janet, do not anticipate evil," he answered, though his memory flew unaccountably back to that ugly shadow, and to what he had deemed would be Janet's conclusions respecting it. "It may not be ill news at all."

He glanced his eye rapidly and privately over it, while Cecil came and stood near them with a stifled sob. Then he held it out to Janet, reading it aloud at the same time.

"Lady Godolphin to Thomas Godolphin, Esquire.

"Come at once to Broomhead. Sir George wishes it. Take the first train."

"He is not dead, at any rate, Janet," said Thomas, quietly. "Thank heaven!"

Janet, her extreme fears relieved, took refuge in displeasure. "What does Lady Godolphin mean, by sending a vague message, like that?" she uttered. "Is Sir George worse? Is he ill? Is he in danger? Or has the summons not reference at all to his state of health?"

Thomas had taken it in his hand again, and was studying the words: as we are all apt to do when in uncertainty. He could make no more out of them.

"Lady Godolphin should have been more explicit," he resumed.

"Lady Godolphin has no *right* thus to play upon our fears, upon our suspense," said Janet. "Thomas, I have a great mind to start this night for Scotland."

"As you please, of course, Janet. It is a long and fatiguing journey for a winter's night."

"And I object to being a guest at Broomhead, unless driven to it by compulsion, you might add," rejoined Janet. "But our father may be dying."

"I should think not, Janet. Lady Godolphin would certainly have said it. Margery, too, would have taken care that those tidings should be sent to us."

The suggestion reassured Miss Godolphin. She had not thought of it. Margery, entirely devoted to the interests of Sir George and his children (somewhat in contravention to the interests of my lady) would undoubtedly have apprized them were Sir George in danger. "What shall you do?" inquired Janet of her brother.

"I shall do as the despatch desires me—take the first train. Which will be at midnight."

"Give it to me again," said Janet.

He put the despatch in her hand, and she sat down with it, apparently studying its every word. "Vague! vague! can anything be by possibility more vague?" she complained. "It leaves us utterly in doubt of the motive for sending. Lady Godolphin must have done it purposely to try our feelings."

"She has done it in carelessness," surmised Thomas.

"Which is as reprehensible as the other," severely answered Janet. "Thomas, *should* you find danger when you get there, you will not lose a moment in telegraphing to me."

"I should be sure to do so," was his answer.

"Where are you going?" continued Janet: for he was preparing to go out.

"As far as Lady Sarah's."

Leaving the warm room for the street, the night air seemed to strike upon him with a chill, which he had not experienced when he went out previously, and he returned and put on his great-coat. He could not leave Prior's Ash before midnight, unless he had commanded a special train, which the circumstances did not appear to call for. At 12-5 a mail train passed through the place, stopping at the station; and by that he resolved to go.

Grame House, as you may remember, was situated at the opposite end of the town to Ashlydyat, past All Souls' church. Thomas Godolphin walked briskly along the pavement, his thoughts running upon many things, but chiefly on the unsatisfactory despatch. Very unsatisfactory he felt it to be; almost unpardonably so: and a vague fear crossed and recrossed his mind that Sir George might be in danger. Looking at it from a sober point of view, his judgment said No. But we cannot always look at suspense soberly: neither could Thomas Godolphin.

A dark figure was leaning over the rectory gate, shaded by the dark trees from the rays of the moon. But, though the features of the face were obscure, the outline of the clerical hat was visible; and by that Mr. Hastings could be known. Thomas Godolphin stopped.

"You are going this way late," said the rector.

"It is late for a visit to Lady Sarah's. But I wish particularly to see them."

"I have now come from thence," returned Mr. Hastings.

"Sarah Anne grows weaker, I hear."

"Ay. I have been saying prayers over her."

Thomas Godolphin felt shocked. "Is she so near death as that?" he asked, in a hushed tone.

"So near death as that!" repeated the clergyman, in an accent of reproof. "I did not think to hear a like remark from Mr. Godolphin. My good friend, is it only when death is near that we are to pray?"

"It is mostly when death is near that prayers are said *over us*," replied Thomas Godolphin.

"True—for those who have known when and how to pray for themselves. Look at that girl: passing away from among us, with all her worldly thoughts, her selfish habits, her evil, peevish temper! But that God's ways are not as our ways, we might be tempted to question why such as these are removed; such as Ethel left. The one child as near akin to an angel as it is well possible to be, here; the other——. In our blind judgment, we may wonder that she, most ripe for heaven, should not be taken to it, and that other one left, to be pruned and dug around; to have, in short, a chance given her of making herself better."

"Is she so very ill?"

"I think her so; as does Snow. It was what he said that sent me up. Her frame of mind is not a desirable one: and, I have been trying to do my part. I shall be with her again to-morrow."

Thomas Godolphin walked onwards. Ere he had gone many steps, he remembered that Maria Hastings was at Broomhead, and it might be civil to tell the rector of his journey. "Have you any message for your daughter?" he asked. "I start in two hours time for Scotland." And then he explained why: telling of their uncertainty.

"When shall you be coming back again?" inquired Mr. Hastings.

"Within a week. Unless my father's state should forbid it. I may be wishing to take a holiday at Christmas time, or thereabouts, so shall not stay away now. George is absent, too."

"Staying at Broomhead?"

"No: he is not at Broomhead now."

"Will you take charge of Maria back again? We want her home."

"If you wish it, I will. But I should think they would all be returning very shortly. Christmas is intended to be spent here."

"You may depend upon it, Christmas will not see Lady Godolphin at Prior's Ash, unless the fever shall have departed, to spend its Christmas in some other place," cried the rector.

"Well, I shall hear their plans when I get there."

"Bring Maria with you, Mr. Godolphin. Tell her it is my wish. Unless you find that there's a prospect of her speedy return with Lady Godolphin. In that case, you may leave her."

"Very well," replied Thomas Godolphin.

He continued his way, and Mr. Hastings looked after him in the bright moonlight, till his form disappeared in the shadows cast by the road-side trees.

It was striking ten as Thomas Godolphin opened the iron gate at Lady Sarah Grame's: the heavy booming bell of the clock at All Souls' came sounding against his ear in the stillness of the calm night. The house, all save from one window, looked dark: even the hall lamp was out, and he feared they might all have retired. From that window a dull light

shone behind the blind : a stationary light it had been of late, to be seen by any nocturnal wayfarer all night long ; for it came from the sick-chamber.

Elizabeth opened the door. " Oh, sir ! " she exclaimed, in the surprise of seeing him so late, " I think Miss Ethel has gone up to bed."

Lady Sarah came running down the stairs as he stepped into the hall : she also was surprised at the late visit.

" I would not have disturbed you, but that I am about to depart for Broomhead," he explained. " A telegraphic despatch has arrived from Lady Godolphin, calling me thither. I should like to see Ethel, if convenient. I know not how long I may be away."

" I sent Ethel to bed : her head ached," said Lady Sarah. " It is not many minutes since she went up. Oh, Mr. Godolphin, this has been such a day of grief ! heads and hearts alike aching."

Thomas Godolphin entered the drawing-room, and Lady Sarah Grame proceeded to her younger daughter's chamber. Softly opening the door, she looked in. Ethel, undisturbed by the noise of Thomas Godolphin's visit—for she had not supposed it to be a visit relating to her—was kneeling down beside the bed, saying her prayers, her fair face buried in her hands, her hands buried in the counterpane, and the light from the candle shining on her smooth hair. A minute or two, during which Lady Sarah remained still, and then Ethel rose. She had not yet begun to undress.

It was the first intimation she had that any one was there, and she recoiled with surprise. " Mamma, how you startled me ! Sarah Anne is not worse ?"

" She can't well be worse on this side the grave : I don't know what you would have, Ethel ! " was the peevish retort. " Mr. Godolphin is below and wants to see you."

She went down instantly. Lady Sarah did not accompany her, but passed into her sick daughter's room. The fire in the drawing-room was alight still, and Elizabeth had been in to stir it up. Thomas Godolphin stood over it with Ethel, telling her of his coming journey and its cause. The red embers threw a glow upon her face : her brow looked heavy, her eyes swollen.

He saw the signs, and laid his hand fondly upon her head. " What has given you the headache, Ethel ?"

The ready tears came into her eyes, glistening on her eyelids. " It does ache very much," she answered.

" Has crying caused it ?"

" Yes," she replied. " It is of no use to deny it, for you would see it by my swollen eyelids. I have wept to-day until it seems that I can weep no longer, and it has made my eyes ache and my head dull and heavy."

" But, my darling, you should not give way to this grief. It may render you seriously ill."

" Oh Thomas ! how can I help it ?" she returned, with emotion, as the tears dropped swiftly over her cheeks. " We begin to see that there is no chance of Sarah Anne's recovery. Mr. Snow told mamma so to-day : and he sent up Mr. Hastings."

" Ethel, will your grieving alter it ?"

Ethel wept silently. There was full and entire confidence between her and Thomas Godolphin : she could tell out all her thoughts, her troubles to him, as she could have told them to a mother—if she had had a mother who loved her.

"If she were but a little more fit to go, the pain would seem less," breathed Ethel. "That is, we might feel more reconciled to losing her. But you know what she is, Thomas. When I have tried to talk a little bit about heaven, or to read a psalm to her, she would not listen : she said it made her dull, it gave her the horrors. How can she, who has never thought of God, be fit to meet Him?"

Ethel's tears were deepening into sobs. Thomas Godolphin involuntarily thought of what Mr. Hastings had just said to him. His hand still rested on the head of Ethel.

"You are fit to meet Him!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "Ethel, whence can have arisen the difference between you? You are sisters; reared in the same home."

"I do not know," said Ethel, simply. "I have always thought a great deal about heaven; I suppose it is that. A lady, whom we knew as children, used to buy us a good many story-books, and mine were always stories of heaven. It was that which first got me into the habit of thinking of it."

"And why not Sarah Anne?"

"Sarah Anne would not read them. She liked stories of gaiety; balls, and such-like."

Thomas smiled; the words were so simple and natural. "Had the fiat gone forth for you, instead of for her, Ethel, it would have brought you no dismay."

"Only that I must leave all my dear ones behind me," she answered, looking up at him, a bright smile shining through her tears. "I should know that God would not take me, unless it were for the best. Oh Thomas! if we could but save her!"

"Child, you contradict yourself. If what God does must be for the best—and it is—that thought should reconcile you to the parting with Sarah Anne."

"Y—es," hesitated Ethel. "Only I fear she has never thought of it herself, or in any way prepared for it."

"Do you know that I have to find fault with you?" resumed Thomas Godolphin, after a pause. "You have not been true to me, Ethel."

She turned her eyes upon him in complete surprise, the tears drying up.

"Did you not promise me—did you not promise Mr. Snow, not to enter your sister's chamber while the fever was upon her? I hear that you were in it often : her head nurse."

The hot colour flushed into the face of Ethel. "Forgive me, Thomas," she whispered, "I could not help myself. Sarah Anne—it was on the third morning of her illness, when I was getting up—suddenly began to cry out for me very much, and mamma came to my bedroom and desired me to go to her. I said that Mr. Snow had forbidden me, and that I had promised you. It made mamma angry : she asked if I could be so selfish as to regard a promise before Sarah Anne's life; that she might die if I thwarted her : and she took me by the arm and pulled me in. I

would have told you, Thomas, that I had broken my word ; I wished to tell you ; but mamma forbid me."

Thomas Godolphin stood looking at her. There was nothing to answer : he had *known*, in his deep and trusting love, that the fault had not lain with Ethel. She mistook his silence, thinking he was vexed.

"You know, Thomas, so long as am I here in mamma's home, her child, it is to her that I owe obedience," she gently pleaded. "As soon as I shall be your wife, I shall owe it and give it implicitly to you."

"You are right, my darling."

"And it was productive of no ill consequences," she resumed. "I did not catch the fever. Had I found myself growing in the least ill, I should have sent for you and told you the truth."

"Ethel!" he impulsively cried, very impulsively for calm Thomas Godolphin, "had you caught the fever, I should never have forgiven those who led you into the danger. I *could* not lose you."

"Hark!" said Ethel. "Mamma is calling."

Lady Sarah had been calling to Mr. Godolphin. Thinking she was not heard, she now came down the stairs and entered the room, wringing her hands ; her eyes were moist, her sharp thin nose was redder than usual. "Oh dear, I don't know what we shall do with her!" she uttered. "She is so ill, and it makes her so fretful. Mr. Godolphin, nothing will satisfy her now but she must see you."

"See me!" repeated he.

"She will, she says. I told her you were departing for Scotland, and she burst out crying, and said if she was to die she should never see you again. Do you mind going in ? You are not afraid ?"

"No, I am not afraid," said Thomas Godolphin. "The infection cannot have remained all this while. And if it had, I should not fear it."

Lady Sarah Grame led the way up-stairs. Thomas followed her. Ethel stole in afterwards. Sarah Anne lay in bed, her thin face, drawn and white, raised upon the pillow ; her hollow eyes were strained forward with a fixed look. Ill as he had been led to suppose her, he was scarcely prepared to see her like this ; and it shocked him. A cadaverous face, looking ripe for the tomb.

"Why have you never come to see me?" she asked, in her hollow voice, as he approached and leaned over her. "You'd never have come till I died. You only care for Ethel."

"I would have come to see you had I known you wished it," he answered. "But you do not look strong enough to receive visitors."

"They might cure me if they would," she continued, her breath panting. "I want to go away somewhere, and that Snow won't let me. If it were Ethel, he would take care to cure her."

"He will let you go as soon as you are equal to it, I am sure," said Thomas Godolphin.

"Why should the fever have come to me at all?—why couldn't it have gone to Ethel instead? She's strong. She'd have got well in no time. It's not fair——"

"My dear child, my dear dear child, you must not excite yourself," implored Lady Sarah, abruptly interrupting her.

"I shall speak," cried Sarah Anne, with a touch, feeble though it was,

of her old peevish vehemence. "Nobody's thought of but Ethel. If you had had your way," looking hard at Mr. Godolphin, "she'd not have been allowed to come near me; no, not if I had died."

She altered into whimpering tears. Lady Sarah whispered to him to leave the room: it would not do, this excitement. Thomas wondered why he had been brought to it. "I will come and see you again when you are better," he soothingly whispered.

"No you won't," sobbed Sarah Anne. "You are going to Scotland, and I shall be dead when you come back. I don't want to die. Why do they frighten me with their prayers? Good-by, Thomas Godolphin."

The last words were called after him; when he had taken his leave of her and was quitting the room. Lady Sarah attended him to the threshold: her eyes full, her hands lifted. "You may see that there's no hope of her!" she wailed.

Thomas did not think there was the slightest. To his eye—though it was not so practised an eye in sickness as Mr. Snow's, or even as that of the rector of All Souls—it appeared that in a very few days, perhaps hours, hope for Sarah Anne Grame would be over for ever.

Ethel waited for him in the hall, and was leading the way back to the drawing-room; but he told her he could not stay longer, and opened the front door. She ran past him into the garden, putting her hand in his as he came out.

"I wish you were not going away," she sadly said, her spirits that night very unequal, causing her to see things with a gloomy eye.

"I wish you were going with me!" replied Thomas Godolphin. "Do not weep, Ethel. I shall soon be back again."

"Everything seems to make me weep to-night. You may not be back until—until the worst is over. Oh! if she might but be saved!"

He held her face close to him, gazing down at it in the moonlight. And then he took from it his farewell kiss. "God bless you, my darling, for ever and for ever!"

"May He bless you, Thomas!" she answered with streaming eyes: and, for the first time in her life, his kiss was returned. Then they parted. He watched Ethel in-doors, and went back to Prior's Ash.

III.

DEAD!

"THOMAS, my son, I must go home. I don't want to die, away from Ashlydyat!"

A dull pain shot across Thomas Godolphin's heart at the words. Did he think of the old superstitious tradition—that evil was to fall upon the Godolphins when their chief should die, and not at Ashlydyat? At Ashlydyat his father could not die; he had put that out of his power when he let it to strangers: in its neighbourhood, he might.

"The better plan, sir, will be for you to return to the Folly, as you seem to wish it," said Thomas. "You will soon be strong enough to undertake the journey."

The decaying knight was sitting on a sofa in his bedroom. His second fainting-fit had lasted some hours—if that, indeed, was the proper name

to give to it—and he had recovered, only to be more and more weak. He had grown pretty well after the first attack—when Margery had found him in his chamber on the floor, the day Lady Godolphin had gone to pay her visit to Selina. The next time, he was on the lawn before the house, talking to Charlotte Pain, when he suddenly fell to the ground. He did not recover his consciousness until evening; and, nearly the first wish he expressed, was a desire to see his son Thomas. “Telegraph for him,” he said to Lady Godolphin.

“But, you are not seriously ill, Sir George,” she answered.

“No, but I should like him here. Telegraph to him to start by first train.”

Which was what Lady Godolphin did, accordingly, sending the message that angered Miss Godolphin. But, in this case, Lady Godolphin did not deserve so much blame as Janet cast to her: for she did debate the point with herself whether she should say Sir George was ill, or not. Believing, herself, that these two fainting-fits had proceeded from want of strength only, that they were but the effect of his long previous illness, and would be productive of no bad result, she determined not to speak of it. Hence the imperfect message.

Neither did Thomas Godolphin see much cause for fear when he arrived at Broomhead. Sir George did not look better than when he had quitted Prior’s Ash, but neither did he look much worse. On this, the second day, he had been well enough to converse with Thomas upon business affairs: and, that over, he suddenly broke out with the above wish. Thomas mentioned it when he joined Lady Godolphin afterwards. It did not meet her approbation.

“You should have opposed it entirely,” said she to him, in a firm, hard tone.

“But why so, madam?” asked Thomas. “If my father’s wish is to return to Prior’s Ash, he should return.”

“Not while the fever lingers there. Were he to take it—and die—you would never forgive yourself.”

Thomas had no fear of the fever on his own score, and did not fear it for his father. He intimated as much. “It is not the fever that will hurt him, Lady Godolphin.”

“You have no right to say that. Lady Sarah Grame, a month ago, might have said she did not fear it for Sarah Anne. And now Sarah Anne is dying!”

“Or dead,” put in Charlotte Pain, who was leaning listlessly against the window frame, devoured with ennui.

“Yes; or dead,” assented Lady Godolphin. “You confess you did not think she could last more than a day or two, the night you left.”

“I certainly did not,” said Thomas. “She looked fearfully ill and emaciated. But that has nothing to do with Sir George.”

“I cannot conceive how you could have been so imprudent as to venture into Sarah Anne Grame’s chamber!” emphatically cried my lady. “Indeed, that you went to the house at all while the sickness was in it, one can only wonder at.”

“There could be no risk in my going into the chamber, Lady Godolphin. Nothing is the matter with her now, but debility.”

“You don’t know, Thomas Godolphin, when risk ends or when it

begins," retorted Lady Godolphin. "But that so many hours had elapsed before you came here, and you were in all the blow of the railway journey, I should not have thanked you."

Thomas smiled. But he wished he had said nothing of his visit to the sick-chamber, for he was one of those who observe strict consideration for the feelings and prejudices of others. There was no help for it now. He turned to Maria Hastings.

"Shall you be afraid to go back to Prior's Ash?"

"Not at all," replied Maria. "I should not mind if I were going to-day, so far as the fever is concerned."

"That is well," he said. "Because I have orders to convey you back thither with me."

Charlotte Pain lifted her head with a start. The news aroused her. Maria, on the contrary, thought he was speaking in jest.

"No, indeed I am not," said Thomas Godolphin. "Mr. Hastings made a request to me, madam, that I would take charge of his daughter when I returned," continued he to Lady Godolphin. "He wants her back, he says."

"Mr. Hastings is very polite!" ironically replied my lady. "Maria will go back when I choose to spare her."

"I hope you will allow her to return with me—unless you shall soon be returning yourself," said Thomas Godolphin.

"It is not I that shall be returning to Prior's Ash yet," said my lady.

"The sickly old place must give proof of its renewed health first. You will not get either me or Sir George there on this side Christmas."

"Then I think, Lady Godolphin, you must offer no objection to my taking charge of Maria," said Thomas, courteously but firmly, leaving the discussion of Sir George's return to another opportunity. "I passed my word to Mr. Hastings."

Charlotte Pain, all animation now, approached Lady Godolphin. She was thoroughly sick and tired of Broomhead: since George Godolphin's departure, she had been projecting how she could get away from it. Here was the solution of her difficulty.

"Dear Lady Godolphin, you must allow me to depart with Mr. Godolphin—whatever you may do by Maria Hastings," she exclaimed. "I said nothing to you—for I really did not see how I was to get back, knowing you would not permit me to travel so far alone—but Mrs. Verrall is very urgent for my return. And now that she is suffering from this burn, as Mr. Godolphin has brought us news, it is the more incumbent upon me to be at home."

Which was a nice little fib of Miss Charlotte's. Her sister had never once hinted that she wished her to go home: but, a fib or two, more or less, was nothing to Charlotte.

"You are tired of Broomhead," said Lady Godolphin.

Charlotte's colour never varied, her eye never drooped, as she protested that she should not tire of Broomhead were she its inmate for a twelvemonth, that it was quite a paradise upon earth. Maria kept her head bent while Charlotte said it, half afraid lest unscrupulous Charlotte should call upon her to bear testimony to its truth. But that very morning she had protested to Maria that the ennui of the place was killing her.

"I don't know," said Lady Godolphin, shrewdly. "Unless I am wrong, Charlotte, you have been anxious to quit it. What was it that Mr. George hinted at—about escorting you young ladies back, and I stopped him ere it was half spoken? Prior's Ash would talk if I sent you home under his convoy."

"Mr. Godolphin is not George," rejoined Charlotte.

"No. He is not," replied my lady, significantly.

"Lady Godolphin, pardon me if I urge our departure upon you," said Charlotte. "I think you ought to allow us to take advantage of this opportunity to return. A sick-house may be better without us. We are of no use to Sir George: and Margery said openly the other night that we should be better away. In his uncertain state it is hard to say when you may be able to get away, and we might be kept here all the winter, waiting for an escort."

Lady Godolphin made no reply to this, but she did not seem to reject the reasoning, if her manner might be any criterion. "How many of those miserable Bonds have the fever taken off?" she asked of Thomas Godolphin.

"Bond himself, and the son."

"Why! the very two who could be least well spared!" exclaimed my lady, as if she were reasoning upon the most worldly matter. "But the wife and young ones won't be much worse off without them, for they spent all their earnings upon themselves."

"Had they been in the habit of spending less upon themselves, they might not have succumbed to the fever. So Mr. Snow says."

"What does Snow think of the fever? That it will linger long?"

"On the night I came away, he told me he believed it was, at last, going. I hope he will prove right. You may be at Prior's Ash yet, Lady Godolphin, to eat your Christmas dinner."

The subject of departure was settled amicably: both the young ladies were to return to Prior's Ash under the charge of Mr. Godolphin. There are some men, single men though they be, and not men in years, whom society is content to recognise as entirely fit escorts. Thomas Godolphin was one. Had my lady despatched the young ladies home under the wing of Mr. George, she might never have heard the last of it from Prior's Ash: but the most inveterate scandal-monger in it, would not have questioned the thorough trustworthiness of his elder brother. My lady was also brought to give her consent to her own departure for it by Christmas, provided Mr. Snow would assure her that the place was "safe."

Thomas Godolphin spoke to his father of his marriage arrangements. He had received a letter from Janet, written the morning after his departure, in which she agreed to the proposal that Ethel should be her temporary guest. This removed all barrier to the immediate union.

"But, Thomas, if Sarah Anne should die?" debated Sir George. The conversation was taking place on the day prior to that fixed for their quitting Broomhead, where Thomas had now been four days.

"In that case, I suppose it would have to be postponed," he replied. "But, I argue better news. That she is not dead yet, is certain, or else they would have written to me. And, in these cases, if a patient can struggle on through the first extreme debility, recovery may supervene."

"Have you heard from Ethel?"

"No. I have written to her twice. But, in each letter I told her I should soon be home, therefore she most likely would not write, thinking it might miss me. Had the worst happened, they would have written at all hazards."

"Then you marry directly, if Sarah Anne lives?"

"Directly. In January at the latest."

"God bless you both!" cried the old knight. "She'll be a wife in a thousand, Thomas."

Thomas thought she would. He did not say it.

"It's the best plan; it's the best plan," continued Sir George in a dreamy tone, gazing into the fire. "No use to turn the girls out of their home. It will not be for long; not for long. Thomas"—turning his haggard, but still fine blue eye upon his son—"I wish I had never left Ashlydyat!"

Thomas was silent. None had more bitterly regretted the departure from it than he.

"I wish I could go back to it to die!"

"My dear father, I hope that you will yet live many years to bless us. If you can get through this winter—and I see no reason whatever why you should not, with care—you may regain your strength and be as well again as any of us."

Sir George shook his head. "It will not be, Thomas. I shall not long keep you out of Ashlydyat. Mind!" he added, turning upon Thomas with surprising energy, "I *will* go back before Christmas to Prior's Ash. The last Christmas that I shall see shall be spent with my children."

"Yes, indeed I think you should come back," warmly acquiesced Thomas.

"Therefore, if you find, when Christmas is close upon us, that I am not amongst you, that you hear no tidings of my coming amongst you, you come off here at once and fetch me. Do you hear, Thomas? I enjoin it upon you now with a father's authority; do not forget it, or disobey it. My lady fears the fever, and would keep me: but I must be at Prior's Ash."

"I will certainly obey you, my father," replied Thomas Godolphin.

Telegraphic despatches seemed to be the order of the day with Thomas Godolphin. They were all sitting together that evening, Sir George having come down stairs, when a servant called Thomas out of the room. A telegraphic message had arrived for him at the station, and a man had brought it over. A conviction of what it contained flashed over Thomas Godolphin's heart as he opened it—the death of Sarah Anne Grame.

From Lady Sarah it proved to be. Not a much more satisfactory message than had been Lady Godolphin's: for if hers had been unexplanatory, this was incoherent:

"The breath has just gone out of my dear child's body. I will write by next post. She died at four o'clock. How shall we all bear it?"

Thomas returned to the room; his mind full. In the midst of his sorrow and regret for Sarah Anne, his compassion for Lady Sarah—and he did feel all that, with true sympathy—intruded the thoughts of his own marriage. It must be postponed now.

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"What did Andrew want with you?" asked Sir George, when he entered.

"A telegraphic message had come for me from Prior's Ash."

"A business message?"

"No, sir. It is from Lady Sarah."

By the tone of his voice, by the falling of his countenance, they could read instinctively what had occurred. But they kept silence; all; waiting for him to speak further.

"Poor Sarah Anne is gone. She died at four o'clock."

"This will make a delay in your plans, Thomas," observed Sir George, after some minutes had been given to expressions of regret.

"It will, sir."

The knight leaned over to his son, and spoke in a whisper, meant for his ear alone: "I shall not be very long after her. I feel that I shall not. You may yet take Ethel home at once to Ashlydyat."

Very early indeed did they start in the morning, long before daybreak. Prior's Ash they would reach, all things being well, at nine at night. Margery was sent to attend them, a very dragon of a guardian, as particular as Miss Godolphin herself—had a guardian been necessary.

Charlotte Pain did not conceal her delight at her escape, in spite of the presence of Margery, who might tell tales. "Only think what it was for me, Mr. Godolphin!" she exclaimed.

"You found it dull?" replied Thomas.

"Dull! Had I been condemned to remain in it another week, I should have been fit to hang myself," was Charlotte's answer.

"Why did you come to it, Miss Pain?" jerked out Margery, resentfully, who was accustomed to say what she thought, no matter to whom.

"That is my own business, and not yours, Margery woman," reproved Charlotte.

A somewhat weary day; a long one, at any rate; and their train steamed into the station at Prior's Ash. It was striking nine. Mr. Hastings was waiting for Maria, and Mrs. Verrall's carriage for Charlotte Pain. A few minutes were spent in collecting the luggage.

"Shall I give you a seat as far as the bank, Mr. Godolphin?" inquired Charlotte, who must pass it on her way to Ashlydyat.

"Thank you, no. I shall just go up for a minute's call upon Lady Sarah Grame."

Mr. Hastings, who had been putting Maria into a fly, heard the words. He turned hastily, caught Thomas Godolphin's hand, and drew him aside.

"Are you aware of what has occurred?"

"Alas, yes!" replied Thomas. "Lady Sarah telegraphed to me last night."

The rector pressed his hand, and returned to his daughter. Thomas Godolphin struck off to a by-path, a short cross-cut from the station, which would take him to Grame House.

Six days ago exactly, it was, since he was there before. The house looked precisely as it had looked then, all in darkness, save for the dull light that burned from Sarah Anne's chamber. It burnt there still. Then it was lighting the living; now—

Thomas Godolphin rang gently at the bell.—Does anybody like to go

with a fierce peal to a house where death is an inmate? Elizabeth, as was usual, opened the door, and burst into tears when she saw who it was. "I said it would bring you back, sir!" she exclaimed.

"Does Lady Sarah bear it pretty well?" he asked, as she showed him into the drawing-room.

"No, sir, not over well," sobbed the girl. "I'll tell my lady that you are here."

He stood over the fire, as he had done the other night; it was low now, like it had been then. Strangely still, seemed the house: he could have almost told that one was lying dead in it. He listened, waiting for the step of Ethel, hoping she would be the first to come to him.

Elizabeth returned. "My lady says would you be so good as walk up to her, sir?"

Thomas Godolphin followed her up-stairs. She made for the room to which he had been taken the former night—Sarah Anne's chamber. In point of fact, the chamber of Lady Sarah, but it had been given up to Sarah Anne for her illness. Elizabeth, with soft, stealthy tread, crossed the corridor to the door, and opened it.

Was she going to show him into the presence of the dead? He thought she must have mistaken Lady Sarah's orders, and he hesitated on the threshold.

"Where is Miss Ethel?" he whispered.

"Who, sir?"

"Miss Ethel. Is she well?"

The girl stared at him, flung the door full open, and gave a great cry as she flew down the staircase.

He looked after her in amazement. Had she gone mad? Then he turned and walked into the room with a hesitating step.

Lady Sarah was coming forward to meet him. She was convulsed with grief. He took both her hands in his with a soothing gesture, essaying a word of comfort: not of inquiry, why she should have brought him to this room. He glanced to the bed, expecting to see the corpse upon it. But the bed was empty. And at that moment his eyes caught another sight.

Seated by the fire in an invalid chair, surrounded with pillows, covered with shawls, with a wan, attenuated face, and eyes that seemed to have a glaze over them, was—*who?*

Sarah Anne? It certainly *was* Sarah Anne, and in life yet. For she feebly held out her hand in welcome, and the tears suddenly gushed from her eyes. "I am getting better, Mr. Godolphin."

Thomas Godolphin—Thomas Godolphin—how shall I write it? For one blessed minute he was utterly blind to what it could all mean: his whole mind was a chaos of astonished perplexity. And then, as the dreadful truth burst upon him, he staggered against the wall, with a wailing cry of agony.

It was Ethel who had died.

COLLEY CIBBER.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

COLLEY CIBBER manages to keep alive somehow, in spite of Pope, and not merely because of Pope. Alexander the Great, of Twickenham, did his best, or worst, to confer immortality on him, of the ignominious sort. But he continues to struggle on in life, and keep his name before the public, on a little independence of his own,—apart from the Dunciad's everlasting fame.

It will always give an awkward look to the personality of Pope's Satire, that the original hero of it was not Cibber himself; but that it was arranged for Cibber (without material alteration in the poem) in subsequent editions. The Laureate was made to step into Mr. Theobald's shoes, fit or misfit him how they might. Pope's first emendation, says one of his biographers, was to substitute "Bayes's monster-breeding breast" for Tibbald's—i. e. Cibber for Theobald—which, as both were dramatic authors, violated no rule of critical propriety:—but when he described Bayes as dashing his pen on the ground, and

Sinking from thought to thought a vast profound,

every reader saw that the resemblance to the gay, vivacious laureate, who was never thoughtful or profound, nor ever affected to be so, was lost. "Still more unsuitable was the description of Bayes's Gothic library, the shelves of which groaned under dry bodies of divinity, the commentaries of De Lyra, and the translations of Philemon Holland, with black-letter treatises from the presses of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. Such a library might have been collected by Theobald, a professed antiquary, but was wholly foreign to the tastes, character, and pursuits of Colley Cibber." This capital error, as Mr. Carruthers contends, was irredeemable: Cibber might as well have acted Fondlewife in a professor's gown, or suit of tragic sables. But the same critic allows that some of the minuter alterations show Pope's unrivalled artistic power; and cites as an example the reconstruction of a line in ridicule of one of Theobald's translations,—the poet's description of the altar of Dulness containing this allusion, as it originally stood—

And last a little Ajax tips the spire.

To make the allusion applicable to Cibber one happy touch sufficed—

A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

And where new lines were necessary to mark the individuality, the dovetailing will be found equally well executed.* Nevertheless, all this display of art gives an over artificial air, under the circumstances, to Pope's verse-making indignation.

* See Carruthers's *Life of Pope*, ch. vi.

It was in 1742 that the pamphlet appeared, entitled "A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, inquiring into the motives that might induce him, in his satirical works, to be so frequently fond of Mr. Cibber's name." Horace Walpole alludes to this Letter, in one of his own to Mann, and with more than faint praise or languid relish. "Cibber has published a little pamphlet against Pope, which has a great deal of spirit, and, from some circumstances, will notably vex him."* Mr. Wright's annotation is, that the pamphlet in question did so "notably vex" the poet, that, in a new edition of the "Dunciad," he dethroned Theobald from his eminence as King of the Dunces, and enthroned Cibber in his stead.

In the March of that year had been printed the extra book which, at Warburton's request, Pope added to the "Dunciad;" and at this time, "the laurel," as Johnson expresses it, "had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the Imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised 'The Careless Husband.' In 'The Dunciad,' among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his 'Apology,' complains of the great poet's unkindness as more injurious, 'because,' says he, 'I never have offended him.' "† In the same "Apology," be it observed by the way, the autobiographic Apologist had described Pope as "our great imitator of Horace" (p. 19); "our most celebrated living author" (p. 31); "our most eminent author" (p. 32); and lastly (p. 33), "this inimitable writer:" all evident expressions of hearty admiration, as Mr. Peter Cunningham considers,‡ or, as Cibber expresses it, dealing with him as a gentleman. It might have been expected, Johnson goes on to observe, that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gentleness; but no such consequence appeared. In the fourth book of the "Dunciad" he attacked Colley with acrimony, "to which the provocation is not easily discoverable." Hence Cibber's pamphlet—and *thence* (in October, 1743) the revised edition of the "Dunciad," with Colley for King, vice Tibbalds dismissed. Cibber retorted with another pamphlet—at which Pope made a show of laughing, but if Richardson the painter say true, it was on the wrong side of his mouth. There is a deal of truth and sense in Crabbe's comment on the nature and effects of a fray like this—the commentator's entire sympathies being with poet against laureate-poetaster:

Our Pope, they say, once entertain'd the whim,
Who fear'd not God should be afraid of him;
But grant they fear'd him, was it further said,
That he reform'd the hearts he made afraid?
Did Chartres mend? Ward, Waters, and a score
Of flagrant felons, with his floggings sore?
Was Cibber silenced? No; with vigour blest,
And brazen front, half earnest, half in jest,
He dared the Bard to battle, and was seen
In all his glory match'd with Pope and spleen;

* Walpole's Letters (complete edition), vol. i. p. 193.

† Johnson's Lives of the Poets: "Pope."

‡ Annotations on Johnson's Life of Pope.

Himself he stripp'd, the harder blow to hit,
 Then boldly match'd his ribaldry with wit;
 The Poet's conquest Truth and Time proclaim,
 But yet the battle hurt his peace and fame.*

In allusion to the story of Cibber having imitated Ambrose Philips, in hanging up a rod at Button's coffee-house, as an intimation of what Pope should receive at his hands, in case the satirist chose to hazard it, Leigh Hunt has remarked that, although the behaviour of both Philips and Cibber has been cried out against as unhandsome, considering the little person and bodily infirmities of the illustrious offender; yet, "as the threateners were so much his inferiors in wit, and he exercised his great powers at their expense, it might not be difficult to show that their conduct was as good as his. Why attack a man, if he is to be allowed no equality of retaliation? The truth is, that personal satire is itself an unhandsome thing, and a childish one, and there will be no end to childish retorts, till the more grown understandings reform."† Mr. Disraeli (the elder) will have it that there was no malice on Cibber's side, in the originating cause of Pope's resentment,—viz. Colley's fling (in the character of Bayes) at the "unowned and condemned comedy of the triumvirate of wits, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot," *Three Hours after Marriage*,—the said "fling" being a free-and-easy impromptu of the actor's, which (*he* affirms) brought Pope behind the scenes, when the play was over, livid with pent-up rage, to call Cibber to account, and doing so with "all the foul language that a wit out of his senses would be capable of, choked with the foam of his passion." Of the substitution of one King for another in the "Dunciad," Mr. Disraeli, who is an almost fervid Cibberite, observes, that Pope forced a dunce to appear as Cibber, but this was not making Cibber a dunce. "This error in Pope emboldened Cibber in the contest, for he still insisted that the satire did not apply to him; and humorously compared the libel 'to a purge with a wrong label,' and Pope 'to an apothecary who did not understand his business.'

"Cibber triumphed in the arduous conflict,"—of the triumph our venerable Isaac has no kind of doubt,—and next he tells us *how* the palm was won, namely, "by that singular felicity of character, that inimitable *gaieté de cœur*, that honest simplicity of truth, from which flowed so warm an admiration of the genius of his adversary; and that exquisite *tact* in the characters of men, which carried down this child of airy humour to the verge of his ninetieth year, with all the enjoyments of strong animal spirits, and all that innocent egotism which became frequently a source of his own raillery. He has applied to himself the epithet 'impenetrable,' which was probably in the mind of Johnson when he noticed his 'impenetrable impudence.' A critic has charged him with 'effrontery' . . . For my part, I can almost believe that Cibber was a *modest man*! [*the italics, and the note of admiration, are, all of them, Mr. Isaac Disraeli's, and welcome*] as he was most certainly a man of genius [*does not this clause deserve italics, and a demonstrative*

* Tales, by the Rev. George Crabbe, No. V., The Patron.

† The Town, by Leigh Hunt, vol. ii. ch. viii.

note, too?]. Cibber had lived a dissipated life, and his philosophical indifference, with his careless gaiety, was the breastplate which even the wit of Pope failed to pierce. During twenty years' persecution for his unlucky Odes, he never lost his temper; he would read to his friends the best things pointed against them, with all the spirit the authors could wish; and would himself write epigrams for the pleasure of hearing them repeated while sitting in coffee-houses.* Verily, such pleasures are among the Curiosities of Literature.

Happy the laureate that could so repose upon his laurels. No crumpled rose-leaf could discommode our Sybarite, as he lay in clover. Meanwhile, however, he had his admirers, to exchange compliments withal. "All eyes direct their rays on him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze."† Caw me, caw thee, is a system older by centuries than Mr. Cibber, and to this day in full force.

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.‡

Those Odes, to wit, which did their share in bringing the laureateship into contempt, so that, by the beginning of the nineteenth century, it required some moral courage in a poet of any mark, to face the ridicule that traditionally attached to the office—an appendage happily got rid of since a Wordsworth and a Tennyson have successively donned the bays. But as for the Birthday Odes, per annum, as per order, of Cibber's manufacture,—

Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-armed with points, antitheses, and puns.
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King.§

Even Grub-street, however, had its jest on Cibber's appointment to the laureateship. Not even the *Grub-street Journal* could refrain from improving the occasion, as some pulpiteers have it. On the death of Eusden, and Colley's succession to all his honours, that Journal gave expression, in an epigram, to the general amaze:

Well, said Apollo, still 'tis mine
To give the real laurel:
For that my Pope, my son divine,
Of rivals ends the quarrel.
But guessing who would have the luck
To be the birth-day fibber,
I thought of Dennis, Tibbald, Duck,
But never dreamt of Cibber!||

* Disraeli's *Calamities and Quarrels of Authors* (edit. 1859), pp. 303, 37.

† The *Dunciad*, book ii.

‡ Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, book ii. ep. ii.

§ The *Dunciad*, book i.

|| *Grub-street Journal*, No. 52.

Dr. Johnson had his epigram, too—which Garrick once repeated, long years after, to eager James Boswell;—it is a two-edged epigram, composed in Jacobite mood, and hitting the King as hard as his new *Boet*:

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King.*

It is amusing to find Cibber on one occasion consulting Johnson as to one of his birth-day Odes, a long time before it was wanted. "I objected very freely to several passages. Cibber lost patience, and would not read his Ode to an end. [Old Mr. Disraeli, we suppose, would never have been induced to believe that.] When we had done with criticism, we walked over to Richardson's, the author of '*Clarissa*,' and I wondered to find Richardson displeased that 'I did not treat Cibber with more respect.' Now, sir, to talk of respect for a player! (smiling disdainfully)."[†] It was Johnson's habit to speak with disdain of players in general, and of Cibber in particular. On another occasion he expresses his wonder that a man, who for forty years had lived with the great and witty, should have acquired so ill the arts of conversation as the late laureate; "and he had but half to furnish; for one half of what he said was oaths." Johnson allowed considerable merit to his comedies, however; and said there was no reason to believe that the "*Careless Husband*" was not written by himself.[‡] The Doctor preferred anything of Cibber's—even his conversation—to his Odes. He evidently regarded them as the *reductio ad absurdum* of official drivel.—At another time we find the Doctor telling Boswell of Cibber's once having abused Pindar to him—"and then showed me an Ode of his own, with an absurd couplet, making a linnet soar on an eagle's wing." Johnson told him that when the ancients made a simile, they made it like something real.

But even Churchill, with all his Popish contempt for Colley, was fain to own that below the depth of Colley's bathos, might sink, with Falstaff's own "alacrity in sinking," his successor to the bays;—so that to Whitehead was reserved, on this showing, the divine right of *facile princeps* in a new Dunciad. Not that Churchill loves Cibber more, but that he loves Whitehead still less.

On his own works, with laurel crown'd,
Neatly and elegantly bound
(For this is one of many rules,
With writing lords, and laureate fools,
And which for ever must succeed
With other lords who cannot read,
However destitute of wit,
To make their works for bookcase fit),
Acknowledged master of those seats,
Cibber his Birth-day Odes repeats,
With triumph now possess that seat,
With triumph now thy Odes repeat;

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, *sub anno* 1740.

† *Ibid.*, *sub anno* 1777.

‡ *Ibid.*, 1776

Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
 Whilst every hearer's lull'd to sleep;
 But know, illustrious bard! when Fate,
 Which still pursues thy name with hate,
 The regal laurel blasts, which now
 Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
 Low must descend thy pride and fame,
 And Cibber's be the second name!*

Fielding is another notable on the list of Colley's distinguished foemen. In novel, pamphlet, and play, Fielding shows him no quarter, grants him no respite. The opening chapter of "*Joseph Andrews*" ironically commends the "Apology" as an "admirable pattern of the amiable"—"written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it How artfully doth he, by insinuating that he *escaped* being promoted to the highest stations in church and state, teach us a contempt for worldly grandeur! How strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame! How clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that phantom, reputation!"† Then again we are told of Parson Adams, that "he did no more than Mr. Colley Cibber apprehend any such passions as malice and envy to exist in mankind"—which is, indeed, said to be less remarkable in a country parson than in "a gentleman who has passed his life behind the scenes, a place which hath seldom been thought the school of innocence; and where a very little observation would have convinced the great apologist that those passions have a real existence in the human mind."‡ Further on we have a hit at "the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will,"§ unrivalled, in short, at distorting the English language. Later again, at a crisis in the story, some indefinite Muse is invoked, in burlesque grandiloquence—"Thou who without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to."|| And the penultimate chapter of all winds up with a fling at "a late apologist, a pattern to all biographers."¶

Cibber had, in his "Apology," spoken incidentally, and insultingly, of Fielding as "a broken wit"—a "Herculean satirist," a "Drawcansir in wit, who spared neither friend nor foe." Fielding had already provoked him, however, by a scene in one of his farces, in which *Lord Place* thus appraises and disposes of the bays:—one boozing voter wants to be made a beef-eater, on the supposition that the post implies a deal of beef-eating; another owns he should like the cellar, for he has an uncommon love of sack; to the latter, my lord replies:

Sack, say you? Odsso! you shall be Poet-Laureate.

* Churchill's Poems: The Ghost, book ii.

† *Joseph Andrews*, book i. ch. i.

§ Ch. vii.

|| Book iii. ch. vi.

‡ *Ibid.*, ch. iii.

¶ *Ibid.*, ch. xii.

2nd Voter. Poet! no, my lord; I am no poet; I can't make verses.

Lord Place. No matter for that, you will be able to make odes.

2nd Voter. Odes, my lord! What are those?

Lord Place. Faith, sir, I can't tell what they are, but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.*

Nor did the Laureate escape Fielding's mocking spirit in another dramatic squib—where he figures as *Ground-Ivy*, patching-up and remodelling and amending Shakspeare's "King John." It was a maxim of his, when he was at the head of theatrical affairs, "that no play, tho' ever so good, would do without alteration. For instance, in the play before us, the bastard Faulconbridge is a most effeminate character, for which reason I would cut him out, and put all his sentiments in the mouth of Constance, who is so much properer to speak them. Let me tell you, Mr. Apollo, propriety of character, dignity of diction, and emphasis of sentiment, are the things I chiefly consider on these occasions." Two of the other characters thus discuss *Ground-Ivy's* tactics and taste:

Sourwit. . . . To think of this gentleman for altering Shakspeare!

Medley. Sir, I will maintain this gentleman as proper as any man in the kingdom for the business.

Sourwit. Indeed!

Medley. Ay, sir; for as Shakspeare is already good enough for people of taste, he must be altered to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse?†

As regards his Shakspeare botchings and butcheries, Cibber has recently found an apologist in Mr. Charles Reade,—who pronounces him the only actor since Shakspeare's time who had both acted and written well,—says that Pope's personal resentment misleads the readers of English poetry as to Cibber's real place among the wits of the day, and that while Pope was not so deep in the drama as in other matters, Cibber was one of its luminaries, and wrote some of the best comedies of the day,—then proceeds in the following strain: "He also succeeded where Dryden, for lack of true dramatic taste, failed. He tampered successfully with Shakspeare. Colley Cibber's version of 'Richard the Third' is impudent and slightly larcenic, but it is marvellously effective. It has stood a century, and probably will stand for ever; and the most admired passages, in what literary humbugs who pretend they know Shakspeare by the closet, not the stage, accept as Shakspeare's 'Richard,' are Cibber's."‡ The last clause may be very true, and let those galled jades, the "literary humbugs," wince, at the home-stroke to their withers. But we side with *Sourwit* against *Medley* in the main question at issue. We sympathise with Mr. Ralph—who, by the way, once defined Cibber "a bottle of as pert small beer as ever whizzed in any man's face"§—in his unwillingness to see the "fate of every dramatic writer at the mercy of" a Garrick, "or that of any other manager whatever." Now of Garrick it has been said, and that by a distinguished supporter of the stage, that he did

* Pasquin, 1736.

† The Historical Register, 1737.

‡ Reade's "Peg Woffington."

§ The Case of Authors by Profession, 1758.

transpose and alter often ; but he never forced upon the unhappy author of a tragedy a change in the religion of his hero, nor told a dramatist of good esteem that he had better have turned to an honest and laborious calling, nor complacently prided himself on "choaking singing-birds," when his stern negative had silenced a young aspirant. "There," Mr. Forster observes, "were the achievements of manager Cibber."* Alterations and perversions of Shakspeare were, in Cibber's time, constantly substituted for the original. Even Nahum Tate, as Campbell complains, "after his wholesale murder of King David, laid his hangman hands on Coriolanus,"—and the same inferior versifier, as Fielding's biographer reminds us, produced an "improved" version of King Lear, from which the Fool was altogether banished, and a love-plot introduced between Edgar and Cordelia; moreover, when an attempt was made, even midway in the eighteenth century, to play "King Lear" as Shakspeare wrote it, the audience, we are told by Dr. Johnson, decided in favour of Tate! "Cibber's alterations, in like manner, obtained a firm hold on the stage, and one of them (that of 'Richard III.') still retains a place amongst the stock-pieces of the theatre. The preference shown by the multitude for the brass of Tate and Cibber to the gold of Shakspeare, was no unfit subject for Fielding's indignant satire."†

Let us not omit recording, however, that Fielding's biographer, just quoted, is impartial enough in his general estimate of Cibber's powers. He recognises in him, not merely a popular actor, but "one of the most remarkable men of his age"—and accounts his professional cleverness to have been so great that it can be described as only falling short of genius; while, as a dramatist, "his admirable judgment made up for his deficiencies in the art of composition, so that few writers of comedy have achieved greater temporary triumphs."‡ At the same time this writer adds of him, that, with all his talents, it was his fate to earn the hearty contempt of most of his contemporaries whose good opinion was worth having, and in the fulness of his fame his self-sufficiency and arrogance exposed him to all the shafts of satire.

Character apart—and that is all the better for Colley, we fear—it really seems to us that he stands particularly well with posterity. Not to mention the almost slobbering caresses of such partisans as old Mr. Disraeli, by how many a critic of less emphasis and more discretion is Cibber handsomely spoken of, generations after his decease. Justice, and something more sometimes, is done by writers of all classes, to every phase of his literary and histrionic career. Hazlitt is civil to him in each capacity. That he is the hero of the Dunciad, Hazlitt is aware; but denies that it can be said of him that he was

——by merit raised
To that bad eminence.

As this critic reads and reports him, Cibber was pert, not dull; a coxcomb, not a blockhead; vain, but not malicious. "Pope's unqualified abuse of

* Life and Times of Goldsmith, b. iii. ch. ii.

† Lawrence's Life of Fielding, ch. viii.

‡ Ibid., ch. ii.

him was mere spleen; and the most obvious provocation to it seems to have been an excess of flippant vivacity in the constitution of Cibber." Hazlitt pronounces him a "most amusing biographer" in the *Apology* for his own life: happy in his own good opinion, teeming with animal spirits, and uniting the self-sufficiency of youth with the garrulity of age. The self-complacency with which he talks of his own success, both as a player and a writer, "is not greater than the candour and cordiality with which he heaped justice on the merits of his theatrical contemporaries and predecessors. He brings down the history of the stage, either by the help of observation or tradition, from the time of Shakspeare to his own; and quite dazzles the reader with a constellation of male and female, of tragic and comic, of past and present excellence."* Mr. Forster can find no higher praise for the playhouse criticism of Goldsmith's "*Bee*," than to say of it, that no such just or lively writing on the theatres had been given to the world, since the "delightful gossip of Cibber had raised the curtain on the Mountforts, Nokeses, and Bettertons of a past age."† Professor Wilson gives the *Apology* his good word, too. When the Ambrosian Shepherd avows his eager interest in theatrical biography, saying, in his own racy Doric, "For my ain part, I like just excessively to read the lives o' play-actors and play-actresses, and everything in ony way connected wi' the stage,"—"So do I, Hogg," assents one of the company. "There's Cibber, a delightful book. You are carried back by a single little unimportant fact to the Augustan age—such as Cibber's mentioning that the person sitting next him in the pit was—Mr. Addison!"‡ One of Pope's latest, and not least meritorious, biographers, calls the *Apology* one of the "most delightful gossiping books in the language," and declares it to exhibit "no inconsiderable portion of discrimination and acuteness in the delineation of character."§ By this book it is that Cibber retains the vitality we spoke of—survives, on a little independence of his own—and not wholly and solely as chief annuitant of the *Dunciad*.—Let us take a glance at some of the bright particular stars, visible to this hour through his telescope, which brings them down to the stage-lights at once.

It was in the year 1690 that Cibber first joined the Drury Lane company—then in sole possession of the town; and of which the principal actors it could boast of at that time, were,—Betterton, Mountfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Nokes, Underhill, and Leigh; and of the other sex, Mistresses Betterton, Barry, Leigh, Butler, Mountfort, and Bracegirdle. Of all these performers and their several styles, he gives a critical account. Betterton: who "never wanted fire and force, when his character demanded it, yet, when it was not demanded, never prostituted his power to the low ambition of a false applause;" who "had so full a possession of the esteem and regard of his auditors, that upon his entrance into every scene, he seemed to seize upon the eyes and ears of the giddy and inadvertent. . . In all his soliloquies of moment, the strong intelligence of his attitude and aspect drew you into such an impatient gaze, and

* On the Comic Writers of the last Century, 3rd edit., p. 355.

† Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith, book iii. ch. i.

‡ Noctes Ambrosianæ, June, 1827.

§ Carruthers's Life of Pope, ch. vi.

eager expectation, that you almost imbibed the sentiment with your eye, before the ear could reach it;"—whose voice—for Cibber is invariably, and most properly, observant of the voice—was "of that kind which gave more spirit to terror than to the softer passions; of more strength than melody"—the "rage and jealousy of Othello" becoming him better than the "sighs and tenderness of Castalio" (precious juxtaposition!); and whose person "was suitable to his voice: more manly than sweet [what sort of thing is a sweet person?]; not exceeding the middle stature; inclining to the corpulent; of a serious and penetrating aspect; his limbs nearer the athletic than the delicate proportion."—Kynaston: supreme in physical charms; master of real majesty in impersonating royalty, and distinguished, "in characters of heroic life," for a "quick, imperious vivacity in his tone of voice," which, aided by a piercing eye, "painted the tyrant truly terrible."—Mountfort: "tall, well-made, fair, and of an agreeable aspect: his voice clear, full, and melodious; in tragedy the most affecting lover within" Cibber's remembrance; while in comedy, "he gave the truest life to what we call the Fine Gentleman."—Sandford: the *Spagnolet* of the theatre; for "as the chief pieces of that famous painter were of human nature in pain and agony, so Sandford, upon the stage, was generally as flagitious as a Creon, a Maligni, an Iago, or a Machiavel, could make him." But poor Sandford was not the stage-villain by choice, but from necessity; for, "having a low and crooked person, such bodily defects were too strong to be admitted into great or amiable characters; so that whenever, in any new or revived play, there was a hateful or mischievous person, Sandford was sure to have no competitor for it." Cibber himself, by the way, had the credit of very closely imitating, and indeed vividly recalling, Sandford, in his own crookt-back Richard—the part of all parts which Sandford seemed born to act.—Then we come to Nokes, incomparable in comic naïveté,—whose entrance on the stage was always greeted with delighted laughter as well as applause—and who, the louder the laugh, the graver he looked,—the "ridiculous solemnity of his features" being "enough to have set a whole bench of bishops in a titter." The following passage intimates an individuality of style, of which Mr. Keeley, perhaps, has been the aptest representative, of later days: "In the ludicrous distresses, which, by the laws of comedy, folly is often involved in, he sank into *such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity, and a consternation so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable*, that when he has shaken you to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot point whether you ought not to pity him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb studious pout, and *roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement*, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of it, that his silent performance. . . gave your imagination as full content as the most absurd thing he could say upon it." In some of his low characters, that became it, Robert Nokes "had a shuffling shamle in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have believed that, naturally, he could have had a grain of common sense."—Leigh was of the mercurial kind, and as versatile as he was vivacious—excelling now in the canting hypocrisy and "wicked slyness" of the Spanish Friar, in which part he "kept his

vivacity demurely confined" till scope arose for an outburst of "choleric sacerdotal insolence"—now in rollicking *Sir Jolly Jumble*—now in *Coligni*, the scrivener's great booby son, in Porter's forgotten play of "The Villain."—Underhill excelled in "the stiff, the heavy, and the stupid"—in parts of solemn formality and wooden-head lumpishness.—Then we come to the actresses. Mrs. Barry : superb in mien and motion, and gracefully majestic ; matchless in the art of exciting pity, as in *Monimia* and *Belvidera*.—Mrs. Betterton : "to the last, the admiration of all true judges of nature, and lovers of Shakspeare, in whose plays she chiefly excelled, and without a rival."—Mrs. Leigh : "with her droll way of dressing the pretty foibles of superannuated beauties."—Mrs. Butler : "wholly mistress of the amiable, in many serious characters ;" and in parts of humour, too, "blending her assuasive softness even with the gay, the lively, and the alluring."—Mrs. Mountfort (afterwards Verbruggen) : "mistress of more variety of humour than I ever knew in any one woman actress" (one of Cibber's peculiar pleonasm); nor was her humour limited to her sex ; for, "while her shape permitted, she was a more adroit pretty fellow than is usually seen upon the stage : her easy air, action, mien, and gesture, quite changed from the quiff, to the cocked hat, and cavalier in fashion." Cibber's sketch of her in D'Urfey's "Western Lass," is highly graphic and animated : she "transformed her whole being, body, shape, voice, language, look, and features, into almost another animal ; with a strong Devonshire dialect, a broad laughing voice, a poking head, round shoulders, an unconceiving eye, and the most bedizening, dowdy dress that ever covered the untrained limbs of a Joan Trot."—Then we have Mrs. Bracegirdle—"the universal passion," though with "no greater claim to beauty than what the most desirable brunette might pretend to"—as great in "that almost frantic passion of Lee's *Statira*," as in the utterly contrasted *Millamant*, "all the faults, follies, and affectation" of which "agreeable tyrant, were venially melted down into so many charms and attractions of a conscious beauty."—Such were the leading names among His Majesty's servants, when Colley Cibber entered as a recruit the then brilliant ranks of old Drury.

Besides these, however, he introduces a variety of other celebrated actors—some of whom, but for him, would long ago have been "clean forgotten." There is Estcourt—"so amazing and extraordinary a mimic, that no man or woman, from the coquette to the privy-counsellor, ever spoke or moved before him, but he could carry their voice, look, mien, and motion, instantly into another company"—and yet, "upon the whole, a languid, unaffecting actor." There is "my late facetious friend, Pinkethman," who, "to say the truth, delighted more in the whimsical than the natural," and launched out overmuch into "a few gamesome liberties." There are Wilks and Booth—the former of whom imitated Mountford's style ; the latter, Betterton's ; and who "were so directly opposite in their manner, that if either of them could have borrowed a little of the other's fault, they would both have been improved by it."—Wilks having at times too violent a vivacity, and Booth as often contenting himself with too grave a dignity. "In sorrow, tenderness, or resignation, Wilks plainly had the advantage, and seemed more pathetically to feel, look, and express his calamity ; but in the more turbu-

lent transports of the heart, Booth again bore the palm, and left all competitors behind him." Powell and Doggett would be pleasanter sketches but for the managerial squabbles, about which Mr. Manager Cibber is unduly prolix: from the time of his taking a share in the management, the *Apology* loses sensibly in interest. But with all its imperfections on its head, the volume is, first and last, replete with entertainment.

Indeed, it speaks volumes for *this* volume, that even Dr. Johnson was free to own its merit. "You will allow his '*Apology*' to be well done," pleaded Boswell one day, when, as usual, the Doctor was running down Cibber's parts, and denying him to be a man of observation.—"Very well done, to be sure, sir," Johnson replied. "That book is a striking proof of the justice of Pope's remark:

Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand."

Taking advantage of such a concession, Boswell hazards the further remark: "And his plays are good." "Yes," the Doctor again assents; "but that was his trade; *l'esprit de corps*; he had been all his life among players and play-writers."* Sir Walter Scott reckons "The Careless Husband" the best English play on the French model of genteel comedy—a department which he describes as pleasing the higher classes, because it lay within their own immediate circle, and turned upon the topics of gallantry, persiflage, affectation, and raillery; while it was, at the same time, agreeable to the general audience, who imagined they were thereby admitted into the presence of their betters, to be amused at their expense. Sir Walter justly stigmatises the general fault to which all this class of plays are liable—their tendency to lower the tone of moral feeling, and to familiarise men, in the middling ranks, with the cold, heartless, and selfish system of profligate gallantry then fashionable among the higher. Nor are we disinclined to believe, with him, that, "in a moral point of view, genteel comedy, as it has been usually written, is more prejudicial to public morals than plays the tendency of which seems at first more grossly vicious."†—Many of Cibber's less known plays are of the *Centlivre* type, comedies of intrigue which, after a deal of bustle and complexity, is "huddled up at random" in the final scene. Hazlitt says of Colley's dramatic works in general that his personal character perhaps predominates too much over the inventiveness of his muse—but "so far from being dull, he is everywhere light, fluttering, and airy. His pleasure in himself made him desirous to please; but his fault was, that he was too soon satisfied with what he did; that his indolence or want of thought led him to indulge in the vein that flowed from him with most ease, and that his vanity did not allow him to distinguish between what he did best and worst." Cibber, in short, according to this critic, though his name has been handed down to us as a by-word of impudent pretension and impenetrable dullness, "was a gentleman and a scholar of the old school; a man of wit and pleasantry in conversation, a diverting mimic, an excellent actor, an admirable dra-

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, A.D. 1776.

† Scott's *Essay on the Drama*.

matic critic, and one of the best comic actors of his age. His works (always excepting his 'Birth-day Odes'), instead of being a *caput mortuum* of literature, had a great deal of the spirit, with a little too much of the froth.* In one of Horace Walpole's letters there is a tirade against Garrick—especially his "insufferable nonsense about Shakspeare"—which invidiously compares David with Colley, infinitely to the advantage of the latter. "As that man [Garrick]'s writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote as bad Odes, but then Cibber wrote 'The Careless Husband' and his own Life, which both deserve immortality."† Walpole was as fond of vilipending Garrick—whose writings certainly are sad stuff—as Johnson was of doing the same thing by Cibber. There is a letter of Walpole's, ten years later, to Lady Ossory, in which Garrick's merits as an actor are discussed in some detail, and in which Horace freely concedes him to have been "a real genius in his way," and "never equalled in both tragedy and comedy."‡ At the same time, the letter-writer whispers his conviction that "Le Texier is twenty times the genius,"—and anon there comes a passage for the sake of which we quote this letter at all. "Garrick, when he made one laugh, was not always judicious, though excellent. What idea did his Sir John Brute give of a Surly Husband? His Bayes was no less entertaining, but it was a Garretteer-bard. Old Cibber preserved the solemn coxcomb; and was the caricature of a great poet, as the part was designed to be."§ But few, besides Walpole, would have thought of comparing the two actors, as such,—certainly Pope, for one, would not have sided with him. Thus at least had Pope compared Colley with a lesser power than Garrick,—Robert Wilks:—"The death of Wilks [1732] leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, though indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar."§ This was written, we need scarcely observe, long before the Dunciad dynasty; and it also points mainly, perhaps, to Cibber's managerial powers,—but the histrionic relations of the rivals are, no doubt, glanced at as well. Ten years later, Pope would have denied Colley's capacity to snuff the candles for Wilks's *Hamlet*—or at any rate, to play for him either of those twin walking-sticks, *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*. And yet Colley was famous in his generation—in two generations, indeed, and part of a third. He delighted the town in *Sir Novelty* ("Love's last Shift"), in 1695. He was thought excellent as *Justice Shallow*. He was equally approved, he assures us, in *Æsop* and in *Lord Foppington*. The last character is emphatically his own. What if it is the nature of some men to be highly artificial? says Charles Lamb. "The fault is least reprehensible in *players*. Cibber was his own Foppington, with almost as much wit as Vanbrugh could add to it."|| So Hazlitt observes of the two leading characters in the "Double Gallant" (of which play the wickedness at least matches the wit), that into them Cibber has put "most of his own nature and genius. They are the essence of active

* Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Comic Writers, No. VIII.

† Walpole to G. Montagu, Oct. 16, 1769 (Letters, vol. v. p. 197).

‡ Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, Feb. 1, 1779 (Letters, vol. vii. p. 170).

§ Pope to Gay, Oct. 2, 1732.

|| Last Essays of Elia: Ellistoniana.

impertinence and fashionable frivolity.* So true, for once, is Pope's portraiture of

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.†

Nay, Colley himself, when an old "boy of seventy odd," avows that he could not have "given the world so finished a coxcomb as Lord Fop-pington, if he had not found a good deal of the same stuff in himself to make him with."‡ He aspired, however, to higher game, in his histrionic altitudes, and would fain have outdone Betterton in *Hamlet*, and Booth in *Othello*; but physical hindrances foiled him—to them, at least, he ascribes the failure—saying more than once, that his "want of a strong and full voice soon cut short" his "hopes of making any valuable figure in tragedy,"—though he owns to the delight with which he persisted in portraying the wiles of *Iago*, the pride and fall of *Wolsey*, the plotting craft of *Syphax*, and the accomplished villainy of *Richard the Third*. Of his performance in the last-named part, he tells us, "compelled as I am to be vain," that Sir John Vanbrugh, "who was an admirer of Sandford, after he had seen me act it, assured me, that he never knew any one actor so particularly profit by another, as I had done by Sandford, in *Richard the Third*: 'You have,' said he, 'his very look, gesture, gait, speech, and every motion of him, and have borrowed them all, only to serve you in that character.' "§ But perhaps there was nothing of Cibber's that pleased the town better, or longer together, than his *Sir William Fondlewife* and *Sir John Brute*. These were two out of his list of parts selected for the appearances he made on the stage, after he had professedly left it—by which performances he is said to have "netted" fifty guineas a night. It is to one of these "extra nights"—which occurred, apparently, at intervals from 1738 to 1745—that Horace Walpole refers, when he tells Mann, all in a flurry (Dec. 1741), "I would write . . . to-night, but have not time now; old Cibber plays to-night, and all the world will be there."|| Even David Hume, in a sort of complaint of the decadence of rhetoric, and the growing indifference to parliamentary displays,—men being seen sauntering in the court of requests, quoth he, while the most important debate is carrying on in the two houses—and many not thinking themselves sufficiently compensated for the losing of their dinners, by all the eloquence of England's then most celebrated speakers,—even David claps Colley into an Essay, by way of modern instance to exemplify his text: saying, "When old Cibber is to act, the curiosity of several is more excited, than when our prime minister is to defend himself from a motion for his removal or impeachment."¶ Sir Robert had no chance against him in the art and practice of drawing a full House. Colley's positively last appearance, as the play-bills have it, was in 1745, as *Cardinal Pandulph*, in a tragedy of his own, yecept "Papal Tyranny." He survived that final farewell some dozen years.

His best plays have been often revived, and applauded. May they, and such as they,—the very best of that bad lot,—never be revived again. They may serve to vindicate him, intellectually, from his thronedom

* Comic Writers, p. 358.

† The Egotist.

‡ Walpole's Letters, vol. i. p. 96.

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† The Dunciad, book i.

§ Apology, ch. v.

¶ Hume's Essays, 4to. p. 63.

in the Dunciad; but morally they are so displeasing, so radically unsound, so constitutionally depraved, that it were no loss, but clear gain, to know that the best of them, as well as the worst, were as dead-and-gone as Mr. Cibber himself.

Or say, as dead as the "Observations on Cicero," which he published midway in the eighth decade of his long life, and of which Gray's notice in a letter to Walpole is about all that is now-a-days known, or read, of all men. Gray writes from Cambridge, to which he has just returned, after a brief absence, and finds Cibber's book upon his table. "I return you my thanks for it, and have already run over a considerable part; for who could resist Mrs. Letitia Pilkington's recommendation? (By the way, is there such a gentlewoman?—or has somebody put on the style of a scribbling woman's panegyric to deceive and laugh at Colley?) He seems to me full as dull and pert as usual. There are whole pages of common-place stuff, that for stupidity might have been wrote by Dr. Waterland, or any other grave divine, did not the flirting saucy phrase give them at a distance an air of youth and gaiety. . . And as to Reason and Truth, would they know their own faces, do you think, if they looked in the glass, and saw themselves so bedizened in tattered fringe and tarnished lace, in French jewels, and dirty furbelows, the frippery of a stroller's wardrobe?"* So much for the old beau's tamperings with Tully.

Colley is now and then made to strut and fret his hour upon the stage (or at least to walk across it) of modern fiction. A glimpse or two of him, from this stand-point, and then will we give him his *exeat*, and let the curtain drop.—The Richard Savage of Mr. Whitehead's romance describes the great repugnance he felt against submitting, or rather committing, his play to the talons of Mr. Manager Cibber. However, he "was obliged to submit with as good a grace," he says, "as I could muster, to the interpolations of this busy meddler, who, to say the truth, was not deficient in good nature, and who readily conceived he was doing me a service."† Later in the work, the hero is a candidate for the bays, and thus records the issue, and his sensations thereupon: "Now, had the bays lighted on the brows of Thomson, of Aaron Hill—of Dyer, or even of Mallet, I had rejoiced—at least I had sat down contented;—but when, oh ridiculous infamy! they fell flabby and faded over the ears of Colley Cibber!—astonished and amazed at first, at last there was no help for it, but I must join in the vociferous laughter so uncommon a spectacle universally excited. Cibber, that odd, conceited, pinch-nosed face of his creaming and mantling—his poetical merit at length conspicuously and handsomely acknowledged—thrumming the Pindaric lyre! The ghost of Dryden was appeased. From Dryden to Shadwell was not so practical an exemplification of the bathos, as from Shadwell to Cibber.

"Disappointed as I was, I was not altogether discouraged; but addressed a copy of verses to the queen under the title of 'The Volunteer Laureate.' This greatly enraged Cibber, whose blushing honours were yet red upon him, and who denied my right to assume a title that had devolved on him. I retorted, by protesting that my principal reason for so doing was to preserve the title from utter contempt, to which his laborious handiwork would otherwise consign it. He rejoined, and was unanswered by me. Would that a greater man than myself had felt a

* Gray to Walpole, 1747 (Mason's Memoirs of Gray, § iv. letter iv.).

† Richard Savage: *A Romance of Real Life*, ch. xx

like contempt of his inferiors in ability which he was always expressing of his superiors in rank, then had we seen no such mournful sight as a controversy between Colley Cibber and Alexander Pope.”*

Though writing as in a work of fiction, the “Volunteer Laureate” is here dealing with facts. Richard Savage acted exactly, and no doubt felt pretty nearly, as he is represented to have done by Mr. Whitehead. The verses he proffered were very graciously accepted by Queen Caroline, who granted him, in recompense, an annual sum of fifty pounds, which the volunteer duly received up to the time of her death.

In one of Sir Bulwer Lytton’s fictions we have a portrait of Colley Cibber, in middle life—in which he is described as very grotesquely attired, and with a periwig preposterously long. “His countenance (which, in its features, was rather comely) was stamped with an odd mixture of liveliness, impudence, and a coarse, yet not unjoyous spirit of reckless debauchery. He approached us with a saunter, and saluted Tarleton with an air servile enough, in spite of an affected familiarity.”† In the same work he is characterised as a rare fellow at a song, a bottle, and a message to an actress; a lively rascal enough, but without the goodness to be loved, or the independence to be respected—a low fellow, who pins all his happiness to the skirts of the quality, and is proud of being despised—that which would excruciate the vanity of others, serving only to flatter *his*.

Another popular novelist has given us a rather elaborate and not unlife-like portrait of Colley in advanced age. Here is part of the picture: “Mr. Cibber was now in private life, a mild edition of his own Lord Foppington; he had none of the snob-fop as represented on our conventional stage; nobody ever had, and lived. He was in tolerably good taste; but he went ever gold-laced, highly-powdered, scented and diamonded, dispensing graceful bows, praises of whoever had the good luck to be dead, and satire of all who were here to enjoy it.”‡

So well did the old gentleman wear, and, though fourscore-and-upwards, so far was he from becoming a merely foolish fond old man, in Lear’s sense, of physical prostration and mental decay, that wagers were won and lost on when he would begin to break—when to show signs of a regular breaking up—whom he would outlive—and when he would absolutely think proper to die. In one of Walpole’s letters to Sir Horace Mann, dated March, 1755, we read: “I, t’other night, at White’s, found a very remarkable entry in our very—very remarkable wager-book: ‘Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber!’ How odd that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well: ‘Faith,’ said he, ‘it is very well that I look at all.’”§ That “very—very remarkable” wager-book is still to be seen at White’s; and sight-seers with a turn for that sort of literature are occasionally found to dip into its pages. Mr. Peter Cunningham, for one, has had his peep, and put it upon record. One is reminded of Pope’s line,

Familiar WHITE’S, God save King Colley! cries.||

* Richard Savage: A Romance of Real Life, ch. xxxi.

† Devereux, book ii. ch. ii.

‡ “Peg Woffington,” by Charles Reade.

§ Walpole’s Letters, vol. ii. p. 481.

|| The Dunciad, b. i.

RELIQUES OF MISS KNIGHT.*

IT is not from any indifference to the merits of the volumes before us that we have deferred noticing them till reminded of our neglect by the appearance of a second edition. Various causes have prevented us. We might also plead that there was nothing very suggestive in the first brief announcement of "An Autobiography of Miss Knight." It left many of us in much the same perplexity as Don Abbondio in the *Promessi Sposi*, when, after taxing his memory in vain, he exclaims, "*Ma chi, diavolo, era costui?*"

We had forgotten the writer of *Dinarbās* and "the Poet Laureat of Nelson," and it was only when we had traced her connexion with much of the secret court life of more than a single generation that we were able to appreciate the value of the record she has left. The work is not of mere passing interest; and its anecdotes will bear frequent repetition. We are indebted for them to a daughter of Admiral Knight, an officer of some distinction in the early part of the reign of George the Third. Both himself and Lady Knight, her mother, were much respected and esteemed, and had access to the best society of the day. Amongst others, to the literary circles which surrounded Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke; and though she modestly reminds us that, when speaking of such personages, "the observations of so young a child, as she then was, can be of no consequence," her sketch of the one most kindly treasured in our memories must be allowed to be amongst the best that we possess.

Speaking of Goldsmith, as seen in social intercourse, she "feels sure" that he was "very good-natured, and though neither his features, person, nor manners had anything of grace to recommend them, his countenance (she says), as far as I can recollect, was honest and open, and in his behaviour there was something easy and natural, removed from vulgarity no less than from affectation. His buffoonery, of which I have spoken, was a sort of childish playfulness, such as drinking off a glass of water reversed on the table without spilling a drop, and similar tricks." The one she liked best was Burke, "perhaps (she adds) because he condescended to notice me." Of Johnson she was at first "a little afraid." "His deep tone of voice and great wig" alarmed her as an infant; but when she had reached her seventh or eighth year she was accustomed to all this, and felt grateful for his indulgence. From Baretti, with his mad gestures and bitter satire, she shrank as from "a murderer."

On the death of Admiral Knight in 1775, his widow's income was so much reduced, that she determined to reside, accompanied by her daughter, upon the Continent. It was their abode for nearly twenty-four years, latterly at Naples, where she became intimate with Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton; and under this questionable protection it was her dying wish—when, at Palermo, her wanderings were brought to a close—that her daughter should be placed.

There is a natural aptitude to strain at gnats and swallow camels; *Miss*

* Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote Books. Two Vols. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1861.

Knight (who had then attained the mature age of forty-two) seems to have seen no harm in this arrangement. At a later period she shrank from the contamination of "Brandenburg House;" but she only saw in Lady Hamilton the favourite of a hero and a court: she forgot, or never knew her, as the companion of the mountebank Graham:—the presiding goddess of his impure *Temple of Health*. We advert only to her public life. One of this adventurer's* original handbills is before us while we write, and it is thus that he speaks of the future Lady Hamilton:

After setting forth the virtues of his *earth-bath*, by the use of which he assures the public that (besides deriving other benefits) his grey hairs were actually changed to their original chesnut-brown, he proceeds to say that "as persons, especially the female sex, cannot easily be brought to believe the perfect safety, and exceeding usefulness of this new practice of *earth-bathing*, or animal purification and renovation; therefore the inhabitants (especially the *ladies*) of *Manchester*† are respectfully informed that a *delicate and amiable young lady, alone!* proposes to be in the earth totally naked up to the chin, for *four hours* every day, for a few days,"—and, after dwelling upon her "unexampled generosity and heroism" in thus exhibiting herself, he modestly intimates that in order to defray the expenses "of advertising and of the attendants, and to prevent too great a crowd, none but Ladies and Gentlemen will be admitted, from whom the Garden Doorkeeper will expect a small perquisite, not exceeding SIX-PENCE, each person, to behold this the most extraordinary, and most useful sight in the world." He then adds, "The most violent and continued rain, wind, or cold will not prevent the young Lady from being in the Earth every day during the whole of the appointed hours, to demonstrate to the world, beyond all contradiction, the practicability, perfect safety, and usefulness of this charming and most salutary practice. The Ladies will be permitted to see the young Lady taken out of the Earth."

But the instrument of an impostor, exhibited at Manchester in her earth-bath at sixpence a head, was a very different person from Lady Hamilton at the court of Naples.‡

Miss Knight's records of the events which have thrown so dark a shade on Nelson's splendid memory are very meagre; and she is, on all occasions, his unhesitating apologist. They are now common matter of history. We have heard them, too, from those who had taken part in them. Some of them were related to us (while walking with him in his magnificent galleries) by a nobleman not long deceased. In Nelson's day he was a young commoner devoted to the pursuits of art. As he himself said eloquently, a few years before his death, "these had been the seductive amusements of his youth; they had clung to him through a long life; and were then the solace of his old age;" and they had been his attrac-

* His brother William, a clergyman, married Mrs. Catherine Macaulay; and was reprimanded by the elder Disraeli in an advertisement appended to the first edition of his *Essay on the Literary Character* (1795) for the intemperate tone in which he had defended that lady upon a charge brought against her by Disraeli of having mutilated one of the Harleian MSS.

† Where he was then exhibiting. The apologist for Lady Hamilton, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1860 (not 1859, as quoted by Mr. Kaye), brings no sufficient evidence to prove that she was not the "young lady" here referred to.

‡ Such mutations are not extraordinary. Our earliest recollections of Belzoni, the traveller, are as an acrobat at the Liverpool Circus.

tions to Southern Italy. But they were not his only occupations. At considerable personal risk he was the bearer of despatches across the Bay of Naples to Cardinal Ruffo. The shot from the *Castel del Uovo* fell rapidly about the boat that carried him—sometimes beyond, and sometimes just short of it. There was a moment's hesitation as to proceeding. But the rowers pulled manfully through, till out of range of the guns, and the mission (a very important one at the time) was accomplished without an accident. He was also one of the guests at dinner, in Lord Nelson's cabin, the day that Carracioli was executed; and from himself we learnt that when the signal gun was fired that marked the victim's fate, Lady Hamilton raised her wine-glass and exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, "There sounds the knell of a traitor!"*

Such a combination of "love and murder" may have been very charming—no doubt it *was* so;—but, for ourselves, we should as soon think of making our bosom-pet of a rattlesnake.

There is something very lively and natural in Miss Knight's description of the wild joy produced at Naples by the victory of the Nile, and she tells an anecdote of Nelson which makes him not less great as a wit than as a hero. The French had called it a drawn battle. "I remember," she says, "that one day when we were rowing round some of the ships that had been taken in the engagement, Sir William Hamilton remarked: 'Look at these, and ask how it can be called a drawn battle.' Nelson answered, 'They are quite right; only they drew the blanks and we the prizes.'"

On her return to England she entered into the dreary service of the queen, of which she does not give so gloomy an account as Madame d'Arblay,† over whom, however, she had the advantage (in addition to her three hundred a year) of having a house in Windsor for her separate residence. She relates some touching incidents of the king's illness; but it is chiefly from her subsequent transfer to the establishment of the Princess Charlotte, and her connexion with the *imbrogli* at Warwick House that her memoirs have an historical value.

There have been few persons so little to be envied as the prince who was soon to be George the Fourth. He had scarcely a friend. Most of the companions of his early life were cast from him, either because they were now of little value, or because their political principles had begun to excite his fears. At one time they had cherished the hope that he would have been something better,—

* This is something more than was repeated by Mr. Mulready, on the same authority, to the writer in *Blackwood* (vol. lxxvii. p. 424). But no defect, of character or disposition, in Lady Hamilton could cancel the debt due to her by the nation—and dishonestly allowed to remain unpaid—for her instrumentality in having the British fleet revictualled and supplied with necessaries, at Syracuse, previous to the victory of the Nile. Had it not been for Lady Hamilton's influence at the court of Naples, the battle of the Nile could not have been fought.

† Amongst the liveliest of the amusements of Queen Charlotte's court (as described by Miss Knight) were short German dramas performed by a company of children in a barn fitted up with festoons of evergreens. After these an automaton danced on the rope, and then came a *phantasmagoria* consisting of dancing figures, which formed groups and separated in an ingenious manner. All finished before ten. On another occasion Princess Elizabeth ate something to resemble a tallow candle, made of apple and burnt almond. This was the trick which induced Goldsmith to eat the candle itself.

But his heart was a sieve where some scattered affections
Were just danced about for a moment or two,
And the finer they were the more sure to run through.*

So at least he was described by those he had discarded. In all the disputes with his family, opinion was against him. Much of the feeling of affection for the Princess Charlotte was caused by the unpopularity of her father. That abstract regard and respect for royalty, which seems to have become almost a part of our nature, could find no fitting object in the regent, and sought it therefore in a younger and more attractive form. Miss Knight speaks of her as "a noble young creature," "whose talents and disposition seemed worthy of a better lot than as yet had fallen to her share." The queen greatly disliked her; she was little loved by her father; and her mother, whatever might have been her natural feelings, regarded her, at that time, chiefly as being an important adjunct in the movements which she was herself about to make.

The first difficulty with the prince arose out of his royal daughter's desire, when she had nearly attained her seventeenth birthday, to have an establishment of her own. She wrote a letter, expressing this desire, to Lord Liverpool, under the secret advice, as was supposed, of Miss Elphinstone (the present Countess de Flahault), "her old and intimate friend."† The letter made his royal highness "violently angry;" and instead of considering it as a matter for affectionate discussion, he took Lord Eldon down to Windsor to explain to his daughter, in the presence of the queen, that she was still an infant in the eye of the law, and had no right to what she demanded. His lordship's manner on the occasion was offensively rough. The prince asked him what he would himself have done as a father under similar circumstances, and his well-known reply was to the effect that, "had she been his daughter he would have looked her up till she had come to her senses." "Princess Charlotte" (says Miss Knight) "heard all this with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would the KING say if he could know that his grand-daughter had been compared to the grand-daughter of a collier.'"<‡ Yet immediately upon this comes the semblance of a separate establishment at Warwick House; "sub-governesses" being changed into "lady companions," and other forms of the *infiniment petit* being adopted "so as to soften matters (as Sir Henry Halford terms it) with the princess, yet not entirely to yield to her demands." Sir Henry was an ever ready instrument; and, without him, the abodes of royalty would never have been free from dissensions.

But this was only the commencement of the regent's domestic troubles. It was soon followed by those painful disclosures which were intended to criminate his wife and enable him to dissolve their marriage. Into these it is now unnecessary to enter. We shall find more amusing matter at Warwick House: and in the incidents connected with it.

Had it been the regent's object to induce his daughter to accept the first alliance that offered, he could scarcely have done better than condemn her to the joyless monotony of the life that Miss Knight has so

* "Parody of a celebrated Letter."

† We remember her, full of spirit and vivacity, at Plymouth, in 1812.

‡ According to other versions "the grand-daughter of a coal-heaver."

trustfully described. The princess, "in understanding, penetration, and stature, had become a woman," she was "desirous to acquire more knowledge of public affairs and general society, alive to everything, and capable of forming a judgment for herself." She was frank, impulsive, and self-willed, and it depended upon the training she should then receive, whether she would become "a blessing to her country or the reverse." The disadvantages under which she laboured were forcibly pointed out in the letter that her mother had been advised to address to the prince regent on the subject of her own wrongs, and on the withholding from the princess of such an education as was fitting for the future sovereign of a great nation. Beyond the common instruction of the commonest boarding school, the usual routine of French, German, music, and drawing, we hear of nothing but visits from her sub-preceptor Dr. Short ("a good sort of Devonshire man, with some classical knowledge, very little taste, an honest heart," but great fear of the powers he served), who used to come every morning and read English to his royal pupil from eleven to twelve. His superior, the Bishop of Salisbury, is described by Miss Knight to have been wholly unqualified for the important post he occupied; a man of narrow views and prejudices, whose great object was to guard the princess against popery and whiggism. He was a devoted lover of the fine arts, and a desire that he should accompany her to a collection of pictures was sure to put him in good humour and give her an opportunity of varying the sameness of her daily occupations. The only instruction fitting for a future sovereign, of which we see any mention, was that at an earlier period she had been instructed by Dr. Short and Mr. Adam* to make "an abstract of the laws of England." This was no light task, at any rate, unless she had greater skill at "codifying" than we possess at present; and, in her disputes with her father, he regretted the information she had obtained. Her amusements were not more attractive than her studies. There were balls at Carlton House, sometimes on a scale of dull magnificence, when the supper-table was enlivened by

That streamlet delicious
That down midst the dishes,
All full of gold fishes,
Romantic did flow.†

But these were soon discontinued; and there were dinners, the guests to meet the princess being the royal dukes, Lord Yarmouth, the chancellor, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, and Colonel Bloomfield. The only lady (in addition to Miss Knight) being Miss Goldsworthy, the sister of one of the royal equerries, who was old, deaf, and sleepy. Both she and the Duke of Clarence would sometimes fall asleep after the second course. Miss Knight describes the apartments as having been certainly magnificent, well lighted, and everything well regulated. They were fitted up with great splendour and elegance; they contained some good pictures, and much ornamental decoration of bronze and china; but compared with "the classical taste and sober dignity of Italy" she thought Carlton House "nothing more than a nobleman's dwelling expensively furnished." The prince, she tells us, "did the honours of his house well,

* Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall.

† Moore's *Horace* (freely translated).

though not with sufficient ease; and rather with assumed than real self-possession. At the dinners he talked but little to the Princess Charlotte, and not with the manner or voice of affection.

Another of the amusements provided for her was the celebration of the regent's birthday at Sandhurst. "All the royal family, the ministers and their wives, and a few others, were present." The prince, Miss Knight says, did not speak to the Princess Charlotte or herself, "but looked as if he wished to annihilate them." There was a little dance of *five or six couples* promoted by the Duke of Clarence; and when they were about to depart, it was found that the prince regent, the Duke of York (who had broken his head against a cellaret), the father of the young Prince of Orange, and many others, were lying drunk under the table. Even the venerable lord chancellor, Eldon, desirous of conversing with Miss Knight, introduced himself to her after a royal dinner party, with a familiarity of manner and confusion of utterance which showed very clearly that he was under vinous influence. The princess, unless she found a pleasure in laughing at those whom she was bound to look up to with respect, could have had little amusement at these meetings; and her domestic enjoyments, though they might be more respectable, were not more elevating or exhilarating. Miss Knight wrote dramatic proverbs in French, which the princess and the ladies about her acted; the Duchess of Leeds, with the upper servants and masters, being the audience. She also wrote "Italian songs," which the princess set to music, "or got Lindley or Vacari to set them." "She composed waltzes." Sometimes, when all other resources failed, they "sent for old Vitalba, the drawing-master, to come in the evening," and the princess "would make drawings with him, with stumps burned in the candle, which had a very good effect."

These were *tristes plaisirs*, it must be allowed. But they were soon to be followed by more exciting incidents.

Next to his desire to keep his royal daughter in a state of pupillage, the prince regent seems to have been anxious to transfer the charge of her to a husband; and it was so far fortunate for his projects that she had not at that time* fixed her affections upon any one. There had been a harmless flirtation with the Duke of Devonshire, who had been her frequent partner at the balls at Carlton House, and whose engraved portrait, without a name attached to it, had been hung up in one of her apartments. She also thought favourably of the Duke of Gloucester. She was not particularly attached to him; she knew that "she could never expect to marry from inclination," and she simply preferred him because his "character and temper were so good that she might reasonably look forward to being treated with kindness, and to see her husband esteemed by the nation." Into these feelings the prince regent could not enter. He said—and with more consideration than he showed at any other period of the negotiations—that "he was himself too severe a sufferer to wish any other person, and especially a child of his own, to know the misery of an ill-assorted marriage," and he would invite over "the princes of the continent" (for that a subject of England she could not marry) so that "she might then have her choice."

* 1813.

His preference for the hereditary Prince of Orange, the wooing, and its results are matters familiar to every one.

Lady Charlotte Campbell tells us that the princess thought him so ugly that she was sometimes obliged to turn her head away in disgust when he was speaking to her.* If such an aversion, however, at any time existed, she had succeeded in overcoming it. Miss Knight—in whom he had no friend—tells us that she thought him “particularly plain and sickly in his look, his figure very slender, his manner rather hearty and boyish, but not unpleasant in a young soldier.”† The princess listened to the praises bestowed upon him by Lord Wellington and the distinguished officers with whom he had served; “she loved him for the dangers he had passed,” and admitted that “he was by no means as disagreeable as she expected.” But there was to be an unsmoothness of the current, which had its origin in a very different impediment. Dull as her life had been in England, she clung with affection to her native land, and “had never entertained the slightest suspicion that she should be obliged to leave it.” When she heard that part of her time, every year, was to be passed in Holland, she was in a “transport of grief.” Her father held that it was her duty to be with her husband wherever he might live, or even to “follow him to the army.” The Prince of Orange himself was candid in his explanations, and willing that parliament should make express provision for an English establishment; and it was only when she found that nothing of the kind was included in the final arrangements that she peremptorily withdrew her consent to the marriage. Miss Knight’s minute and interesting description of the discussions, negotiations, and intrigues connected with these events is well worth reading, as a vivid and truth-like record. The prince regent could ill brook any opposition to his wishes, and his anger on this occasion was intense. After vague and unavailing threats, he came one evening to Warwick House with the intention of breaking up the entire establishment at once, and removing his refractory daughter to Carlton House. Here she was to be confined for five days, and then to be taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the middle of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one, with the exception of a weekly interview with the queen.

On leaving his presence, after hearing these announcements, the princess fell upon her knees, exclaiming, “God almighty grant me patience!” And we all know what followed.

There are many still living who remember the surprise and amusement that were occasioned by the elopement from Warwick House. The conveyance that was to take the royal fugitive to her mother, in Connaught-place, was found upon the coach-stand in Cockspur-street. It was one of those roomy, lumbering vehicles, with a carpet of loose straw and a perfume of the stable, or something worse, which have since been superseded by broughams and hansoms. Upon appealing “for safety and for succour” to the mass of dirty drab capes which constituted its driver, we were told, in the dogtrot of the day,

“Yes, ma’am,” said Jarvis,
“I’m quite at your service;”

* *Lady C. Campbell’s Diary*, quoted by Miss Knight’s editor.

† The worst thing she says of him is that “he has a bad cook, and his dinners are dull.”

and in a reasonable length of time she was taken to her destination. The Princess of Wales was from home, but she soon returned. To her it was an unwelcome visit, for she was fearful that the suspicions and difficulties to which it would give rise might interfere with some arrangements she was making for travelling on the Continent. Miss Knight thinks that "she was more anxious for the removal of Princess Charlotte out of her house than the prince was to get her into his." Her first step was to send for her usual advisers: the princess had already sent for the Duke of Sussex. It was one of the unfortunate incidents of these family quarrels that they were made causes for the strife of contending factions. With the exception of the chivalrous Cauning, her only counsellors or friends were amongst those who were politically opposed to the regent and his ministers. Whitbread and Tierney, who were the first summoned, could not be met with; but Brougham was found at Michael Angelo Taylor's, whose excellent table formed an attraction for the Whig leaders that has been immortalised in verse.* There was no necessity for the wisdom either of the Duke of Sussex or Mr. Brougham to demonstrate that the only course for the young princess was to return to her royal father. Mr. Brougham brought before her the consequences of a struggle rather more alarmingly than the occasion required. Pointing to the crowds who were assembling for a Westminster election, he told her that she had only to show herself, and Carlton House would probably be pulled down; but that the troops would then fire upon the people, and there would be a shedding of blood, for which she would never be forgiven. The rest of the affair partook more of the ridiculous. The embassy sent by the regent to demand his daughter consisted of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Adam (Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall), Mr. Leach, the Bishop of Salisbury; and, afterwards, the Duke of York, each (with the exception of the duke) in a separate hackney-coach. Lord Eldon is recorded to have said, "When we arrived, I informed her a carriage was at the door, and we would attend her home. But home she would not go. She kicked and bounced, but would not go. Well, to do my office as gently as I could, I told her I was sorry for it; for, until she did go, she would be obliged to entertain us, as we would not leave her. At last she accompanied us."†

If the venerable lord ever said so, it must have been while enjoying his wine. It is contrary to the known facts, and to a narrative which has been attributed to Lord Brougham.‡

* On one occasion it kept them from an important division: an event celebrated in the pages of the *John Bull*, at the time it occurred, in lines that may be remembered. The following are part of them:

"Lambton leads the patriot van,
Handsome fellow, charming fellow,
Quite the dandy of the clan—
Rather yellow, rather yellow.

"Of fair liberty he tells
Tales bewitching, tales bewitching;
But forgets them when he smells
Michael's kitchen—Michael's kitchen," &c. &c.

† Extract from the Duke of Buckingham's *Court of the Regency*, quoted by Miss Knight's editor, appendix, p. 336, vol. i.

‡ Appendix, p. 339.

It was with the Duke of York alone that (attended by Mrs. Lewis, her dresser) she went to Carlton House. His royal highness had been admitted into one of the lower apartments at Connaught-place, but the rest of the embassy, with the exception of the Bishop of Salisbury, remained outside, each of them in one of the undignified conveyances which they had followed the example of royalty in choosing. In the mean time, the party up-stairs, who were delighted with the humour and buoyancy of the escaped princess, were quite satisfied to leave the occupants of the hackney-coaches in solitary confinement as they came. So there they stayed.

There were many changes consequent upon this adventure. Warwick House was closed. Miss Knight was deprived of her appointment. Ultimately, however, and after a long negotiation that showed her talents as a diplomatist, she obtained a pension of three hundred a year. By the queen she had never been forgiven for leaving her service for that of the Princess Charlotte.

The imprisonment of the princess at Cranbourne Lodge was not less severe than she had been led to expect. She was watched night and day; was not allowed the use of writing materials; and had to *steal* the paper on which she sent a note in pencil to the Duke of Sussex, describing her position. The following spring she was removed to Warwick House; but as the entrance to it was closed and secured by bars of iron inside, it could only be approached through the court-yard of her father's residence. Two of her ladies were allowed to sleep there, the rest were only to come in the day. A list of those she was to see was given and signed by the prince. She had permission to go once a week to the play or opera, but to go away before it was over, and *not to court publicity*. With the same jealous feeling, she was not allowed an open carriage, though a close one always made her ill. With her father she had no intercourse, and no kindness from those he had placed about her.

At last the regent intimated that "he had something in view which would please all parties"—in allusion probably to the proposed union with the present King of the Belgians.

Amongst the few incidents connected with this event upon which Miss Knight affords us any new information is her account of the Princess Charlotte's first feelings towards Prince Leopold himself. He was generally supposed to have been her chosen suitor. Miss Knight has left us under a different impression. On his first visit to England, with the allied sovereigns, in 1814, after describing him as "a handsome young man, a general in the Russian service, brother-in-law to the Grand-Duke Constantine, and a great favourite with the Emperor of Russia," she says that he had been once at Warwick House, the Duchess of Leeds and herself being present. "Miss Mercer Elphinstone, who was intimately acquainted with him, came in while he was there. He paid many compliments to Princess Charlotte, *who was by no means partial to him; and only received him with civility*. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him, and when we drove in the Park he would ride near the carriage, and endeavour to be noticed. There were reasons why this matter was by no means agreeable to Princess Charlotte.* However, he

* This is not explained.

certainly made proposals to the regent, and, though rejected, found means to get into his favour."

This, as regards more than one of the persons mentioned, is a very characteristic sketch. The young prince had certainly gained the regent's good opinion, and he spoke of him, in reference to his contradiction of some false reports relative to clandestine visits at Warwick House, as "a most honourable young man." But the feelings of the Princess Charlotte, after the intended marriage with the Prince of Orange had been finally broken off, seem to have been more in favour of one of the Prussian princes: a union which, we are told, "was opposed on both sides of the water." It was this, perhaps, which showed her the necessity of making a choice elsewhere; and in January, 1816, Miss Knight records that the princess was expected to marry the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, "at her own request." "People say" (she continues) "he has only 200*l.* a year, which they calculate is just enough to buy him two coats and a dozen of shirts."* He had qualities, however, that "gold could never buy." He had the endowments of a soldier and a statesman, was of unblemished honour, and had firmness, prudence, and sagacity in no ordinary degree. "The young man was sent for," and the rest we know.

The Princess Mary told Miss Knight that the regent was "quite nervous with impatience" to get his daughter married, "as otherwise the Opposition might clamour for her being treated as an heir-apparent, and want more than ministers could or ought to give." Even on her marriage he wished the greater part of the sum provided by parliament to remain under his own control.

At the time of the Princess Charlotte's death, Miss Knight was on the Continent. Upon that sad event it is unnecessary to dwell. No one then living can forget the grief that it occasioned.

It was an awful thing
To see a Nation's universal woe:
Thousands of human beings suffering
Beneath one deep-felt blow.
Each habited as some dear friend were dead,
Each house closed up as though a corpse were there;
O'er every mind one dark foreboding spread,
On every countenance one look of care.

Whatever may have been her faults, she had many fine qualities, both of mind and disposition. She had clear and quick perceptions, and was kind, generous, unselfish, and humane. Her anxiety, and the delicacy and propriety of her conduct during the first investigation of the charges against her mother, were beyond mere praise; and royalty was never, perhaps, so sincerely mourned.

The remainder of Miss Knight's volumes consists of notes made during her various travels on the Continent, at intervals of more than forty years. She describes with clearness; lively and intelligently; and relates much that may be read with interest.

One of her first winters was divided between Toulouse and Montpellier. At the latter she was present at the opening of the Assembly of the

* So entered by the journalist. It was the silly comment of the day.

States; when a speech was delivered by the Archbishop of Narbonne which was so singular an instance of opinions in advance of his age, that we cannot help dwelling upon it. The king's commissioner, the Count de Périgord, described him "as a prelate who supported the interests of the people at court without flattery, and the interests of the court with the people without ostentation," a eulogium that does not, however, present any very distinct meaning. The address of the archbishop himself was something very different. It might have been spoken by a Peel or a Cobden. After dwelling upon the advantages and importance of commerce, and sketching its early history, he lamented that France, so favourably situated, placed between two seas, in the centre of Europe, under the most favourable sky, and inhabited by a people of the most active disposition, was yet by no means so commercial as she ought to be. "Louis XIV., he said, would have afforded encouragement to the commerce of his kingdom, had he not been hurried away by an ill-judged ambition, and thus been compelled to leave that essential duty to the care of his minister, the great Colbert. That statesman, however, signally erred in laying *restraints* upon commerce, for it would have been far better to have suffered the trifling inconvenience resulting from certain commodities leaving the country and being useful to foreign nations, than to renounce the great advantages which arise from the communication of new discoveries and inventions, or from superior perfection in those already made. Instead, therefore, of laying the restraint he intended upon abuses, Colbert fostered the worst of all, monopoly. The archbishop then adverted to the unhappy fanaticism which had driven so many industrious citizens to seek refuge in the open and liberal arms of England and Holland, which nations were amply repaid for their generosity by the stimulus given to their commerce, and the improvements introduced into all useful arts by the grateful exiles. Louis XV. had proper views on these subjects, but was prevented from carrying them into execution by the troubles of the times and the narrow-mindedness of his ministers." He concluded (as in duty bound) by hoping everything from the known good disposition of the reigning king. As far as it goes, this is the outline of a sound theory propounded by an Archbishop of Narbonne in 1776.

Whatever our own theories may have been, our practice, nearly forty years later, in the history of civilisation, is indicated by some of the entries made in Miss Knight's Journals for 1815. In February of that year, Mr. Robinson brought in his bill to prohibit the importation of corn for home use, until the average price of wheat had reached eighty shillings per quarter, and even then at a duty. It led to dangerous demonstrations on the part of the people: a loaf, steeped in blood, was placed upon the wall of Carlton House; and though the regent himself was said to be opposed to the bill, "Bread or blood!" "Bread or the regent's head!" were the common cries. Troops were called out. The houses of ministers were attacked by mobs: some of them partially destroyed. When the doors and windows of Lord Eldon's mansion were battered in, it was said to have been "the first time he had kept open house." At Mr. Robinson's the consequences were more painfully serious. They fired at random from within; several were wounded; and a midshipman, who had joined the crowd, fell, shot through the head.

Now, even with the present laws, we cannot always have *cheap* bread; but we can always obtain it at its natural price.*

Amongst her excursions on the Continent, Miss Knight accompanied Lord Nelson on his indiscreet and circuitous journey to Vienna with the Hamiltons and the Queen of Naples. Between Leghorn and Florence they were within *two miles* of the French army, then rapidly advancing, and the slightest accident might have placed him in their power. Where, then, would have been the victory of Trafalgar?

The volumes, as may be supposed, are full of anecdotes. Their editor says that "they are of unequal interest, and if not all new, are, at all events, authentic." It is difficult on these occasions to say which *are* new. They are all new to some one. A very successful diner-out used to aver that those he borrowed from his note-book were frequently greeted as novelties, while, for those that were really new, he rarely received the credit he deserved. It is impossible to repeat a good anecdote too often; and (with occasional abridgment) we shall not go far wrong in giving a few of Miss Knight's.

When the people of Neuchâtel opposed the King of Prussia's interference in favour of a pastor of the Swiss Church who doubted the eternity of future punishment, "Eh bien!" said the king, "*si messieurs de Neuchâtel veulent être damnés à toute éternité, ainsi soit-il!*" These gentlemen, it seems, did not profess to think the doctrine dangerous for themselves, but were fearful of the effect upon "their wives and servants."

One day that Johnson came to Lady Knight's to meet many others, she told him that they had arranged to go to Westminster Abbey. Would he go with them? "No," he replied, "not while I can keep out of it."

Lalande, who had the reputation of being an atheist, regretted that he had not joined the Jesuits, with whom he had been educated. "For if," he said, "I had become a Jesuit, I should have had better health, deeper knowledge, and *some* religion."

The Duke of Marlborough used to say "that he could more easily die a martyr than live a saint."

William IV. observed, speaking of Dom Pedro, "To be sure we are both sovereigns—at least he *was* one; but there is a great difference between us for all that; for I am an honest man, and he is a thief."

Talma had given a ball the night the Duke of Berri was assassinated. A royalist who occupied part of the same house sent up to beg they would cease dancing, and spare the feelings of those who were in affliction for the calamity that had happened. Talma contented himself with replying that *he* had not killed the duke, and that he could not interrupt the amusements of his guests.

General Dalrymple, when between ninety and a hundred years of age, was introduced by the king to Lord Errol, as an old friend. "Ah! my lord," said the general, "the last of your family I have seen was Lord Kilmarnock's head on Temple Bar."

A man who squinted very much, talking to Talleyrand about public affairs, wound up with "Enfin, prince, tout va de travers." "Oui, monsieur," he replied, "comme vous voyez."

* "The object was not to maintain a high or a low price, but to maintain a natural one."—Mr. Holland, M.P., at Birmingham, 1855.

Alfieri was present when some of his friends were overwhelmed with the intelligence that Napoleon I. had issued orders that several children of the first families of Florence and other great cities of Italy should be sent to Paris to serve as his pages, and afterwards enter the army. "What was to be done?" "Their principles would be perverted; they would be estranged from their country; and if they were not sent their parents would be persecuted, ruined, imprisoned." "How could it be avoided?" "Ammazzarli!"* exclaimed the tragic poet:—which, in its way, is equal to Robson's *We eat them*, in "Medea."

The amiable Père Jacquier, the commentator on Newton, was reported, by an enemy, to the bishop of his diocese, as having frequented the society of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet. The prelate answered, "I wish those personages were always in such good company."

A visitor to Prince William of Gloucester at Cambridge, seeing a fiddle upon the table, asked the tutor if his royal highness played. "Not much," said the tutor, "only *God save his Uncle*, and such little things."

An Italian (not, we presume, *bien spirituel*), telling a lady how long he had been travelling, and pronouncing French after the manner of his nation, said, "J'ai été un âne à Paris et un âne à Rome." "Mon cher abbé," replied the lady, "il paraît que vous avez été un âne partout."

It is told of Livois, a celebrated surgeon, who was with the French army, that taking compassion on a dog whose leg had been fractured by a shot, he set the bones and cured him. Some time afterwards he found waiting at his door the same dog, with a companion who had a broken leg, and whom he evidently wished to introduce to him. The surgeon cured this second dog also; and the account is from himself.

This has often appeared before, but we repeat it because we almost believe it to be true. The adventures of the dog *Merrylegs* in Dickens's *Hard Times* (ch. xxxvi.) supposes the same conversational power.

Miss Knight occupied a very respectable position in the literature of her day. Besides "*Dinarbas*," she produced, in 1792, "*Marcus Flaminus*;" or, a View of the Life of the Romans," two vols.; and in 1805 a quarto volume, entitled "*A Description of Latium*;" or, *La Campagna di Roma*." The first is mentioned by Madame d'Arblay, and they both appear to have had considerable merit. Mrs. Piozzi called the lady who wrote them "the far-famed Cornelia Knight." "She died at Paris, in 1837, in the eighty-first year of her age."

The papers she left have been ably edited by Mr. Kaye, author of the *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, and other important works. What he had to do in arranging them, he has generally done well; and that his labours have been devoted to no unworthy materials, there is very satisfactory proof in the announcement of a third edition.

* *Massacre them!*

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

It was not unamusing to read the home and foreign journals upon the outrage committed by the Americans upon the British flag. We do not form our judgment upon the opinion of the law officers, either of England or America. We prefer the decisions of reason and common sense to the rubbish of the statutes, if they may be so styled, of the Isle of Oléron, or the custom that, under the threat of war, obliged all foreign ships not of Great Britain to strike their topmast, or perform some operation acknowledging British superiority in the narrow seas in days of peace and prosperity:—customs now gone into desuetude, as being adapted only to barbarous times.

Our old right of search was indefensible, unless in a case of blockade, or within a certain distance of a shore visited for smuggling purposes, the limit to be fixed by the consent of maritime states in the same way as for the slave trade, under which last suspicion the Americans have denied the right of search—that right they do not themselves hesitate to infringe on the high seas at their own pleasure.

Let us admit that the ocean is the public highway of nations, except as above excepted, then, every man's ship is his castle, as his house is upon land. His flag designates his nation, and the exhibition of false colours would be penal in the country of the shipowner, on the information of the crew or of a foreigner. To us it appears also that, unless in cases of blockade, the doctrine of contraband of war is an idle thing. If a belligerent cannot obtain such articles as he desires in one country, he will traffic for them in another, for they are not the produce of one country only. If arms may not be exported from Birmingham, they may be obtained from Liège. The number of such articles, too, is become very considerable by the use of steam, and industry is paralysed by such ordinances. The supply will always meet the demand from some country or another. But to the immediate point.

The right of search had long existed on the part of Great Britain. It was might without right, we acknowledge, and the plea was urged in its behalf during the last war with France, that we were fighting for our existence. We confess it was as shallow a ground as that used for the Copenhagen expedition. At a more recent period we had a conviction of its injustice, and, as became a great people, we entered into certain engagements with several European governments upon the subject, inviting America to join; but she refused, because privateering and plundering by letters of marque were also to be abolished. America could not forego the hope of spoil made by privateering, and therefore with her the question remained *in statu quo*. It was of no moment that her own Franklin had denounced the practice as unworthy of civilised nations. She was selfish, looked prospectively to what might be gained by privateering, and would not join the other powers in abolishing that right of search of which she had complained, and of which she now seeks to avail herself for her own selfish purposes, though she had before been

so indignant at the practice. Such was the case when the present rebellion broke out.

Now it does seem to us that this kind of playing fast and loose is an abandonment of high feeling, and a renunciation of that lofty principle which should characterise a great people. What the English admirers of American institutions may think of such a course of proceeding we cannot divine, but we "guess" that their faith in the supreme excellency of their utopian democracy must be somewhat shaken, and confirm our idea that both an unmixed democracy and an unmixed aristocracy are alike much more fallible systems of rule than they were once believed to be. They have both been tried, and of both it may be said, as was once said in relation to a great tyrant and voluptuary, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!"

Some infer terrible reaction from American privateering in case of war, judging, they say, from the last. Those who can remember that time also remember that England was then at war with the greatest nations of Europe, to which that of America was trivial. We had to keep strong fleets and garrisons in all quarters of the world, besides watching the American coast. Yet, except at New Orleans, from the utter incapacity of the general commanding, England did not come so badly off, considering the vast extent of hostile array elsewhere. The American capital was taken, and the barbarities practised on the Canadian frontiers were avenged. The trivial success of the Americans on the Lakes were compensated by that of the army on land.

How different now is the aspect of affairs. England will combat single-handed; it is America that will have more than one foe to meet with her raw levies and inexperienced troops. The whole navy of England may be upon the American shore, and the transport of a well-disciplined army to Canada in aid of the colonists may perchance foil even the heroes of the Manassas fight so patent in retreat. The bluster of the New York "rowdies" may be answered face to face, with something more effective than such verbal abuse as is continually lavished upon the parent country, with an utter defiance of truth and decency. We think too well of the president, and of one or two of the leading American officials, to credit that they have any desire to force on an unnatural contest, which must be injurious to their country. Our fear is, that the wisdom of the government and of reflecting men in America will not be backed by sufficient power to master a senseless and rabid mob, which has no regard to consequences, domestic or foreign.

It would seem that the commanders of the American forces pay no regard to the rights of nations on land any more than on the ocean. It is reported that they have landed a body of armed men in New Granada against the efforts of the police, solely for the convenience of passing prisoners from the Pacific to the Atlantic, violating the neutrality of a foreign state by armed men, and setting up the tyrant right of force, *sic volo sic jubeo*. If this be correct, if such an example of overbearing conduct be not resented, the book of the law of nations had better be closed for ever, for a state of open hostilities would be preferable for every country likely to be exposed to such an insolent and overbearing violation of national rights.

The acknowledgment of the independence of the Southern States, and

their existence as a separate nation, with the raising the blockade of the South, and the close blockade of the Northern ports at the same time, would most assuredly follow hostilities with Great Britain. France would not be behindhand in acknowledging Southern independence. War is a dreadful calamity in the sight of those who have done no more than track its footsteps as we have done. Great is the responsibility of those who cause it, and who ought to feel the extent of evil it inflicts, and strive to resist in place of promoting it. We have seen with deep regret the continued attacks upon England in the American papers only because she keeps a position strictly neutral, as it is both her interest and duty to do. From what motive such attacks can spring we know not, nor by what perversion of reason the Americans expect us to meddle in their domestic quarrels. We fully admit that the aspect of things is highly painful for the Northern States. They will soon have an independent and powerful empire in the South, calculated at times to disturb their equanimity. Of the same race, they are less likely to fall into an harmonious alliance than if they were not of one family. They must always be prepared for disputes in which individuals of late closely in amity will be too prone to engage, upon less provocation than strangers, from jealousy or envy continually prompting the one or the other to be offensive.

If England can keep clear of interference, so best, and it is worth no little sacrifice; but a studied insult put upon the flag of this country is not to be passed by, more especially coming from States where each individual takes so much upon himself, and imagines he is exhibiting the liberty in place of the licentiousness which he is privileged, so he thinks, to serve by grossness and multiply by falsehood. We care nothing for the verbal insults of the American *canaille*. We know that the better class, and the men of reflection and talent, native-born Americans, do not participate in the unjustifiable conduct of the masses. We know of what a medley those masses are composed. The renegades from English justice, the prodigal sons, the reckless gamblers, the scum of Ireland, the adventurers without a home, the idlers among the native born, or rowdies, loafers, and others, designated with equal elegance of appellation, drown the voices of the rational citizens, and hound on their companions to insult the "white-glove people," all, in short, who are not ready to be anything to which the cry of the multitude for the passing hour may happen to tend, if their fancy proclaim or their imaginary interest lead to it.

Now, it is by this class of persons that defiance to England is so frequently shouted. An Irish voice is always distinguished there above others by the brogue. The Englishman, or Scotsman, when he emigrates, seeks to obtain a few acres of land by purchase, if he has money, or if he has none, will labour to get a little together, build his log hut, domesticate himself, and till his ground—the one or the other will do something to establish himself. But where is the Irishman? Idle, or doing a little of anything that comes in his slovenly way, destitute of system, herding and then quarrelling with the negroes, and ever ready, as at home, for a riot or some display of mock patriotism, and being as worthless in his adopted country as in his old one, ever ready to shout "Down with England the oppressor of ould Ireland!" and cry, "Up with the glorious Mitchells, and O'Briens, and O'Donoghues!" who

would be the saviours of their country—that is, if people would but let them. Now, some of the editors of newspapers in America, especially renegades from Ireland or Germany, fan the flame of animosity, and aid in counteracting the measures of moderate men. Crowds of such are they who are glorifying Wilkes, the American commander of the *San Jacinto*, right or wrong, regardless of consequences, and inflamed by the newspapers edited by scapegraces from the old country. Thus they exert a pernicious influence upon the best interests of America herself, of which they are as regardless as of the land which has so happily got rid of them.

Mr. Bright might perhaps explain, because we cannot comprehend how it happens that in every other pursuit in life but the art of governing something like study or apprenticeship is required. It would seem that the legislative and executive functions are bestowed on man gratuitously, or come to him by intuition on the other side of the Atlantic. The pattern people of America, thus well instructed in their political duties on the hustings, or, more correctly, we believe, the “platform,” are composed, a large proportion of them, not of American-born citizens, but of renegades from all countries. Such, becoming naturalised, are miraculously gifted at the same moment with a supposed rational regard for free principles, and become qualified to select representatives with marvellous ability, and even to override the suffrages of native-born Americans. These libellers of England are represented by the outrageous part of the press, some of the papers are conducted by them, and hence it is that England becomes the great object of their slanders. They employ themselves in endeavours to inculcate animosity against the parent country by every means in their power, and exhibit a pretended regard for the American constitution, which they affect to comprehend, but of which they have really no comprehension at all, though they demand that naturalisation which implies a perfect knowledge of it. This class of persons is numerous enough to turn an election against the judgment and suffrages of better men, and thus to involve the country in war. It has an influential power, as lawless in principle as it is reckless in regard to consequences. It is this party, with its frequent abuse of the laws of naturalisation, which places itself where numbers overpower reason. The native American complains on his part. It is this party which fomented hatred against Great Britain by every means in its power. Before the American Judge Gould, an Irishman came up a little time ago to be naturalised. The following dialogue actually ensued :

“So, my man, you prefer living in this country to going back to Ireland. Why so?”

“This, your honour, is a land of liberty.”

“You are attached to our institutions, then. What are they?”

No reply.

“Who governs this country?”

“Shure, and the president.”

“Who frames the laws?”

“The likes o’ your honour.”

“No, I only administer the laws. Who governs this state?”

No reply.

Here the judge asked for a blank form of the oath of naturalisation, which he ordered to be handed to the applicant.

"There is the oath, and in it is a clause by which you are to swear that you will support the constitution of the United States."

"Oh yes, your honour; I'm ready to swear to that."

"Did you ever read the constitution?"

"No, your honour."

"Or a word of it?"

"No, your honour."

"Did you ever hear a word of it read?"

"No, your honour."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know one word that is in the constitution of the United States?"

"Indeed, and I don't, yer honour."

"You have lived in this country six years nearly, you can read and write, and you have been all this time intending to become a citizen here, yet you have never taken the trouble to learn one word of the instrument you are now ready to take your solemn oath to support!"

After a few more remarks the judge refused to naturalise the applicant. An American paper said, on commenting upon the honourable scruples of the judge, "The evils, of which the 'American' party profess to see the cure, are the consequence of the abuse of the naturalisation laws, not their proper administration. Had those laws been always, and were they now, administered with the integrity of purpose and common-sense view of their requirements exhibited by this judge, there would be little ground of objection, if any, to the effect of their operation."

The inundation of Irish into the United States, and their power of voting, though of the very lowest and most ignorant class of their countrymen, the hatred they disseminate against England among the refuse of the American population, with whom alone they consort, and a few of the disaffected to England of a better grade, who harangue and get up publications inimical to Great Britain to obtain notoriety for themselves, produce their natural effect on the mob; and as heads with neither intelligence nor understanding are permitted to lead in this class, it is not wonderful that persons of ability and experience, holding public offices, are forced into measures which their own good sense would repudiate. The powers invested in each separate state are so much in the way of harmonious and powerful action at head-quarters, that we continually observe the executive forced either to act against the spirit of the constitution, or else merit the accusation of omitting to do that which the safety of the republic as a whole seems imperiously to demand. Jefferson showed a strong proof of his want of ability as a statesman; Jefferson wanted to extend still further the privileges of each state: in other words, render each equivalent in nearly all but the name, to a distinct government, scarcely at all dependent on the combined executive in any single point of view save for defence. Washington saw the danger at once, and, as far as he was able, successfully resisted it. This might be supposed he would do from his admirable foresight, but he did not perceive that, even as affairs were regulated, the union of so many states, some of them as large as a European kingdom, when they became peopled, and having differences of climate, productions, manufactures, and, above all, the black curse of slavery for a line of demarcation, it would not be possible to

maintain intact. It consisted of too many opposing interests. A due respect for the laws was a question begged altogether, as shown in states formed subsequently, where the executive was continually set at nought, and the mob, defying all authority, took the trial and punishment of criminals, or those it chose to deem so, into its own wild hands, clothing justice in the red garb of capricious vengeance, and setting the laws at defiance, and all this with perfect impunity.

That a nation so constituted should have its share of domestic troubles is not wonderful. They were inevitable, from existing circumstances; but it was not so as regarded exterior affairs, and the relations of the American government with other nations, and particularly with Great Britain, which had not only founded those States, but since their disconnexion as colonists had continually poured in fresh accessions to the American population, and had driven with the States a most thriving and advantageous trade for both countries. It seems a folly, twice told, to quarrel under such circumstances, and we feel bound in truth to say of our own government, that the most scrupulous neutrality has been observed between the conflicting parties, that no reasonable cause of offence has ever been given to either party; and that though this is incontrovertibly true, the people of the North—we will not allege it of the government—have omitted no opportunity of abusing England and its inhabitants; a most impolitic act at such a time, the worse for their being no valid cause for such illiberal conduct, and the worse still for the profligacy of the shallow understandings that prompt it, when it is known to be unmerited. The mere words, the transatlantic slang, the disgorgement of the spleen of the New York mob—we say “mob,” because the better class of its citizens, we know, do not participate in it—that disgorgement only defiles their own garments, and provokes a smile from us. We are sorry that the discontented of Ireland, and the emigrant refuse of England, who had, most likely, worked their passage over the Atlantic, should have been found of sufficient consequence to rouse the population to that degree of vicious feeling against the mother country, which in return she has never exhibited against the United States. Is the pride of the North American wounded that we do not give him credit for all he says of himself, or is he mortified that his angry diatribes have done no more than provoke a smile, or only excited surprise, that envy or ill feeling, without a cause, should have made him exhibit such a bitter spirit?

The present is no party question of Palmerston or Derby, let America, remember. The important point of the national honour admits of no selfish compromise with foreign insult, all political colours are the same here—all blend; there is but one party, just as of people there is but one in heart, one in that sterling determination, which knows as well how to strike as to forbear, if the necessity arise for having recourse to physical in place of moral means of redress; in other words, to the mode of redress of uncivilised, in place of that of civilised man. It is a fearful responsibility that forces the appeal to arms, let us hope it may be avoided. We think it would be, if those who direct the American counsels were free agents.

In the attack made upon the *Trent*, there is an argument which at once shows its unjustifiable character, and that of the right of search generally, except, as we before excepted at the commencement of this

paper, namely in cases of blockade or close proximity to a neutral coast. Suppose the *Trent* had been equally well armed, the American would not have dared to board her. Now, if the right of search in such a case be grounded on the rights of nations, the powerful ship of the nation at peace is bound to submit to a belligerent cock-boat, for the right would be justly sustained under all circumstances, or it would not be right but might. The necessity would be equally strong; the justice the same. Most assuredly a few muskets or cannon-ball in a merchant ship on the high seas is not an evil half as great as the outrage denominated the right of search, always, of course, excepting before blockaded places. Why an English or a French ship should not trade in powder with Morocco, because America and Spain are at war, seems irrational and ridiculous. In the end the ocean will be respected as the highway of nations. To this the question will ultimately be narrowed, and the thinking part of society are, or will soon be, of one opinion. The assimilation of men to goods or contraband merchandise might do in the Southern States of America, where flesh and blood are sold like carcasses in Smithfield, but the Americans will never be suffered to establish such a principle in regard to free men in neutral vessels, however convenient it may now and then happen to be in meeting the selfish views of belligerents; the uncorrupted heart revolts at it. Nor will it ever be tolerated that men, intoxicated with their own insolence, shall dictate whatever suits their views according to their existing interests in the passing hour, at the cost of others. The Americans have had a period of prosperity unequalled among the nations. They have become vainglorious. It is painful to listen to their self-laudations and overbearing conceit of themselves, which is by no means sustained in fact. The late levies of hundreds of thousands of men—as far as action has been concerned—reminds us of the old distich :

The King of France with forty thousand men
March'd up a hill and so came down again.

The experiment of a great republic of petty states under an executive head bereft of adequate power has failed. The South of the United States is not the only portion which will separate from the union. The West will by-and-by follow the example. The want of coherence is evident in the whole plan of the government as originally laid down. It was only adapted for a population comparatively limited. The "United" States will become disunited as the population enlarges. The popular will being there the only law, it will in the end vindicate itself to the letter. Republics or kingdoms will multiply, and dispute and fight only more pugnaciously for being so nearly akin. It will, in fact, be the repetition of the old things over again; the history of man in nations as of yore, confirmed by that of modern America: republics in which the people having too much licence ruin themselves. A headless people is fearful in its violence, and is ignorant of the danger into which it is hurried by its own wild will, and by mistaking licentiousness for honest self-government.

The hatred of England, from what cause it is difficult to say other than we have stated, is shown by the people of America whenever anything like an outrage or an insult, even by construction, comes to their knowledge. Bluster at once begins, it is true, among the vulgar classes alone, the "notions" of which in other countries would only be taken for what they

were worth, but in the United States, where John is as good as his master in his own opinion, it is a different thing. John has his weight, and knows it. He imagines that following the good sense of his master is a restraint, and therefore he ranges himself in the opposite political ranks, no matter for the right or wrong of the argument. The outrage of Captain Wilkes is rapturously applauded, fully as much because it is an insult to the English flag, as that the envoys from the Southern government are secured. Mobs never regard consequences any more than reason in any country, but in America, where they are such influential participants in deciding the political destinies of the country, no matter how ignorant or infuriated they may be, their power is almost a command over the better sense of the executive. When we see some of the Irish here, or, more correctly, a contemptible faction, small in number, but bold in effrontery, hailing the insult offered to the British flag as affording them pleasure, we know it proceeds from individuals whom we can afford to despise. Whig or Tory, the most zealous efforts have been made in the behalf of Ireland, by every administration, to meet the evils that afflicted that country, the inhabitants of which will do so little for themselves. If this be doubted, how does it happen that three millions of population in Scotland return to the post-office a revenue of fifty thousand pounds more than six or seven millions of souls in Ireland, and that there is nearly the same difference in the money-order office? How can such a vast difference exist in a fine country like Ireland, but from the want of industry in those who inhabit it? The emigration to America of so many Irish people neither helps their circumstances nor their manners. It enables them, it is true, to fraternise with too many of a like sentiment with themselves in their hatred and vituperation of England, which flourishes so signally, despite the anathemas of a semi-civilised race, and despite saintly protection. In America, a man of any country except Ireland may be anything he pleases, but an Irishman remains the same. He takes his hatred and envy of England with him, and his abuse of that country is a sort of Cain-mark by which he may be known, if it were possible, to hide his discontent, idleness, peculiar brogue, and denunciation of teetotalism.

The applause lavished upon Captain Wilkes in America, therefore, is not marvellous, or that it should be echoed by certain of the Irish there as well as here. We have now to turn to the reply made to the remonstrance sent out by our government, which will not agree to consider individual passengers between neutral nations as bales of cotton or bags of coffee; in other words, as merchandise under the construction the American defenders of the outrage put upon it. If the individuals had reached England, and been demanded to be given up, the demand would have been resisted. To be under the British flag anywhere is precisely the same thing—it is British protection, which, by special provisions with one or two foreign nations, is refused to felons and murderers, but is extended to political characters. Political offences are not breaches of the universal law of morality, seeing they are not offences beyond the limit of a particular locality. Nor will the law which holds good between two belligerent nations tell here, for the Southerners are to all intents and purposes rebels against their government, and success alone can obliterate from their cause the appellation of treason. Traitors find a refuge in foreign states in Europe, but America insists on making her will the law for the world if she is to have her own way in the present case. We gave

way to her too much. After the peace of 1814, no nation could be more cautious not to give another a cause of offence. America was remarkably sensitive even as regarded the search for slaves in ships on the African coast; we were exceedingly careful not to offend there, and slavers escaped in consequence. This same government, so very equitable, so sensitive in regard to itself, no sooner finds the right of search will secure its own purpose, that it has recourse to it without scruple. Protected itself by its own remonstrances, it has had no hesitation about exhibiting hypocrisy upon the question to secure its selfish ends and endeavour to profit by opposite courses; in fact, no matter how, if it can keep the "vantage ground."

We tell America this course of proceeding will not do. At the time this number goes to press, the reply to the despatch of the British government can hardly have been received, and we cannot, therefore, deal with the actual state of things to the moment; but we should be wanting in duty to our country—in fact, to the whole human race—if we did not protest against any subsidence to a system of duplicity so barefaced as that which will be attempted to be palmed off upon us, if the American government fail to offer redress. As far as intelligence has reached us, the American people have commended the outrage. At Boston Captain Wilkes has been fêted and applauded for this outrageous act against a neutral power. The doctrine of force, overpowering reason and justice, has been sanctioned by American citizens, not by the mere raff, the idle and mischievous populace of New York alone. The demand of redress has been forced upon Great Britain, unless she will consent to submit tamely to be bullied upon the decks of her own vessels under the shadow of that flag which is at least treated upon an equal footing by all the more ancient and modern nations of the civilised world, except that which sprang from her own loins.

We have been an open country to those who have suffered from political persecution, and, please God, we will be so still. Of the outrages which may be taken as explanatory of the doctrine thus acted upon in America, the present is not a solitary one. The neutrality neither of land nor ocean is to be respected if it suit the American interest to violate it. American ships land troops and state prisoners on neutral ground, march over the territory, and violate the rights of weaker nations, because they know the odds are in their favour; and thus they plainly tell the world it shall have no justice at their hands, which may chance to contravene the selfish ends of the strongest party. New Granada may appeal, but her claim resting solely upon its justice, has, we fear, little chance of satisfaction. With England it is otherwise. Never was she better able to vindicate herself from deliberate insult, and that disregard for steadfast and honest principle which the Northern States of America have had the unenviable disregard of right feeling to violate. To be prepared for taking that redress, which the ministry of President Lincoln may be inclined to give, but the madness of the many may force it to refuse, is our bounden duty. The word is gone forth. Troops are shipping for Canada, and a powerful fleet will soon be ready to support that demand which it is the duty of Great Britain to obtain.

The nobleman at the head of this great nation under the sovereign is not a new man in cabinets, but a veteran who, though his head has whitened within the verge of courts, has not suffered the snows of age to

chill the zeal he feels in his country's behalf. His long experience in public life has not, in the turmoil of office, blunted his sensitiveness where his country's honour is concerned. Let the transatlantics who commend and discommend him by turns, now praising his moderation and good feeling, and then giving him the sobriquet of Lord Touchwood—let them remember that with his long experience he bears with him the force of the public opinion not only of England, but of the more powerful European states, and that this combination is something in its array more gigantic than transatlantic experience may choose to gauge correctly as to consequences. Let America remember that upon the present question of the national honour Whig and Tory know not any difference, as before said, of Palmerston or Derby. The view taken by the sense of the country knows nothing of party influence. The cause is as common as the insult is flagrant, and where a sense of injustice is not permitted to weigh a grain in the balance, a perception of the disastrous consequences to the Northern cause should lead to the restoration of that state of things which existed previously to the outrage. If it should not so lead, we look upon it that hostilities are inevitable, and in that case America will be a divided country beyond redemption. The power of England backing out the South must cause it to prevail, although until now, despite the continued abuse lavished upon England without a just cause, the North had the good wishes of the English people, from its desire to see the abolition of slavery. It is therefore for America to look to it—"our withers are unwrung."

CYRUS REDDING. *is a*

gallant

Bully

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
 THE PRINCE CONSORT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Come, Virtue, with thy brow serene and fair!
 Come, Honour, with thy bright and lofty eye!
 Humanity, that never spurns a prayer,
 Or passes suffering by!
 Come, Taste, with soul acute, enlarged, refined,
 That works of genius, raptured, still surveys,
 And in each lovely form can glory find,
 Sealed to the common gaze:
 Come Truth, and Candour, and untarnished Worth!
 The noblest three that walk our darkened earth;
 Come, high Religion, looking still above—
 Come every virtue, born of peace and love,
 And weave a wreath of many-coloured flowers,
 Not plucked from fading, but undying bowers,
 And hang it on this royal bier;
 For he who sleeps death's slumber here
 Deserved it well, and, bending low,
 Shed—shed your heart-wrung tears of woe.
 Hark! on the midnight air that solemn boom,
 Telling a royal soul hath passed away!
 How flew the tidings on that morn of gloom—
 The tidings of dismay!

The rich man heard it, and he bowed his head;
 The iron warrior heard, and softened grew;
 From youth's gay eye the beam of lightness fled;
 The good man, though he knew
 The soul had passed to joy and rest,
 Mourned it had left this world so soon;
 For virtue making others blest—
 A sun with warmest splendours drest,
 Oh, sad to set at noon!
 The peasant in his cot arose, and thought
 How kind, how courteous to the lowly he,
 And to his rough, hard cheek a tear was brought;
 Ship meeting ship, upon the distant sea,
 The news conveyed, and, dropping half-mast high,
 The flag, as though it mourned, was seen to fly.

Since died the dear-loved Princess of the Isles,
 No grief has wrung our smitten hearts as now;
 As part of public happiness, his smiles
 Lit up a mildly-beaming, placid brow.
 Who lives that can exclaim in all this land,
 He e'er had wrong from that just, noble hand?
 The artist, scholar, grew beneath his eye,
 Want he would aid, with Sorrow he could sigh;
 A Nation his pure, golden memory keeps,
 A Nation loved him—thus a Nation weeps.

A group of youthful mourners! God of Heaven,
 Look down upon the fatherless, and be
 Their father now!—thy guiding hand be given!
 Yes, they have still a parent's love and Thee;
 Yes, they have still a people who will give
 Their hearts, their lives to serve them; they shall live
 Shrined in our bosoms, as the shining gold
 The rough and adamantine rocks enfold;
 The memory of their sire shall round them throw
 Halos to light them on their path below.

There is a grief too sacred, too profound,
 To name or shadow forth; it deeply lies,
 Like the pent streamlet's crystal under ground,
 Hidden from searching eyes:
 Such grief is thine, O Queen! It is not ours
 Its bitter depths, its greatness, to portray,
 To sorrow's winter turned joy's summer hours,
 To darkness love's bright ray,
 Thy guide, thy counsellor, thy partner, friend,
 Snatched from thy side; but raise that drooping head,
 A consolation now thy God doth send:
 The parent tree is dead,
 But in the sapling see its life renewed;
 The parent in the children lives once more,
 To shed sweet solace on thy widowhood;
 Their smiles his smiles restore;
 And, in their voices, thou again shalt hear
 The voice of the beloved one murmuring near;
 And while a Nation's heart close clings to thee,
 Days of sweet hope and bliss thou yet shalt see.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

HOW VIVIAN SABBETASCHIE BURIED HIS PAST AND AWOKE TO A GOLDEN PRESENT.

ON the 12th of May Leila Countess of Puffdorff gave a ball, concert, and sort of moonlight fête, all three in one, at her charming dower-house at Twickenham. All our set went pretty nearly, and all the men of Ours, of course, for le feu Puffdorff had been in the Dashers, and out of a tender memory of him, his young widow made enfans de la maison of all the corps; not, one is sure, because Ours was one of the crackest troops in the service, and we were counted the handsomest set of men in all Arms, but out of pure love and respect for our late gouty colonel, who, Georges Dandin in life, became a Mausolus when under the sod. Who upholds that the good is oft interred with our bones? *Ce n'est pas vrai*, though it is Shakspeare who says it; if you leave your family, or your pet hospital a good many thousands, you will get the cardinal virtues, and a trifle more, in letters of gold on your tomb; if you have lived up to your income, or forgotten to insure, any penny-a-lining *La Monnoye* will do to scribble your epitaph, and break off with "*C'est trop mentir pour cinq écus!*" Le feu Puffdorff became "*mon mari adoré*" as soon as the grave closed over him; pour cause—"mon mari adoré" had left his handsome countess most admirably well off, and with some of this "last bequest" the little widow gave us a charming fête on this 12th of May. Such things are all so much alike, that going to one, you ordinarily have gone to all, but this was certainly better than most. The Puffdorff wines were par excellence; the Puffdorff taste admirable; Grisi and Mario, and a number of lesser stars sang à ravir; Violet Molyneux and a number of lesser belles waltzed to perfection; there were as lovely women and as exquisite toilettes as you could wish to see; and there were the fairy-like grounds glistening in the moonlight with myriad lamps gleaming like diamond clusters among the darkness, and the winter garden, where, under glass, nature in the tropics was counterfeited so inimitably with fragrant imitations of the rose gardens of the East, the orange groves of southern Europe, and the luxuriant vegetation of the West Indies.

It looked like fairyland, I admit, with its brilliant colouring, its heavy perfumes, its beautiful music. Not Anacreon or Aristippus, Boccaccio or Moore, need have imagined anything more charming to look at—it was only a pity that the people were not Arcadians to enjoy it; that there were such plots and counterplots and fermentations under that smooth surface; such heart-burnings, jealousies, and manœuvres among those soft smiling beauties; such under-currents of bitterness and ill-nature under the pleasant sunny ripples of social life. What a sad trick one catches of looking *under* everything; it spoils pleasure, for nothing

will stand it; but when once one has been sick through chromate of lead, one can't believe in Bath-buns, try how one may! I went to the ball late; De Vigne, much to the Puffdorff's chagrin, chose instead to go to a card party at Wyndham's, where play was certain to be high. He preferred men's society to women's at all times, and I must say I think he showed his judgment! The first person I saw was Violet, on Curly's arm, with whom she had been waltzing. Brilliant and lovely she looked, with all her high-bred grace and finish about her; but she had lost her colour, there was an absence of all that free spontaneous gaiety, and there was a certain *distraction* in her eyes, which made me guess the Colonel's abrupt departure had not been without its effect upon our most radiant beauty. She had promised me the sixth dance the previous day in the Park, and as I waltzed with her, pour m'amuser I mentioned Sabretasche's name casually, when, despite all her sang-froid, a slight flush in her cheeks showed she did not hear it with indifference. When I resigned her to Regalia (Violet danced as untiringly as a Willis, and the little Duke's one accomplishment was his waltzing), I strolled through the rooms with the other beauté régnante of the night, Madame la Duchesse de Vieillecour. Good Heavens! what relationship was there between that stately, haughty-eyed woman, with her Court atmosphere about her, her calm but finished coquetteries, and bright-faced, blithe-voiced Gwen Brandling, who had given me that ring under the trees in Kensington Gardens ten years before? Ah, well! Time changes us all. The ring was old-fashioned now; and Madame and I *made love* more amusingly and more wisely, if less truly than earnestly, than in those old silly days when we were *in love*, before I had learned experience and she had taken up prudence and ducal quarterings. I was sitting under one of the luxuriant festoons of creepers in the winter garden with her excellency; revenging, perhaps a little more naturally than rightly, on Madame de Vieillecour the desertion of Gwen Brandling (you see, I had loved and lost the latter; I didn't care two straws for the former): and I suppose I was getting a trifle too sarcastic in the memories I was recalling to her, for she broke off our conversation suddenly, and not with that subtle tact which Tuileries air had taught her.

"Look! Is it possible? Is not that Colonel Sabretasche? I thought he was gone to Biarritz for his health."

I looked; it *was* Sabretasche, to my supreme astonishment, for his leave had not nearly expired; and in a letter De Vigne had had from him a day or two previous there had been no mention of his intending to return.

"How charming he is, your Colonel!" said Madame de Vieillecour, languidly. "I never met anybody handsomer or more witty in all Paris. Bring him here, I want to speak to him."

"Surprised to see me, Arthur?" said Sabretasche, laughing, as I went up to him, obedient to her desires. "I always told you never to be astonished at anything I do. I am as enigmatical, you know, and as erratic as the Wandering Jew, or the Premier Grenadier du Monde. Madame de Vieillecour there? She does me much honour. Is she trying to make you singe your wings again?"

He came up to her with me, of course, and stood chatting some minutes.

"I am only this moment arrived," he said, in answer to her. "When I reached Park-lane this morning, or rather evening, I found Lady Puffidorff's card of invitation ; so I dined, dressed, and came off, for I knew I should meet all my old friends here. Yes, I am much better, thank you ; the sweet air of the Pyrenees must always do one good, and then they give all the credit to the Biarritz baths ! Shockingly unjust, but what is just in this world ? How odd Biarritz looked, by the way, with not a fair face or a dyspeptic constitution in it !"

He stayed chatting some moments, though I noticed his eyes glanced impatiently through the rooms in search of somebody or other he did not see. The air of the Pyrenees had indeed done him good ; he did not look like the same man ; his listless melancholy, which had grown on him so much during the last month, had entirely worn off ; there was a clear mind-at-ease look about him as if he were relieved of some weight that had worn him down, and there was a true ring about his voice and laugh which had not been there, gay as he was accounted, since I had known him, even when he was ten years younger than he was now. He soon left Madame de Vieillecour, and lounged through the rooms, exchanging a smile, or a bow, or a few words with almost every one he met, for Sabretasche had a most illimitable acquaintance, and all were delighted to see him back ; for, without him, things in his set ever seemed at a stand still.

Violet Molyneux was sitting down after her waltz with Regalia, leaning back on a couch, fanning herself slowly, and attending very little to the crowd of men who had gathered, as they were certain to do, round the beauty of the season. She generally laughed, and talked, and jested with them all, so that her pet friends called her a shocking flirt (though she was in reality no more of one than any fascinating woman appears, *volens volens*, and was far too difficult to please to be a coquette), but to-night she was listless and silent, playing absently with her bouquet, though admiring glances enough were bent upon her, and delicate flattery enough breathed in her ears, to have roused the Sleeping Beauty herself from her trance.

It required more, however, to rouse Violet to-night ; that little more she had, in a very soft and musical voice, a voice well accustomed to give meaning to such words, that whispered,

"How can I hope I have been remembered when you have so many to teach you to forget ?"

She looked up ; her violet eyes beamed with such undisguised delight that some of the men smiled, and others swore under their moustaches ; her natural wild-rose colour came back into her cheeks ; in a second she was her own radiant animated self ; she gave him her hand without a word, and one of her vassals, a young Viscount, a boy in the Rifles, gave up his place beside her to Sabretasche. Then she talked to him, quietly enough, on indifferent subjects, of Biarritz and Pau, of the Garonne and the Pic-du-Midi, of Bigorre and Gavarnie, as if neither remembered their last strange interview in the Water-colour Exhibition, as if the Francesca were not in both their minds, as if love were not lying at the heart and gleaming in the eyes of each of them.

Sabretasche asked her to waltz ; she could not, since she had only the minute before refused Regalia ; but she took his arm and strolled into

the summer-garden, leaving the full rise and swell of the ball-room music, with the subdued hum and murmur of Society, in the distance.

He spoke of trifles as they passed the different groups that were laughing, chatting, or flirting in the several rooms; but his eyes were on hers, and spoke a more eloquent language. Violet never asked him of his sudden return or his abrupt departure. She was too happy to be with him again to care through what rights or reason she was so. Gradually they grew silent, such a silence as is often more expressive than speech as they strolled on through the conservatories till they stood alone among the rich tropical and southern vegetation. One side of the winter-garden was open to the clear and still May night, where the midnight stars shone on the dark old trees and the white statues, with their lamps gleaming, diamond-like, between, while the early nightingales sang to the fair spring skies those passionate chants of love and rapture, wherewith the other tribes of nature, whom we in our arrogance dare to call the *lower*, touch deep to the heart of man, respond to all his feverish dreams and all his vague desires, and give utterance in their unknown tongue to those diviner thoughts, that yearning sadness, which lie far down unseen in Human nature.

The night was still, there was no sound save the cadence of the distant music and the sweet gush of the nightingales' songs close by; the wind of early summer swept gently in and fanned their heavy perfumes from the glowing leaves of tree and flower, till the air was full of that dreamy and voluptuous beauty of fragrance which lulls the senses and woos the heart to those softer moments which, could they but last, would make men never need to dream of heaven. Such hours are rare; what wonder if to win them we risk all, if in them we cry, with the Lotus Eaters,

Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 All things are taken from us and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 All things have rest and ripen toward the grave
 In silence; ripen, fall, and cease.
 Give us long rest, or death; dark death or dreamful ease.

The soft moonlit air trembled with the low sighing of the trees and the swell of the nightingale's note,

———breaking its heart with its strain,

Waiting breathless to die when its music is ended.

The rich radiance within gleamed on the crimson glow of the gorgeous roses and the silvery white of the magnolias and lilies; the musical fountains fell into their marble basins with harmonious cadence; Sabretasche, in the still beauty of the night, could listen to every breath and hear each heart-throb of the woman he loved, as he looked into her face with all its delicate and impassioned beauty—the beauty of the Francesca. All the passion that was in him stirred and trembled at it; the voluptuous sweetness of the hour chimed delicious music with his thoughts and senses; he bent over her with all the fondness and tenderness she had awakened:

"Violet!"

It was only one word he spoke, but in it all was uttered to them both.

She lifted her eyes to his; he put his arms round her and drew her to his heart, pressing his lips on hers in kisses long and passionate as those that doomed Francesca. And the stars shone softly, and the flowers bowed their lovely heads, and the nightingales sang joyously under the sweet May skies, while two passionate human hearts met and were at rest.

"Violet, my love, my dearest, you are mine!" murmured Sabretasche, fondly leaning over her with the gentle and earnest tenderness that lay in the character of this soi-disant gay and heartless flirt.

"Yours for life and death—yours for ever!" answered Violet, looking up into his eyes, then drooping her head upon his shoulder, with a blush raised by the fervid gaze she met.

"God bless you!" He was too deeply moved to find his usual eloquence. It was eloquence enough between them, to be there heart to heart, with the love pent up of late in both expressed in that fond and silent communion.

"Darling," whispered Sabretasche, after many minutes had passed away, "you give me your love, though I seemed so long to reject it? You can never guess all that I have suffered, all my temptations, all my struggles. I have much to tell you—you alone; but not to-night. I can think of nothing but my own happiness; it is so long since I have been happy! Twenty years! longer than your life, Violet!"

"And I can make you happy?"

"Yes!" He said it with a sigh of delight, as of a man who throws off his heart a heavy burden carried through lengthened years. "Happy as I never hoped—as, since my boyish days, I never dreamed—as certainly my life has never merited! My love has been a curse to many women, Violet; it shall never be so to you. But I do not deserve to have a woman's heart all that yours is to me—all that you make it to me, with your noble trust, your frank affection, your high intelligence, your generous soul. I have loved many before you; I shall never love others after you. You have roused all the passions of my youth, all the tenderness of my manhood. To make your peace I would lay down my life to-night, and without you that life would be a curse insupportable. My own love, my last love! what words can tell you all you are to me? If passion had no other utterance than speech, it would remain unspoken!"

He rested his lips on her brow, his heart throbbing loud against hers. They stayed long in their delicious solitude, while the stars grew clearer in the May midnight, and the nightingale's song sweeter, and the scent of the flowers mingled with the fountain's silvery play; and Violet Molyneux learned all the depths of tenderness, gentleness, and affection yearning for response, which lay hid from the world's eye, as silver lies deep in the core of the earth, in the heart of this man, whom society counted as a *roué* without conscience, of perfect taste and utter heartlessness, as fatal to her sex as he was charming to them, a *lion* who could be touched by nothing, an *âme damnée* only to be countenanced because he was rich, courted, and the fashion!

When they went back into the ball-room the waltz had its charm, the

music its melody, the flowers their fragrance again, for Violet; for a touch of the hand, a glance of the eye was sufficient eloquence between them, and his whispered Good night, as he led her to her carriage, was dearer to her than any flattery poet or prince had ever breathed, nay, she was so happy that she even smiled brightly on Regalia, to her mother's joy—so happy, that when she reached the solitude of her own chamber, she threw herself on her knees in her glittering gossamer ball-dress, and thanked God for the new joy of her life with as unchecked and impetuous tears of rapture as if she had been Little Alma in her cottage home rather than the beauty of the season, with coronets at her feet.

Lord Molyneux was a poor Irish peer; Sabretasche was rich, of high family, bien reçu in the most exclusive circles, a man whose word was law, whose pre-eminence in fashion and ton was acknowledged, whose admiration was honour, and at whose offer of marriage, if he had condescended to make any, no parent in all town, though the Colonel *was* a commoner, would have failed to feel ecstatically delighted au fond de son cœur. His social position was so good, his settlements would be so unexceptionable, why! even our dear saint, the Bishop of Comet-Hock, though he shook his head over Sabretasche's sins, and expressed his opinion with considerable certainty concerning the warmth of his ultimate reception—you know where—would have handed him over with the greatest eagerness either of his pretty, extravagant daughters had the Colonel deigned to ask for one of them. Therefore, when Sabretasche called on him the morning after Leila Puffdorff's ball, and made formal proposals for Violet, Jockey Jack, though considerably astonished—as society had settled that Sabretasche would never marry as decidedly as it had settled that he was Mephistopheles in fascinating guise—was excessively pleased, assented readily, and had but one drawback on his mind—*telling his wife*—that lady having set her affections on things above, namely, little Regalia's balls and strawberry-leaves. However, Lady Molyneux's chief aim was to marry her daughter somehow as early as possible, so as not to have two milliners' bills to pay and so attractive a face always out with her, and she assented languidly, not by any means particularly pleased, but having no earthly grounds on which to object to such a man and such an offer. So Sabretasche was received into the Molyneux family, and made himself welcome there, as he always could everywhere when he took the trouble, with his indolent grace, his patrician pride, and his calm courtesy, which somehow compelled extreme courtesy in return.

When he came out of Jockey Jack's study that morning, he naturally took his way to Violet's boudoir, where his young love sat, a book it is true in her lap, but her lips parted, and her eyes resting on his statuette of her greyhound, in a sweet dream of "yesterday." She sprang up as he entered, with such delight in her face, so fond a smile, and so bright a blush, that Sabretasche thought he had never seen anything of half so much beauty, sated as he had been with beauty all his days.

"How lovely you are, Violet!" he said, involuntarily, some minutes after, as he sat beside her on the couch, passing his hand over the soft perfumed hair that rested against his arm.

"Oh! do not you tell me that. So many do!" cried Violet. "I like you to see in me what no one else sees."

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"I see a great deal in you that no one else sees; whole tableaux of heart and mind, that no one else can have a glance at," said Sabretasche, smiling. "But I am proud of your beauty, my lovely Francesca, for all that; though it may be a fact patent to all eyes."

"Then I am glad I have it," said Violet, naively. "I love you to be proud of anything in me you know. I would be a thousand times worthier of you if I could."

"The difficulty 'to be worthy' is not on your side," said he, with a shade of his old sadness. "I cannot bear to think that a life so pure as yours should be dedicated to a life so impure as mine. How spotless is your past, Violet—how dark is mine!"

"But how few have been my temptations—how many yours!" interrupted Violet. "A woman—especially an unmarried one—is so fenced in and guarded by society and her home, that her virtue is little merit. What heavy punishment would fall on her if she departed from it! But with men it is so different; from the moment they are launched into the world temptations and incentives assail them on every side, and meet them at every turn. All things combine to lure them into pleasure, and they are no gods to resist the nature with which they are created. Society, custom, their companions, their literature, their amusements—all are so many Circe's wiles; and when they yield to them, they know society will grant them impunity. Everything tempts them; and if they are tempted, they only yield to the bias with which they were born, being mortal men and not marble statues. The world loves condemning. It would do well I think to remember the baits it itself throws out—baits to which all men, sooner or later, more or less, openly or *sub rosa*, yield. If you have anything to tell me, tell it fearlessly. I shall not love you the less, through whatever fires you may have passed. A woman's office is to console, not to censure; and if a man has trust in her enough to reveal any of his past sins or sorrows to her, her pleasure should be to teach him to forsake them and forget them in a fresher, fairer, happier existence."

"My precious Violet! God bless you for your noble love! If my care and tenderness can ever repay it, your future shall reward you," whispered Sabretasche, with a deep sigh of rest, in the full and complete happiness he had at last attained. "What I have chiefly to tell you is of wrongs done to me—wrongs that have sealed my lips to you till now—wrongs that have weighed on me for twenty long years, and made me the enigmatical and wayward man I probably have seemed. It is a long story, darling, but one I would rather you should know before you fully give yourself to me."

She looked up at him with a fond smile, a silent promise that in heart she *was* already given to him; and leaning against him, with his arm round her, and her hand in his, Violet listened to the story—that every different scandal-monger had guessed at, and each separate coterie tried, and vainly tried, to probe—the story of the Colonel's early life.

II.

THE SKELETON THAT SOCIETY HAD NEVER SEEN.

"You know," began Sabretasche, "that I was born and educated in Italy, and indulged in all things by my father (who loved me tenderly for the sake of my young mother, whom he had idolised, and who had died when I was six years old), and accustomed to every luxury, I grew up with much of the softness, voluptuousness, and fervent short-lived passion of the Italian character, while at fifteen I knew life as many a man of five-and-twenty, brought up in seclusion and puritanism here, does not. But though I was an officer in the Neapolitan service, and first in pleasure and levity among the young Italian noblesse, I was still impressionable and romantic, with too much of the poetry and imagination of the country in me to be blasé, though I might be inconstant. I never recollect the memory of my youth, *up to twenty*, without regret, it was so full of enjoyment, of soft dreams, sweet as an idyl from my rich imagination, of delicious pleasures, which had all the charm of freshness, all the gusto of youth, changing each day with the brilliance and rapidity of kaleidoscopic pictures, one chased away by another, none leaving a shadow behind! In the summer of my one-and-twentieth year I left Naples, during the hot season, to stay with a friend of mine, whose estates lay in Tuscany. You were in Tuscany last year. How fair the country is under the shadow of the Apennines, with its brown olive woods and its glorious sunsets! It is strange how the curse of its ingratitude to its noblest sons still clings to it, so favoured by nature as it is! Della Torre's place was some six or seven miles from Sienna. I had gone up to Florence previously with my father, whose oldest friend was the then consul there; and travelling across Tuscany when malaria was then rife, a low fever attacked me. I was travelling vetturino—there were no railways there in those days—and my servant, finding that I was much too ill to go on, stopped of his own accord at a village not very far from Cacciano. The single act of a servant, who would have died to serve either me or my father—poor fellow, he was shot down the other day among hundreds of insurgents by Bomba—grew into the curse of my life. The name of the village was Montepulito. I dare say you passed through it; it is beautifully placed, its few scattered houses, with their high peaked roofs, standing among the great groves of chestnuts and the grey thickets of olives, with sunny vineyards and tangled brushwoods of genista and myrtle lying in the glowing Tuscan sunlight. There Anzoletto stopped of his own accord. I was too ill to dissent; and as the carriage pulled up before the single wretched little inn the place afforded, the priest of the village, who was passing, offered me the use of his own house. I had hardly power to accept or refuse, but Anzoletto seized on the offer eagerly; I believe he would have thought a Crown prince honoured by giving house-room to his young milor, and I was conveyed to the priest's house, where, for nine or ten days, I knew nothing, or next to nothing, of what passed, except that I suffered and dreamt. When I awoke from a deep sleep one evening into consciousness, I saw the red sunset streaming through the purple vine around my lattice, Anzoletto asleep by my bedside, and a woman of great beauty watching me: of great beauty, Violet, but

not your beauty either. It seemed to me then the face of an angel: afterwards, God forgive her! I knew it as the face of a fiend. She was Silvia da Castrone, the niece, some said the daughter, of the priest of Montepulito. She was then three-and-twenty—when men love women their own age, or older, no good can come of it—and very beautiful: a Tuscan beauty, with a delicate Roman profile, blonde hair, and, what is rare for an Italian, a very fair, white skin, and long, large, dark eyes; a lovely woman, in fact, with perfect contour, and a certain languid grace that charmed one like music. She had, too, a certain aristocracy of air. The priest himself was of noble though decayed family: a sleek, silent, suave man, discontented with his humble position in Montepulito, but meek and lowly-minded, according to his own telling, as a religious could be. I awoke to see Silvia da Castrone by my bedside, I recovered to have her constantly beside me, to gaze on her dangerous charms in the equally dangerous lassitude of convalescence. There is a certain languid pleasure in recovery from illness when one is young that makes all things seem *couleur de rose*; to me, with my impressionable senses and my Southern temperament, there was something in this seclusion amidst all that is softest and fairest in nature, shared with one as beautiful as the scenes among which I found her, which appealed irresistibly at once to poetry and passion, then the two most dominant elements in my character, in my dreams, and in my desires, with which no ambitions greater than those of pleasure, and no pains harsher than those of love, had at that time mingled. Sufficient to say, I began to love Silvia the first day her fair face bent over my couch; as I recovered with renovated strength, my love grew, till sense, prudence, keen-sightedness, all that might have restrained me, were submerged in it. I loved her fondly, tenderly, honourably, as ever man could love woman. I decked her in all the brilliant hues of a poet's fancy, I thought her the realisation of all my sweetest ideals, I believed I loved for all eternity. I never stopped to learn her nature, her character, her thoughts; I never paused to learn if she in any way accorded to all my requirements and ideas; I loved her—I *married her*! Heavens, what that madness has cost me!"

The memory came over him with a deadly shudder; at its recollection the fell shade it had so long cast on him returned again, and he pressed Violet convulsively to his heart, as if with her warm, young love to crush out the burden of that cold and cruel dead one. Violet was very pale; the intelligence of his marriage cast a death-like chill over her—the first gloom her bright life and high spirits had ever known; but even in that her first impulse was to console him. She lifted her head and kissed him, the first caress she had ever offered him, as if to show more tenderly than words could give them, her sympathy and her affection. As silently and as fondly Sabretasche thanked her for the delicacy and comprehension which were so grateful to him, and with an effort he resumed his story.

"We were married—by the priest Castrone, and for a few weeks Montepulito was heaven to me, and I believed my fondest and fairest dreams were realised. Violet, my darling, do not let my story pain you. All men have many early loves before they reach that fuller and stronger one which is the crown of their existence. I was happy, then, when I

was a boy, and when you were not born, my Violet!—but you will give me still greater happiness, as passionate, and more perfect. We were married; and for a week or two the surrender of my liberty seemed trifling pay indeed for the rapture it had brought me. The first shock back to actual life was a letter from my father. I dared not tell him of my hasty step; not from any anger that I should have met, but from the grief it would have caused him, for the only thing he had ever interdicted to me was an early or an unequal marriage. Fortunately, the letter was only to ask me to go to England on some business for him. I went, of course, taking Sylvia with me; and while in London, at her suggestion (it did not occur to me, or I should have made it), we had the ceremony again performed in a Protestant church, the rectory-church at Marylebone. She said it pleased her to be united to me by the religion of my country as well as of her own. I loved her, and believed her, and was only too happy to make still faster, if I could, the church fetters which bound me to a woman I idolised! We were a month or two in England. I took her into Wales and to the Lakes; then we returned to Italy, and I bought for her a pretty little villa just outside Naples, where every spare moment that I had formerly given to dissipation or amusement, or idle dreaming by the sea-shore, I now gave to my wife. Oh, my darling! that any should have borne that title before you! Gradually now dawned on me the truth which she had carefully concealed during our earlier intercourse; that, graceful, gentle, perfect lady as she was in seeming, her temper was the temper of a devil, her passions such as would have disgraced the vilest woman in a street-brawl. Can you not fancy, Violet, what it was to me, with my taste, as it always has been over-sensitive and refined, accustomed at home to have ever the gentlest tones and the softest voices, abhorring an approach to what was harsh, or vulgar, or unharmonious, to hear the woman I worshipped meet me, if I was a moment later than she expected, or the presents I brought her a trifle less costly than she had anticipated—meet me with a torrent of reproaches and invectives, to see her beautiful features distorted with fury, her soft eyes lurid with flame, her coral lips quivering with deadly venom railing alike at her dogs, her servants, and her husband!—a fury—a she-devil! Good Heavens! what fiercer torment can there be for man, than to be linked for life with a vixen, a virago? None can tell how it wears all the beauty of his life away; how, surely, like the dropping of water on a stone, it eats away his peace; how it lowers him, how it degrades him in his own eyes, how it drags him down to her own level, until it is a miracle if it do not rouse in him her own coarse and humiliating passions! Looking back on those daily scenes of disgrace and misery, which grew, as week and month rolled by, each time worse and worse, when my words ceased to have the slightest weight, I wonder how I endured them as I did; yet what is more incredible still, I yet loved her, loved her despite the hideous deformity of her fiendish nature; for a virago is a fiend, and of the deadliest sort. Still, though my life grew a very agony to me, and the weight of my secret from my father grew unbearable—I dared not tell him, he was in such delicate health the shock might have been fatal—I was never neglectful of her. Strange as it seems, little as the world would believe it, I was most constant to, and most patient with, her. I have done little good in my life, God knows,

but in my duty as a husband to her, boy as I was, I may truly say I never failed. Not quite twelvemonths after our marriage, Sylvia gave birth to a daughter. I was very sorry. I am not domestic—never shall be—and a child was the last inconvenience and annoyance I should have wished added to the ménage. I hoped, however, that it might soften her temper. It did not; and my life became literally a curse to me.

“At this time Sylvia’s brother came to Naples, a showy, handsome, vulgar young man, with none of her exterior delicacy and aristocracy, who had been my detestation in Montepulito; for anything that shocked my refinement was always, as you are aware, to my fastidious senses, unbearable and intolerable. Naturally he came to his sister’s house, though he had no liking for me, and I believe our antipathy was mutual; but he quartered himself on his sister, for he was poor, and had nothing to do, and I generally found him there when I went to her villa, which was as often as I was free from military duties, or from my father’s house, and could get away without observation from my brother officers and the gay whirl of Neapolitan society, where I was a *lion* and a pet. Almost invariably when I went there after Guiseppa da Castrone’s arrival, I found him and some of his friends—rollicking, do-nothing, vulgar *mauvais sujets*, like himself—smoking and drinking there; while Sylvia, decked with her old smiles, and adorned in the rich dress it had been my delight to bestow on her, lay on her soft couch. She had all the languor and indolence of a Southern, flirting her fan or touching her guitar; her lovely voice had been one of her greatest charms for me; but, once married, she never took the trouble to let me hear it. The men were odious to me, accustomed as I was to the best society of the old Italian noblesse, and born with only too sensitive a disgust for a common tone and *mauvais ton*, but I was so sick and heart-weary of the constant contentions and storms that awaited me in my wife’s home, that I was glad of the presence of other persons to prevent the tête-à-tête, which was certain to be a scene of passion and abuse, and to restore the smiles to the face which for me now only wore a frown or a sneer. The chief visitor at Sylvia’s house was a friend of her brother’s—an artist of the name of Lani—a young fellow of five or six-and-twenty, who considered himself an Adonis, I believe, for he was exceedingly handsome, in a coarse, full-coloured style, though utterly detestable in my ideas, with his loud voice, his vulgar foppism, and his would-be wit. He pleased Sylvia, however; a fact to which I never attached any importance, for I was not at all of a suspicious or sceptical nature then, and I am never one of those who think that a woman must necessarily be faithless to her husband because she likes the society of another man; on the contrary, a husband’s hold on her affection must be very slight, if, to keep it, he must subject her to a seclusion almost conventual. Fidelity is no fidelity unless it has opportunity to swerve if it choose. So, though I received the furies, he the smiles, to be jealous of Lani never occurred to me. I, haughty, refined, courted Vivian Sabretasche, to condescend to jealousy of this vulgar, presumptuous, coarse-minded young fellow!—I could never have stooped to it, had it even occurred to me, which it never did, for I held my own honour infinitely too high to dream that another could sully it. My trust and my security were rudely de-

stroyed! Six months more went on. Sylvia clamoured ceaselessly for the acknowledgment of our marriage; in vain I pleaded to her that my father was on his death-bed, that the physicians told me that the slightest mental shock would end his existence, and that as soon as ever I had lost him, which must be at farthest in a few months' time, I would acknowledge her as my wife, and take her to England, where large property had just been left me. Such a plea would, you would think, have been enough for any woman's heart. It availed nothing with her; she made it the occasion for such awful storms of execration and passion as I pray Heaven I may never see in woman or man again. I refused to endanger my father's life to please her caprices. The result was a scene so degrading to her, so full of shame and misery to me, that for several days I could not bring myself to enter her presence again. My love was gone, trampled under her coarse and cruel invectives. In the place of my lovely and idolised wife I found a fiend, and I repented too late the irrevocable folly and the iron fetters of an early marriage, the curse of so many men. When at last I went to the house of my wife, which *should* have been my home, and *was* my hell; the windows of some of the rooms which looked on to a verandah, stood open; I walked up the gardens and through those windows into the rooms unannounced, as a man in his own house thinks he is at liberty to do. How one remembers trifles on such days of anguish as that was to me! I remember the play of the sunshine on the ilex-leaves, I remember how I brushed the boughs of the magnolias out of my path as I went up the verandah steps. Unseen myself, I saw Lani and my wife; his arms were round her, her head upon his breast, and I caught words which, though insufficient for law, told me of her infidelity. God help me! what I suffered! Young, unsuspecting, acutely sensitive, painfully alive to the slightest stain upon my honour, to be deplacéd by this vulgar, low-bred rival! Great Heavens! how bitter was my shame."

Violet's hands clenched on his in a passion of sympathy for him and horror at his wrongs:

"Oh, Vivian, my dearest! how I grieve for you! how I hate her! Would to Heaven I could avenge it on her!"

"Death *has* avenged me, my darling!" said Sabretasche, gravely, gently soothing the vehement emotion his story had roused in Violet's warm and impassioned nature before he resumed his narrative. "Those few words that fell on my ear in the first paralysed moment of dim horror at the treachery which had availed itself of my unsuspecting hospitality to rob me of my honour, were sufficient for me. Even then I had memory enough to keep myself from stooping to the degradation of a spy, and from lowering myself before the man who had betrayed me. I went farther into the room, and they saw me. Lani had the grace to look guilty and ashamed; for only the day before he had asked me to lend him money, and I had complied, he knowing all the while what reward he was giving me. I remember being perfectly calm and self-possessed; one often is in hours of the greatest suffering or excitement. I motioned him to the door; he slunk out like a hound afraid of a double thonging. The fellow had neither conscience, spirit, nor courage; he was a coward, and craven-hearted as those under-bred men often are at heart. He went out, and I was left alone with Sylvia—with my wife. Do you wonder that for nineteen years

I have loathed and abhorred that title, holding it as a synonym with all that is base, and treacherous, and shameful—a curse from which there is no escape—a clog, rather than take which into his life a man had better forego all love, all pleasure, all passion—a mess of porridge with poison in the cup, for which he must give up all the priceless birthright of liberty and peace, never enjoyed and never valued till they are lost for ever, past recall?

“Do you think there was any shame, remorse, repentance on her face, any regret for the abuse of all my confidence, any sorrow for the true affection she had outraged, any consciousness of the fidelity thus repaid, of the trust thus returned? No; in her face there was only a devilish laugh. She met me with a sneer and a scoff; she had the brazen false-ness to deny her infidelity, for she knew that admission would divorce her and give me freedom; and when I taxed her with it, she only answered with invectives, with violence, insult, and opprobrium. It ever seemed as if a devil entered into her when she became possessed with that fearful and fiend-like passion. I will not sully your ears with all the disgraceful details of the scene where a woman, at once a virago and a liar, gave reins to her fell passions, and forgot sex, truth, all things, even common decency of language or of conduct: suffice it, it ended in worse violence still. As I rose, to leave her for ever, and end the last of these horrible interviews, which destroyed all my self-respect, and withered all my youth, she sprang upon me like a tigress, and struck at my breast with a stiletto, which lay on a table near, among other things of curious workmanship. Strong as I was at that time, I could scarcely master her—a furious woman is more savage in her wrath than any beast of prey; she clung to me, yelling hideous words, and striking blindly at me with her dagger. Fortunately for me, the stiletto was old and blunt, and could not penetrate through the cloth of my coat. By sheer force I wrenched myself from her grasp, seized her wrists, unclenched her fingers from the handle of the dagger, and left her prostrate, from the violence of her own passions, her beautiful hair unloosened in the struggle, her hands cut and torn in her own wild fencing with the stiletto, her eyes glaring with the ferocity of a tigress, her coral lips covered with foam. From that hour I never saw her face.—Last week I read the tidings of her death.”

Sabretasche paused. He had not recalled the dread memory of his marriage without bitter pain; never till now had his lips breathed one word of his story to a living creature, and he could not lift the veil from the secret buried for eighteen years without some of the murderous air from the tomb poisoning the freer, purer atmosphere he now breathed. It had a strangely strong effect on Violet. All the colour fled from her lips and cheeks; she burst into convulsive sobs, and trembling painfully, shrank closer into the Colonel's arms, as if the dead wife could come and claim him from her, his new young love, idolised so tenderly, wooed so fondly, with so bright and cloudless a future opening before her.

Gently and tenderly Sabretasche caressed and calmed her.

“My precious Violet, I would not have told you my story if I had known how it would pain you. I did not like you to be in ignorance of my previous marriage, and I could not tell you the fact without telling you also the history of the wretched woman who held from me the title you have promised me to bear. But do not let it weigh on you,

dearest. Great as my wrongs were I can forgive them now. She can harm me no longer; and you will teach me in the sunshine of your presence to forget the deadly shadow of her past. I will tell you no more to-day, you look so pale. What will your mother say to me for sending away your brilliant bloom? She likes me little enough already! Do you wish me to go on? Then promise me to give me my old gay smiles; I should be sad, indeed, for my early fate to cast the slightest shade on your shadowless life. Well, I left her, as I said. It is useless to dwell on the anguish, the misery, the shame which had crowded into my young heart. If I had not cared for her it would not have stung me so keenly, but I *had* loved her generously and truly and faithfully until then. To have my name stained, my wife stolen from me, by such as that low-bred and spiritless cur, and to know that to this woman I was chained for life, fettered till one or other of us should be laid in the grave!—it was enough to drive a man of one-and-twenty to any recklessness or any crime. With that shame and horror upon me, I had to watch over the dying hours of my father. He died, very shortly afterwards, in my arms, gently and peacefully, as he had spent his life. I saw the grave close over one from whom I had never had an angry word or a harsh glance, and at once reckless and heart-broken, I came to England. I took legal advice about my marriage; they told me it was perfectly legal and valid, and that the evidence, however morally and rationally clear, was not strong enough to dissolve the unholy ties which bound me to one whom in my heart I knew as a virago, a liar, an adulteress, who would, if she could, have added murder to her list of crimes. Of her I never had heard a word. I left her, at once and for ever, to her lovers and her fell passions.”

“Did the child die?” asked Violet. “I wish you had had no child, Vivian. I am jealous of anything and everything that has ever been yours; and, my Heaven! how I hate that woman and all belonging to her! Sin or no sin, I would give all I have on earth to revenge you. My dearest, my dearest! that *you* should have been so wronged. Oh! pray God that I may live and make atonement to you.”

“God reward you, my darling!” murmured Sabretasche, fondly. “You need be jealous of nothing in my past; Violet, none have been to me what you are and will be. I never remembered the child. She was nothing to me; how could I even know that she was mine? But some years afterwards, they told me she had died in infancy. So best with such a mother! What could she but be now? I came to England, joined the Dashers, and began the life I have led ever since, plunging into the wildest dissipations, to try and still the fatal memories that stirred within me, revenging myself on that heartless and false sex whom I had before trusted and worshipped, gaining for myself the reputation, to which your mother and the rest of the world still hold, of a fascinating vaurien and an unscrupulous profligate, none guessing how my heart ached while my lips laughed; how, sceptical by force, I yet longed to believe; and how, amidst my pleasures and sedatives, excitements and stimulants, the heart of my boyhood craved to love and be loved! Three years after my arrival here, the sight of Guiseppe da Castrone recalled to me the past in all its hideous horror. What errand do you think he, shameless as his sister, came upon? None less than to extort money from me by the threat, in Sylvia’s name, that

she would come over to England and proclaim herself my wife. I was weak to yield his demand to him, and not to have the servants show him at once out of the house; but money was plentiful, his presence was loathsome; the idea of seeing Sylvia, of being forced to endure her presence, of having the mistress of young Lani known in England as my wife, was so horrible to me, that, without thinking, I snatched at the only means of security. I paid him what he asked—exorbitant, of course—and hung that other millstone round my neck for life! But I would have given half my fortune to avoid the bitter disgrace of my marriage being known, and brought constantly before me; and a thousand out of the large income Moncrieff had left me seemed well paid, even every year or two, to avert the horror of her presence. From that time to within the last twelvemonth her brother has come to me, whenever his and her exchequer failed; she was not above living on the husband she had wronged! For nineteen years I kept my secret; all I had to remind me of my fatal tie was the annual visit of Castrone. Can any one wonder that when I met you I forgot oftentimes my own fetters, and, what was worse, your danger? In my many loves I had only, I confess, sought pleasure and revenged myself on Sylvia's sex—how could I think well or mercifully of women? But you roused in me something infinitely stronger, deeper, and more tender. In you the soft idyls of my lost dreams lived again; with you the grace and glory of my lost youth returned; in you, for the first time, I realised all I had sacrificed in relinquishing my liberty. Before, as a man of the world—bitterly as I feel the secret disgrace of it—I had experienced no inconvenience from the tie. I had wooed many lightly, won them easily, forsaken them recklessly. None of the three could I do with you. *They* had only charmed my senses; *you*, in addition, won into my heart; they had amused me, you grew dear to me—a wide difference, Violet, in a woman's influence upon a man. At first, I confess I flirted carelessly with you, without thinking, as it had been my habit of doing with all women as fair as you are, without remembering my fetters or your danger. But when the full beauties of your heart and mind, rarer even than the rare beauty of your form and features, unfolded themselves to me for the first time, I remembered mercy, even while I learnt that for the last time I loved. How great were my own sufferings I need not to tell you. Unable to bear the misery of constant intercourse with you, conscious in myself that if long under the temptation I should give way under it, and say words for which, when you knew all, you might learn to hate me——”

“Oh, never, never!” whispered Violet, fondly. “I should always love you, Vivian, come what might.”

Sabretasche passed his hand fondly over her high arched brow; his manner, always most soft and gentle, had deepened into a singularly loving tenderness with Violet, around whom all the inborn poetry and depth of feeling, which in its strength almost amounted to melancholy in this *soi-disant* gay and fashionable *âme damnée* of aristocratic circles, had now gathered and intensified.

“My darling, I knew well that you would. But it was the very consciousness that if you loved, you would love very differently to the frivolous and inconstant women of our set which roused me into mercy to you,

where with others I had always forgotten it, for the simple reason that they never merited it or needed it. So I left for the south of France, to give myself time for reflection, or—vain hope!—to forget you, as I had forgotten many; to give you time to find, if it so chanced, some one who, more worthy of your attachment, would reward it with the legitimatised happiness which the world allows and smiles upon approvingly. I travelled to the Pyrenees. In a week from leaving London I was in Biarritz, intending to go on eastward into the Orientales, to stay there for some time for the sake of the sea-bathing; but the first evening I was at Biarritz, I took up over my chocolate an Italian newspaper—how it chanced to come there I knew not—it was the *Nazionale* of Naples. Among the deaths I read that of my wife! Great Heaven! that a husband's first thoughts should be a thanksgiving for the death of the woman he once fondly loved, over whose sleep he once watched, and in whom he once reposed his name, his trust, his honour! Violet, what I felt when that single line in the Italian journal gave me back liberty, life, youth, everything that existence holds of brightest and sweetest in giving me you, words could never say! I read it over and over again, the letters danced and swam before my eyes; I, whom the world says nothing can disturb or ruffle, shook in every nerve, as I leaned out into the evening air, dizzy and delirious with the rush of past memories and future hopes that surged over my brain. With that one fateful line I was free! No prisoner ever welcomed liberty with such rapturous ecstasy as I. The blight was off my life, the curse was taken from my soul, my heart beat free again as it had never done during the twenty long years that the bitter shame and misery of my marriage had weighed upon me. Love and youth and joy were mine again. A new existence, fresher and fairer, had come back to me. My cruel enemy, she who had corroded my life with her fiend-like and venomous tongue, who had given my honour to a low-bred cur, only fit to associate with my footmen, and who had yet stooped to live on the money she robbed from the boy-husband she had wronged, was dead, and I at last was free—free to offer to you the truest and fondest love man ever offered woman—free to receive at your hands the golden gifts, robbed from me for so long. Violet,—dearest, I know that I shall not ask for them in vain."

She lifted her face to his with broken yet eloquent words, still greater eloquence in her eyes gleaming with unshed tears; and as his lips lingered upon hers, the new youth and joy he coveted came back to Sabretasche, never, he fondly thought, to leave him again while both their lives should last.

JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

WE are all of us nervous at times. We all occasionally wake up in the middle of the night, and gaze shrinkingly into a pit of horrors. Dreadful things glare at us through the darkness. Not the hideous faces which in our childhood scared us trouble us now. Imagination does not picture a goblin behind the curtain, and we have no dread of a fiend's claw. But things done and said in the long past trouble us, and are not to be got rid of by a dive beneath the bed-clothes. Lying in the blackness of midnight, amid perfect silence, we get a glimpse of how we shall rest in a coming night, with eight feet of earth above us. The holiest living man cannot think of that narrow home without a shudder. Are we at all akin to the holiest living man? Let us calmly consider how that great account stands. How many unsettled points remain? Let us enumerate. O horror! And then—by night, by day, it is the old story of Felix waiting for a more convenient season, and *never* finding it—we roll over to the other side of the bed.

Yes, but there is to be no more sleep to-night—no, no. The child's goblin may not be there, but something *must* be there, or we could not be so tormented with this miserable feeling. A new set of horrors dig their fangs into us. Now it is despondency in regard to the affairs of this life which crushes us. Doubts and misgivings of all kinds seize us. What can be our ailment? Has anything occurred during the day which, clinging to us while in this only partially awakened state, is the real cause of such dreadful discomfort? Let us see. We were half offended with——But no, that was a trifle. There was that speculation which seems likely to lose us a hundred pounds or so; still, never mind, that's no great matter. Well, then, we gave a beggar half-a-crown in mistake for a penny-piece—that certainly was most intensely annoying, and we were upset by it for a full hour. However, that was not *it*, there must have been something else. Ah, yes, there *was* something else. O ruin and wretchedness! We remember hearing that that gigantic concern, the "British and Foreign Patent Lucifer-Match Company," in which we hold so large an interest, had been declared bankrupt, and was going to be wound up. The secret is out now. The pit smokes, and the horrors rise up even thicker than before. Shall we survive the night?

Most of us have heard enough and to spare of the advantages attaching to joint-stock companies. Unfortunately, against these advantages are a few trifling drawbacks. Dealing now with companies not registered under the Limited Liability Acts, the holder of one share is, we surmise, generally ignorant of the startling fact of his liability for the whole debts of the concern. Moreover, he is directly responsible to every creditor. Thus, immediately on the company failing to satisfy a judgment, the creditor can apply for execution against every shareholder. We are not about to discuss the fairness or otherwise of these provisions, but we express our astonishment at any man of position and means taking a share in a company so constituted. Remember the many causes which may

bring a joint-stock company to grief, and then consider the peril always surrounding the shareholder of reputed wealth. If the man of substance could but know the extent to which that substance is looked to and relied upon by the creditors of an undertaking numbering him amongst its shareholders, to liquidate their claims, in event of the company failing, he would shiver in his shoes. Small comfort to be told that after paying the debts he can by legal process seek to recover from each fellow shareholder his due contribution. The immediate demand may have ruined him, or the main body of shareholders may prove worthless. In any case he will suffer, if the debts be large, grievous detriment and annoyance. Within our own knowledge is a case illustrating the severity with which these provisions press against the wealthier shareholders in an insolvent company. A builder took from a debtor four or five paid up shares in a company which soon afterwards became insolvent. Upon the ordinary shares only five shillings per share had been paid, but upon these shares transferred to the builder had been paid five pounds per share, so that at first sight it would appear the builder would be secure from any call until after payment by the other shareholders of four pounds fifteen shillings per share. But what occurred immediately on the company failing? The largest creditor rose in wrath, and cried aloud for blood and slaughter. "Give me of the finest and fattest," he cried, "that I may recover my due." Alas for the builder! A builder suggests pleasant thoughts to an incensed and hungry creditor. He thinks of the accumulated profits and the valuable plant and materials. Our builder in this case was selected for attack. Thus the heaviest creditor of the ill-starred concern demanded his entire debt from almost the smallest shareholder. And he would have obtained it but for a pure accident, which we will relate, because it will show how preposterous a trifle will sometimes turn an important decision in our courts of law. The transfer deed had been signed, and was all in form but in one point. It had not been sealed. And on this trumpety score the creditor failed in his application. The document being without seal was not a deed, and so was not binding. The court shielded the builder, and we were glad, but we mourned over the wretched quibble upon which it granted its protection!

And it may be that this terrible responsibility on the part of each shareholder actually tends to bring about the mischief which the framers of the act thought, probably, it would avert. Relying so much—too much, it may be—on the liability of certain individual shareholders, the persons dealing with a joint-stock company are apt to extend to it an amount of credit beyond the bounds of prudence, and utterly beyond the limit which due consideration for the shareholders as a body would assign; for such a course is both short-sighted as well as selfish. Should insolvency overtake the concern, the creditor may find himself wofully deceived as to the security he thought he possessed in the few wealthy shareholders. Even if his estimate of them have been true, assailed on all sides, they will probably yield to the storm, be broken, and cast down. General confusion will ensue. The luckless investors will fly in every direction. Lawyers will chuckle and thrive, debtors be ruined, and creditors be only too thankful at receiving, perchance, a small dividend after apparently interminable delay.

A wonderful change in the position of the shareholders is offered by the act limiting liability to the amount of the shares subscribed for. From holders of shares in companies registered under this act neither can any

amount be demanded beyond that covenanted to be paid, nor can any assault be sustained direct from a creditor. The creditor can sue the company, and, not being satisfied, can cause it to be wound up, but the shareholders are protected from his wrath, and are only liable (to the extent of their shares) to the official manager appointed to close the undertaking. In one respect, and one only, does a former shareholder in a limited liability company seem on a less favourable footing than he occupied in a company registered under the old act. If he have been a shareholder within one year prior to the winding up, he is at once open to calls (should the shares not be paid up) equally with the existing shareholders. Under the 7 and 8 Vic., he for three years stood, so to speak, in the background, and was not summoned unless wanted; that is to say, unless the existing shareholders were found unequal to liquidate the debts.

There are still very different opinions upon these two systems. Does the greatly increased protection thrown around the shareholders by the Limited Liability Acts operate unfairly to the creditor? We take exception, in the first place, to companies (other than banking or discount companies) availing themselves of credit. Why should they get into debt? We reprobate the custom to individuals, why should we alter our tone to companies? In the case of a limited liability company, a person trusting it must undoubtedly look carefully to its position, and must watch its course to the termination of his connexion with it. He cannot, as before, selfishly make himself comfortable with the reflection that certain wealthy persons still figure on the direction. There may be such, indeed, on the direction of the limited liability company, but, as has been said, they are not open to his attack, nor to the attack of any one, for the least amount beyond the defined responsibility contracted. So he must keep his eye on the concern, not trust it too much, not trust it too long, and particularly notice (we will suppose him to have had the decent prudence to ascertain, ere dealing with it largely, the number of shares subscribed for) that a good margin of capital remain uncalled. Now the spirit of the Limited Liability Acts is to induce creditors to show this reasonable consideration for themselves and their debtor, and if they will but exercise it, the chances are very many, even should a break-down occur, a satisfactory settlement will speedily be arrived at. There will be no startling revelations of enormous debts, the result of unbounded credit, as disgraceful almost to those who gave as to those who accepted it. There will be no panic among the shareholders, no bankruptcies, no fleeing in every direction to avoid demands so outrageous, and so scandalously aggravated by attendant expenses, that a manly front is out of the question, and a quick retreat alone thought of. In equitable and orderly fashion the concern will be wound up, and in a comparatively brief period every man will receive his due. And another circumstance favouring this probability is, that among the shareholders of limited liability companies will most likely be found many more persons of respectability and substance than will appear, as a rule, among the investors in companies constituted on the opposite principle.

There are imperfections in the Limited Liability Acts which should be amended. It will be seen that all applications for shares embrace a pledge to sign the articles of association when called upon so to do. This is important, but no thought is given to it, the application is signed as a matter of course. The intending applicant might go to the office, and ask to see

the articles, and failing in his object he might abstain from applying. But ought not the articles from the first to be ready for, and open to, inspection by any intending applicant?—and ought not the document which is handed to the public—the prospectus—to be an epitome of all prominent points in the articles? In these articles may be many matters a proposing applicant should know. For instance, upon such subjects as remuneration to promoters, directors, and officers, regulations respecting the latter, powers of directors, periods of retirement of directors, there may be a great diversity of opinion; and although it might swell the prospectus inconveniently, we think that an abbreviation of the regulations in the articles on these, and all similarly important points, ought to be inserted.

We have referred to remuneration paid to promoters. The formation of joint-stock companies seems likely to become a new profession. The uninitiated would suppose the institution of a company was after this wise: A want is felt. A few enterprising men, of influence and position, meet and agree to form a public company. They add to their number sufficient to represent a board of direction. They prepare and print a prospectus, and then go before the public. But most joint-stock undertakings have a widely different origin. There is no want felt, and there is no meeting in the first instance of enterprising men seeking to become directors. But a skilful “promoter” sees, or fancies he sees, just the shadow of a requirement, and in a few minutes so has he plied his pen in the preparation of a prospectus of a new joint-stock company, that the doubtful need makes its appearance on paper as an imperative necessity, only less startling than the magnificent advantage to accrue from its supply. Then follows the formation of a board of directors, a task so heart-breaking and maddening that none but marvellous powers of endurance can survive it. We have no doubt most humorous accounts might be written by associated promoters of the agonising struggles, the bitter disappointments, the galling sneers and petty insults, and now and then the delightful successes, which have marked their respective endeavours. There is often risk, too, to be encountered. The gentlemen agreeing to form the direction sometimes require to be guaranteed against expenses, in event of the public declining to take the shares, and so the concern be precluded from proceeding. Such indemnity is furnished by the promoters, and, as a consideration for it, and for the time and labour bestowed by the promoters on the formation of the company, a handsome sum is covenanted to be paid them, should the result of applying to the public be favourable. Now, this is a matter entirely between the parties; and if by “parties” could be understood the promoters on the one hand, and the whole body of applicants for shares on the other, nothing, at all events, could be said against the fairness of the transaction. But the “parties” here are the promoters and the directors only, and of the bargain entered into between them the applicants for shares are entirely ignorant. Yet this should not be, because, as the bargain is one which will affect the whole body of shareholders, it should not simply be made legal by insertion in the articles of association, which scarcely anybody sees, but should be openly stated in the prospectus, seen almost by everybody.

An article upon this dry, but really very important subject, cannot here be extended to any length. We desire, once again, to implore parties

proposing to embark in joint-stock undertakings, especially such as are newly started, to make themselves better acquainted, than is the practice, with all the important points which a shareholder should know. The exact constitution of the company, embracing every rule laid down for its management; the thorough respectability and general eligibility of the proposed directors; the efficiency of its chief officers, are matters, our friend with money, which you should distinctly ascertain and approve before that money you part with or jeopardise. "Oh! you can't take the trouble!" Then don't. But in such case, in order that you may continue our friend with money, and not be our friend penniless, or our friend in the workhouse, stick fast to the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents., and a few similar investments.

"THE BOAT OF MERCY."*

THERE could scarcely be a more appropriate name given to a Life-boat than that of the "Boat of Mercy," nor could the poetic abilities of the long-trying and well-known Mr. Nicholas Michell have been devoted to a better cause than pleading the claims of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution by portraying one scene out of many that occur almost daily on our iron-bound coast, and which (while depicting most others) came as a Cornishman under his own particular observation. The moment, too, has been most opportune, just as all England was grieving at the records of the most numerous and lamentable disasters that have visited our seafaring population and shipowners for many a long year. It is a sad, sad scene that of helpless shipwreck: death in its wildest, sternest form! What a beautiful picture is that painted by Nicholas Michell of the mighty ocean in its tranquillity, and then again of "night at sea:"

No garish beams, but all around
A crystal plain without a bound,
A wing us like eternity.

But how fearful is the change when that same ocean is presented to us in vivid and tumultuous verse, lashed by the furious storm, and bearing all before it to destruction:

O'er foam-topped, mountain billows bounding,
The tempest loud his trumpet sounding,
Like a wild race-horse to the goal,
A passion that defies control,
The vessel shoreward sweeps;
The wrathful seas her sides are lashing,
The breakers rolling, maddening, flashing,
Then o'er the crags in thunder dashing,
But still that course she keeps.

Then come the tearful, heartrending parting: "What all life's kisses

* The Wreck of the Homeward-Bound; or, The Boat of Mercy. By Nicholas Michell, Author of "Ruins of Many Lands," "Pleasure," &c. With an Illustration. London: William Tegg. 1862.

to our last?" and the "mother's love more strong than death!" But at that supreme moment, when all is given up as lost, and grim and ghastly death is treading the deck in anticipatory triumph, lo! the Boat of Mercy arrives:

'Tis done,—despite the winds, the roll
Of that storm-maddened, fearful sea,
Bravery hath snatched each shivering soul,
O greedy death! from thee.
Not yet the wife shall press her pillow
Beneath the cold and dreary billow;
The mother and her bud of bloom
Go down embracing into gloom:
Earth yet its joys, its sweets will give,
O rapture! still to live—to live!
They reach the shore where waves in thunder
Are rolling, rolling,—and the foam
Is mounting high, while caverns under
The beetling cliffs, the mermaid's home,
Rebellow to the frantic blast,
But safe that shore they tread at last.
See! beaming eyes to heaven they raise,
Pouring their souls in thanks and praise;
Then the rough seamen's hands they wring,
And some, o'erpowered by bursting feeling,
Their arms around them wildly fling,
While tears down many a cheek are stealing,
They bless them for their noble deed,
True saviours sent in hour of need;
If God rewards high acts below,
Their souls shall every rapture know.
But now spectators on the shore
Shout their applause; the heart-raised cheer
Is heard above the ocean's roar;
"The Life-boat!" thunders far and near.—
That bark of slender, fragile form,
Battles triumphant with the storm,
Lives when the ship no more can ride,
But founders in her strength and pride;
The dove sent forth, rejoiced to bear
The branch of hope to pale despair;
The rainbow in the cloud of gloom,
Deliv'rer from the threatening tomb;
Her generous mission is to save,
The guardian angel of the wave.

Laying aside its merits as a poetic and at once a truthful and touching portraiture of scenes which all should treasure up and learn to sympathise with, if they have not done so before, Mr. Nicholas Michell's poem is printed for the benefit of that most admirable and praiseworthy society, the National Life-Boat Institution, and is therefore doubly worthy of popularity. Too much publicity cannot be given to an institution supported by voluntary contributions, which has one hundred and twenty life-boats stationed on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and yet wants many more, and which has saved thousands of lives since its commencement. We sincerely hope that Mr. Michell's heart-stirring and touching appeal will be the means of doing much good.

THE RIVER AMUR.*

MR. RAVENSTEIN's work on the Amur has not been written in a hasty manner, for the mere purpose of meeting publishing demands, but is the result of the progressive labour of several years. The author published a paper on the Russians on the Amur in *Bentley's Miscellany*, in 1857, and has since that time been laboriously collecting materials for the present work. To the explorations of former times he has now been able to add the details of the important explorations effected by the expedition under Maack, sent under the auspices of the Siberian branch of the Russian Geographical Society, and of the East Siberian expedition, also sent by the same society, mainly aided by the generosity of a few individuals. (Maack's work has been published in St. Petersburg, in 1859, in 4to, with maps and plates, 6l. A résumé has also been published in France, by M. C. de Sabir, but it appears that only one hundred and fifty copies were printed, and we, as well as Mr. Ravenstein, have made vain applications for a copy.)

This, however, is of little import, as Ravenstein had access to the original, and with Schrenk's and Maximowicz's Fauna and Flora of the Amur, the observations of the naturalists Radde, Gertsfeldt, Kochelof, Schmidt, Meynier, Eichthal, and others, and the labours of the topographical corps, added to those of mercantile and other travellers, there is really little now to be desired as far as a general knowledge is concerned of the basin of that great river, which has not yet played that part in the world's history which seems to be its due.

The native population of the Amur, even if we include emigrant Chinese and Manchu, is far from numerous. It may, our author says, be estimated at 24,000 for the whole of the territory at present in possession of Russia. With two exceptions, the whole of this population, which is divided into tribes, belongs to the Tunguzian stocks. These tribes, it is to be observed, are mentioned for the first time in the annals of China, 1100 B.C. They were then known as Suchi, or Zuoheu. Gorski supposes their original seats to have been in the steppes of Mongolia, whence they retreated before the advancing Mongols to the forests of Girin, north of the sacred Shan-alin mountains. From Girin they spread over the whole of the present Manchuria, and colonies of them proceeded northward, far into Siberia. The Chinese applied the name of Dun-khu to the eastern Mongols, and hence the corruption Tunguz and Tunguzians.

The two exceptions are the Gilyaks, on the Lower Amur, whose language differs from the Tunguzian dialects along the river, but the features of these Gilyaks are still Mongol; they have small, obliquely set eyes, prominent cheek-bones, and scanty beards, and the Aimos, in Sakahlin, whose language differs both from the Tunguzian and the Gilyak, while their features are decidedly not Mongol, and they are further distinguished by a profusion of hair:

The Tunguzian tribes either are nomads, keeping herds of reindeer or horses,

* The Russians on the Amur. By E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S. London: Trübner and Co.

or they subsist chiefly upon the produce of their fisheries. The reindeer Tunguzians are called Oronchon, or Oroke, a word signifying reindeer-keepers, and are met with on the Upper Amur, and on Sakhalin. Among the other tribes, a tradition prevails of their having owned reindeer at some remote period; and there is one tribe along the sea-coast still called Orochi, or Orochon. The Manyargs and the kindred Birars and Solons, on the Nonni, who occupy the vast prairies above the Bureya Mountains, keep large herds of horses. The Goldi, Olcha (Manguns), Gilyaks, Orochis of the sea-coast, and Ainos, are fishermen, but are hunters also; and the Goldi, especially those settled on the Sungari, cultivate the ground to some extent. It is, however, only the Manchu and Chinese, and the Daurians living amongst them on the Middle Amur, who till the ground to a larger extent, the Daurians doing so even at the time the Russians first appeared on the Amur. At that period their settlements extended into Dauria, whilst at the present day they are but rarely found above the Dzeya.

The Chinese classify the natives of the Amur according to their way of dressing the hair. The Goldi, and others who have assumed the habit of shaving the head, are called Twan-moa-tze, that is, "people who shave the head;" the tribes who use fish-skins, as one of the chief materials for making their garments, are called Yu-pi-ta-tze; the Olcha and others on the Lower Amur are called Shang-moa-tze, i.e. long-haired people, and the Orochi, Elle-aio-tze, red-haired people. There are, besides, Chinese, who have fled to the wilds of the Usuri, and are called Kwang-kung-tze—that is, people without family.

Reverting specially to the native tribes now subject to Russia, with a view to estimate their numbers, Ravenstein gives the following results:

The Oronchons of the Upper Amur numbered, in 1856, two hundred and six individuals of both sexes, roving over an area of 28,000 square miles, which would give one hundred and seventy square miles to each individual. Next come the Manyargs. Their numbers, including the Birars and the Solons, on the right bank of the Amur, are about 20,000, of whom one-sixth, at most, are under Russian sway. The agricultural population about Aigun, estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000, is also confined chiefly to the right bank of the river, those on its left bank hardly amounting to 2000. The Goldi occupy one hundred and fourteen so-called villages on the Amur, with three hundred and twenty houses, and 2560 inhabitants. The Manguns, forty villages, with one hundred and ten houses, and 1100 inhabitants. The Kile on the Upper Gorin, and Negidals on the Amgun, do not probably exceed 1000 souls. The population along the Usuri is estimated by Veniukof at 1400, of whom about four hundred are on the left bank of the river. The vast tract extending between the Usuri and the sea-coast, from Castries Bay in the north to the frontier of Korea, is very thinly populated, and it is only in the south, where there are several Chinese settlements, that the population is comparatively numerous. Veniukof reckons the population between the Usuri and the coast, north of Port Imperial, at 1600; and we believe that 2500 might be the approximate population of the entire coast-region under consideration. The Gilyaks on the Amur occupy thirty-nine "villages," having one hundred and forty houses, and 1680 inmates. The population of Southern Sakhalin, up to about 49 degs. of north latitude, was calculated by Mamia Rinso at 2850, in four hundred and thirty-eight huts, which would allow 2·1 square miles to each inhabitant. If we assume a similar population for the northern (Russian) part of the island, we obtain 8550, which is, however, in all likelihood beyond the actual number.

Or, arranging this population according to tribes, we obtain: Oronchons, 260; Manyargs and Birars, 3000; Daurians, 2000; Goldi, 3560; Olcha (Manguns), 1100; Negidals and Kile (Samagers), 1000; Orochis, 1000; Orokes or Sakhalin, 1000; Gilyaks, 8180?; Ainos, 1000; Chinese, 1400. The 1000 Ainos are in Northern or Russian Sakhalin; it is estimated that

there are 2850 more in Southern or Japanese Sakhalin, and no account is taken in this estimate of the nomadic Tunguzians, who annually cross the Yablonoi Mountains, from Yakutsk, to pasture their reindeer.

The banks of the Upper Amur, down to the mouth of the Dzeya, are in the occupation of the Tunguzian tribes of the Oronchons and Manyargs (Monagirs, Manégres), the principal difference between whom is, that the chief domestic animal of the former is the reindeer (Oronchon—reindeer-keeper), and of the latter the horse. The horses are small, but strong, and of great endurance. Before going on a long journey, the Manyarg keeps his horse for a day without food, and on his return also the poor beast is made to undergo five or six days' abstinence. This is done with a view of keeping the horse in working condition. Among the Manyargs the influence of the Chinese, with whom they live in close proximity, is very apparent, not only in their dress, but in their general demeanour. The oppressions of the Mandarins have broken their spirits, and they are much more submissive than the Oronchons. They are compelled to tow the boats, and are rewarded for their labour by harsh treatment and heavy blows. They pay the usual tribute in skins, and are, besides, liable to military conscription, and are sent to the Sungari to serve their term. Now that the Russians are in possession of the left bank of the river, the Manyargs living there are of course no longer exposed to these severities.

The Manyargs occupy, generally speaking, the whole of the prairie region down to the Bureya Mountains, where their horses find forage; whilst the Oronchons, on account of their reindeer, are confined to the mountainous districts.

The Birars, residing along the Bureya river, are a sub-tribe of the Manyargs, and the Solons, north of Mergen, are probably related.

Ravenstein gives, on the authority of Orlof, who lived some time among the nomadic Tunguzians, a very interesting account of the manner in which these tribes are engaged at different seasons of the year :

The most populous part of the Amur is that immediately below the Dzeya, where, for a distance of forty to fifty miles, some twenty-five or thirty villages are scattered along its banks, above and below the town of Sakhalin-ula-hotum or Aigun. These villages number ten to fifty, or even one hundred houses each, and are built either on the high banks of the river, where plantations of trees protect them against cold northerly winds, or on sandy islands or peninsulas, among the willows. Between these villages their clumsy carts may be seen going. These have two wheels fixed to the axle-tree, and they all turn together. They are drawn by oxen, and move but slowly along the wretched roads. Labourers are engaged in the gardens and fields surrounding the villages, and herds of cattle and horses graze on the intervening pasture-lands. The river is enlivened by junks and fishing-boats, the former carrying sails and streamers. They are towed up the river by men on the banks. Leaving this populous district, the mud-houses again become scarce, and in their place we find yurts covered with birch or larch-bark, sedge or twigs. But whilst the inhabitants of these yurts resemble the Oronchons and Manyargs in dress, they are in feature more akin to the Daurians.

This population consists of Daurians and Manchu, who can scarcely be distinguished from each other in appearance. They are taller and stronger than the Orochons; the countenance is oval and more intellectual, and the cheeks are less broad. The nose is rather prominent, and the eyebrows straight. The skin is tawny-coloured, the hair brown. The lower classes do not shave the head, and their hair resembles an ill-constructed hay-stack, around which they twist their pig-tail to keep it in place. The higher classes shave the head in front and over the temples, and cultivate a tail which hangs down behind. Some of the women are well-favoured, generally round-faced, fleshy, and of a

very ruddy complexion. Collins noticed several old people and young children afflicted with sore eyes, and among the women several cases of goitre.

The dress is very much like that of the Chinese. The men wear a long blue coat of cotton, loose linen trousers fastened at the knee, or made into leggings, and Chinese shoes or boots made of skin. They wear also a kind of vest, or kaftan of skin or fish-skin, and a belt, to which is attached a case containing a knife, Chinese chop-sticks, tinder, a small copper pipe, and tobacco. Both sexes are passionately fond of smoking, and, as in China, constantly carry a fan about with them. The women dress in a blue cotton gown with short loose sleeves, above which they wear a cape or mantle of silk, reaching down to the waist. The hair is brushed up and fastened on the top of the head in a bunch, which is secured by a comb ornamented with beads, hair-needles, and decked with gay ribbons and real or artificial flowers. The ear-rings, finger-rings, and bracelets exhibit much taste. The women are in the habit of carrying their youngest children about with them, tied on their back. The girls, on being released from their swaddling-clothes, are dressed like their mothers, but the boys up to six or seven years of age only wear a pair of loose pantaloons. The use of fur or leather in their clothing is restricted almost to the inhabitants of the yurts.

The houses generally stand in a square yard, having a fence of stakes or wickerwork. The frame-work of the house is made of wood, and the walls are plastered with mud-clay, for wood is here rather a dear commodity, and men go to the Upper Amur to fell the wood necessary for the consumption of the inhabitants of the prairie, and float it down in rafts. The roof is covered with sedge or grass. The interior is not generally divided into compartments, but when it is all culinary operations are carried on in the entrance-room, and we meet here also with the children, sucking-pigs, calves, chickens, and dogs of the proprietor. There is a large window of paper soaked in oil on each side of the door. During summer the paper windows are replaced by matting, which rolls up like our blinds. The fireplace is generally to the left as you enter, close to the wall. A large iron pan is set up into this fireplace, and the smoke passes through wooden pipes leading from it and carried underneath the low benches which encompass the apartment, and continued to a sort of high wooden chimney stuck up in the yard. Great economy is thus practised as regards the smoke. The wooden benches, which are about eighteen inches high, and five or six feet wide, serve as places of repose by night or day. Cupboards are let into the wall for articles of clothing and utensils, such as wooden and clay vessels, baskets, boxes, iron kettles. A clay-pot with charcoal is placed in front of, or on one of the benches, to light the pipes, which are in constant requisition. When a guest enters, one of the women at once fills and lights a pipe, and having taken a few puffs herself, and wiped the mouthpiece with her hand or apron, she presents it to him. On the walls we perceive pictures of Buddhist deities, or of Foism, painted on linen. Outside many of the houses there is a shrine containing idols, in front of which stand small basins with incense. We noticed, in addition, opposite the door of many houses, and standing within the yard, a square wooden screen several feet high. On that side of the screen facing the door there is a pole attached, with an arrangement for raising it when required. The upper part of this pole is ornamented with the skulls of beasts of prey, small flags, horse-hair, or the like, and during prayer it is set up while the worshippers are lying prostrate on the ground downward. Maack noticed a rude calendar in the house of the Manchu official residing at the mouth of the Sungari. It consisted of a bent bow, to the cord of which thirty wooden bells were attached, and one of which was pushed every day to the other side.

The Tunguzians about Aigun till the soil and breed cattle, but they carry on fishing and the chase with the same zest as their neighbours. The Manchu and Chinese are more addicted to the former, the Daurians

to the latter. The religion of the Daurians, or Daori, as he calls them on the Upper Sungari, is described by E. Yabrand Ides as very impious and diabolical, for, according to their own admission, they are Shamanists, and serve and worship the devil.

At midnight the neighbours frequently meet, both men and women. One of them prostrates himself upon the ground, and those surrounding him set up a hideous howl. Others beat a kind of drum, and, after a short pause, the shouting recommences, and this continues for an hour or two. After some time, the person lying upon the ground, and who appears to be mad with enthusiasm, raises himself, and tells the others where he has been, and what he heard and saw. Sometimes one or the other of the company desires to learn something about the future, and the information is, of course, afforded him. Not a night passed whilst I stayed in the place without these devil-worshippers yelling in this way.

The dead are kept in the house for three days; they are then half-buried in a funeral hut in the garden or field. It is daily visited by the nearest relatives, who bring all sorts of meat and drink. The food is put to the mouth of the deceased with a spoon, and the drink is placed in small cups outside the hut. A few weeks pass in this manner, and then the decomposed corpse is buried deeper.

These Daori live in houses made of loam, or earth, thatched with reeds or thin bamboos. The walls are whitewashed inside. On a pillar, about six feet high, are suspended the entrails of an animal, with a small bow, arrows, spears, and other arms arrayed around it. Before this they bend now and then in adoration. The houses are not divided into compartments; nearly half the room is encompassed by a bench, about a yard high and two wide, which is covered with reed matting. The fireplace is outside the house, near the door, and the smoke from it passes through a pipe conducted beneath the benches through the house. This arrangement replaces but imperfectly our stove, and imparts but little warmth to the room, though the persons lying upon the divan are pretty comfortable.

Two iron kettles always form part of the household utensils; one of them contains water for the tea, and the food is cooked in the other. The houses have large square windows, pasted with paper. They are hinged at the top, and opened for ventilation by raising the bottom part with a stick.

These people are well made, especially the women, and dress like the Manchu in China. The secretaries of the mandarins who are sent to this part are privileged by a letter from the Khan to select any women or young girls whom they may fancy whenever love prompts them. I have myself frequently been present when the best-looking females were taken away in a cart, as if they were going to the slaughter-house. Some of the men whose wives had been taken in this manner still persist in considering it a special favour to have such fine gentlemen as brothers-in-law. Others, though discontented, are compelled to conceal their chagrin from fear of punishment and disgrace.

The Tunguzians of the Lower Amur—Goldi, Manguns, and Orochis—exhibit so great a similarity in outward appearance, customs, and manner of life, as not to require a separate description. The nose in the Goldi is not, however, always flat, and the eyebrows are often well defined and arched. The Orochi wear straw hats with a wide brim. In winter the well-known fish-skin dress is replaced by dresses made of dog and reindeer skin and fur, and the fine Mangun gentleman, with his jovial face, dandified moustaches, and beard à la Henri-Quatre, conveys a good idea of the comfort which such a dress affords. The bear-cages are also a curious feature in the villages of these people:

They are built of strong planks, and on one side they have an opening for the

trough, above which is attached a peculiar kind of head-dress which the Shaman wears at funeral ceremonies, and a tassel of the bark of the lime-tree fixed to a small stick, which also appears to embody some religious idea. The bear (*Ursus arctos*), being feared as a fierce antagonist, is respected accordingly, and plays a part in the religious notions of these tribes. They speak of him as "Mafa," i. e. Chief, Elder, or, to distinguish him from the tiger, who is also "mafa," Sakhale mafa, i. e. Black chief. In hunting the bear the natives exhibit a great deal of intrepidity. In order not to excite his posthumous revenge, they never attempt to surprise him, but have a fair stand-up fight. When it is not desired to secure a bear alive, the Tunguze uses a spear, which he holds firmly planted in the ground, with the point directed towards the bear, upon which the beast throws himself. It is much more exciting sport to catch a living beast. A party of ten men or more enter the forest provided with straps, a muzzle, and a collar with a chain attached to it. Having discovered the whereabouts of the beast, a battue is instituted. The individual near whom the bear debouches jumps upon his back in the twinkling of an eye, and seizes hold of his ears. Another man then rapidly throws a running knot round the neck of the beast, and almost suffocates him. He is then muzzled, and the collar is fastened round his neck, and the chain passed between the hind legs. He is led in triumph to the village, and put into his cage. These bear-hunts do not always pass without accident, and one frequently encounters an individual frightfully mutilated, a living witness of the dangers encountered with this redoubtable denizen of the forest. Once in his wooden cage, the bear is fattened on fish. On high festivals, when it is desired to lead him forth, some of the planks of the roof are taken out, and the beast is teased until it stands upon its hind-legs, when a sling is thrown round its body, and the roof uncovered sufficiently for him to get out. Having succeeded in dragging him forth, one of the men jumps upon his back, again getting hold of the ears, whilst the others tie his paws, and place an iron chain in his mouth. He is then bound between two fixed poles, an involuntary witness of the frolicking going on before him. On very grand occasions he takes a more direct share in the festival, by being killed with superstitious ceremonies, scrupulously observed on all such occasions. The skull, jaw-bones, and ears are then suspended on a tree, as an antidote against evil spirits; but the flesh is eaten and much relished, for they believe that all who partake of it acquire a zest for the chase, and become courageous. Sometimes Bruin escapes this fate by scraping a large hole beneath his cage, and escaping to the forests.

The bear has thus become, so to say, domesticated. Of other animals, besides the bear and the eagle, we find in the houses of the Goldi and Manguns the horned owl (*Strix bubo*), of value for catching the numerous rats; the jay (*Garrulus glandarius*), the hawk (*Astur palumbarius*) or kite (*Milvus niger*), kept for no particular object, or merely for the sake of their feathers, which are used to wing arrows. The natives are also very fond of seeing swallows build in their houses, and to induce them to do so fasten small boards under the roof inside, to which the swallows have free access through the windows, doors, or smoke-holes.

The Gilyaks inhabit the banks of the Lower Amur, and the northern part of Sakhalin. They do not differ much in appearance from their Tunguzian neighbours. The features are still Mongolian, the nose is rather flat, the eyes are small, the lips are voluptuous, the eyebrows bushy, and the beard is stronger than with the Tunguzians. They do not shave the head, but wear the hair tied up into a thick tail, or in tresses. The Russians describe their women as frights; but tastes are not always the same, and Rinso, the Japanese, says they are very comely, and doubly attractive, on account of their daily ablutions. Their dress does not vary much from that of the Tunguzians. They wear large boots of seal-skin, or sometimes cotton, and a blouse of Chinese pattern. Their habitations

are wooden houses, and their chief food is fish. Their character is not good, being prone to thieve, and even murder. They have bears in cages, and if we are to credit Rinso, polygamy prevails, and the women are treated with the greatest indulgence. Only those who are skilled in the use of the needle can expect to get married. They are Shamanites and idolaters, and even more superstitious than the Tunguzians.

The Ainos occupy a portion of Sakhalin, part of Yezo, and some of the Kuriles.

No attempt is made by our author, or apparently by the Russian ethnologists, to even conjecture the nature and the origin of this singular race, dwelling, as it were, as an offshoot of such marked races as the Mongolians. The Tunguzians, of whom the Manchu form a mere subdivision, are, according to some, of the Turanian race of man, with which they connect both the Mongols and the Turks—the name Tatar or Tartar being incorrectly applied to either alike, as to the Manchu dynasty of China and the Turkish nomades in Russia, in Europe. We suspect the Ainos to be as utterly different from the Mongols as the Turks and Turcomans are.

Orotskos are few in number, and occupy the interior of Sakhalin and its eastern coast. Their language differs from that of the Aino, and, according to Schrenk, they are Tunguzians.

As to the commercial resources of the country generally, and the germs of their development, as also with regard to the nature of the imports which merchants desirous of trading on the Amur should provide themselves with, we must refer those who are interested to Ravenstein's work. It is a perfect hand-book of the Amur, and will be consulted by the historian, the politician, the geographer, the naturalist, the ethnologist, the merchant, and the general reader with equal interest and profit. The author has adopted the orthography of the Royal Geographical Society and of the Hydrographical Office, in which the letters *a* and *i* are always pronounced as in *ravine*, the *o* as in *go*, the *e* as in *there*, and the *u* as in *flute*. The diphthong *ai* or *ei* as the *i* in *hide*. The consonants are pronounced as in English, but the *kh* expresses a guttural, as in *khan* in Persia, which becomes *khaun* with the Anglo-Indian, and *kong* (Hong-kong) with the Anglo-Chinese. No one can use the system without feeling at once the benefit of its extreme simplicity, and how much its general adoption would remedy the incongruous rendering of Asiatic and African words into our language.

THE GREVAVOE ELOPEMENT.

IV.

THE little dinner-party at Trafalgar Hall had gone off splendidly. There was Mynheer Van Donker, perspiring under the weight of a large square-tailed pilot cloth coat, which he had put on over his ordinary habiliments as being more "dressy," and with a little blue-and-pink cotton handkerchief, which he had bought in Lerwick, round his neck, of which he was evidently very proud; and there was Mr. Eric Sweynson in his best blue frock-coat, with flat brass buttons, and his sailor-like, half-forward, half-awkward manners; and there was Miss Julia, trying not to look nervous and absent, yet behaving in such a manner that she would inevitably have been suspected of being either deranged or ill, had not the gentlemen very soon got "half-seas over;" and there was Lieutenant Tomkins in his highest glory, and, as his old cook remarked when she saw him, "just filskit wi foaly,"* behaving in a style quite unsuited to the Sabbath-day. He had insisted on attiring himself, for the first time since he came to Grevavoe, in his full suit of regimentals, and, to Mr. William Dicky's vexation, he had commanded him to go and array himself in his best livery coat, with shiny half-a-crown looking buttons, and clean striped vest, spick and span new from London, so as, he said, they "might go on board in state," although Mr. Dicky had carefully folded the said articles of clothing away that very morning and put on a shabby working suit, expecting that out at sea they might get a little ducking. At length, about eight o'clock, they rose to proceed on board. At the last moment Van Donker was very nearly spoiling the whole affair, for by this time he had got drunk and forgotten all about it, and he insisted on Julia's coming on board too, accompanying the invitation with sundry endearing expressions and glances, and finally protesting he would carry her on board. Julia escaped to her room, but Lieutenant Tomkins was not appeased for some time. However, after drawing his sword and flourishing it, and talking, "Damme," of "the honour of a Brishoff'cer, damme," and "Damme, sir, you're no gentleman, sir," he was appeased by the intercession of Mr. Eric Sweynson, and at last he and Van Donker embraced, with loud shouts of laughter, and hurried to the beach so rapidly that Mr. Sweynson and Mr. William Dicky could scarcely keep up with them. Here a little incident occurred which might, had the gentlemen been more sober, have proved fatal to the scheme. A boy—one of Laurence Sweynson's sons—was standing on the beach along with some companions waiting to see the boat go off, and curious to behold the lieutenant "in state," for the rumour of the officer's splendid attire had gone abroad. Lieutenant Tomkins being very affable and chatty with everybody to-night, asked this youngster, "Well, young 'un, what are you up to?—where have you been?" To which little Joannie Sweynson, thinking this unmeaning, off-hand question required a formal answer, replied "Ta da kirk." Whereupon the lieutenant further inquired, "And whom did you see at the kirk?" And the boy rejoined, "Capen Murtimer." Mr. William Dicky, who was within hearing, shivered, and muttered to himself, "It's all up!" And so it

* Frolicsome, or wild with folly.

probably would have been had the lieutenant been sober; but as it was, he relieved Mr. Dicky's mind in a moment, by bursting out into a fit of laughter, and exclaiming, "*Doo's dramin'!*"* (for he occasionally affected the Zetland dialect when in good spirits, or a little tipsy) and jumped without further delay into the boat. The rest followed, and a few strokes of the oars put them alongside of the "buss." Then they went into the little confined cabin, which stank horribly of tobacco smoke, fish, spirits, grease, and bad odours generally; and Van Donker lost no time in producing his *schnepps*, which seemed to have the effect of sobering him, acting as an antidote to the lieutenant's Glenlivet, for he immediately briskened up, and Mr. Dicky saw that he was making preparations for observing his part of the bargain with the captain. Shortly Mr. Dicky knew that the gin of the other gentlemen had been drugged. Lieutenant Tomkins grew less chatty and noisy, and more thoughtful, rubbed his head once or twice, leant it on his hand on the table, and muttered something about being drowsy. Van Donker got up and pointed to his bed, which seemed to please the lieutenant, who, without a word, rose also, steadying himself on the skipper's shoulder, tumbled into bed, and in a moment was fast asleep; and Mr. Eric Sweynson, who had, indeed, been more than half asleep all the afternoon, sank completely into the arms of Morpheus about the same time, and was deposited in an opposite berth. Then Van Donker went on deck to get all ready for sea. About ten o'clock, those of the inhabitants of Grevavoe who were out of doors were surprised to observe the little Dutch vessel's anchor taken rapidly up, and to see her stand out to sea before the favourable breeze, swiftly getting less and less, and then disappearing on the northern horizon.

The report of this flew far and wide; every one believed it to be a freak of Lieutenant Tomkins's, and most people remarked, "Bairns, it wisna' seff ta geen ta sea efter a' yon drink." And little Joannie Sweynson—the boy who had so nearly marred all Captain Mortimer's plans—gave it as his private opinion that "da lootenan' wis gaen awa ta fecht da Frinch, or he widna' ha pittin' on his epperlits an' his swird," at which the old women, admiring the sagacity displayed by one so young, shook their heads in grave assent, and remarked, "Bairns, dat's vera lek, an' Gude kenows if he'll ivir set fit upo' da coost more; fur if you Boaneesparty grips a had o' him he'll edder fling da inside oot o' him, ur he'll mak him list fur a Frinch soadger!"

Then such slight darkness as accompanies the Zetland summer evening fell upon Grevavoe. At this time of the year, however, night is little more than a name, and Miss Tomkins sat at the window of the parlour long after the "buss" had disappeared, reading from a book she held in her hand, without any artificial light whatever. Suddenly she rose, and looked at her watch; it was past eleven. She went into the lobby, and called to know if the old cook had gone to bed. Yes. The fact was announced by a drowsy-toned affirmative, proceeding from under some remote bed-clothes. She felt very nervous now, but she commanded herself, and hurrying to her room, undressed and arrayed herself in the suit of clothes belonging to Mr. Dicky, which had been left for her use. The few things she meant to take with her were already packed up in a small bundle, and she knew that Maggie Smith had horses ready, waiting

* "You're dreaming."

in the shade of the front garden wall. She crept from her room with a palpitating heart, carrying her bundle, and now—rather late in the day—half suspecting that she was behaving as she ought not to do. ~~She~~ *listened cautiously in the lobby; no sound but the distant snoring of the old servant, and the gentle whining and scratching of her dog, whom she just had locked up.* Then she stealthily left the house, fastening the front door noiselessly behind her.

Magnie Smith, faithful to his word, was waiting as she had expected with the horses. She felt shy, for almost the first time in her life, as she thus presented herself before a man in man's attire. But Magnie was most respectful and attentive, and hastened to assist her to mount. Then he mounted on the other horse, with the bundle before him, and they proceeded quietly on their way. They felt the necessity of preserving almost perfect silence until they should have got out of sight of the houses of Grevavoe, for the night was most light and quiet, and sounds could be heard distinctly at a distance. Now and then there would be borne to them, clear and loud, the bark of a dog, whose quick ear had caught the distant sound of their horses' footsteps, and who had leaped up from his slumbers by the smouldering embers of some "but-end" fire and rushed out to have a bit of harmless "bow-wow," for at Grevavoe the cottagers are in the habit of sleeping with their outer doors open all night in fine weather. So they gradually crept by the shadiest and most retired routes towards the "toon dek,"* passing—not without a shudder, for Magnie, like most Shetland peasants, was superstitious, and Julia had acquired some of the same feelings—the little quiet, solitary churchyard, with its ruined old Catholic chapel almost imbedded in long, rank grass, and the grey headstones here standing out in the light, and there sleeping in a deep shadow, suggestive of all that was mysterious and supernatural. At the "toon dek," on the top of the hill, they found Captain Mortimer waiting, and passing through the little "grind," or gate, Julia was beside her lover. Then casting one last look behind at Grevavoe, lying so peacefully under the midnight sky, with the stars and its own frowning cliffs reflected on its bosom, the water washing softly on the beach below Mr. Eric Sweynson's house and shop, and round the sharp-peaked Erin Stack, the travellers proceeded rapidly down the hill. They rode for some miles through the dark valley, over the heather and broken ground, past "sheep-croes"† and planty-cruives, past quiet hill-locks, one of which was made more gloomy and deathlike by a couple of deserted, roofless houses which stood on its margin, and through whose open windows the moon, now beginning to rise, shone in a ghastly manner, like an artificial light through the socket-eyes of a skull, and by the banks of that murmuring burn, along which the captain and Miss Julia had so often strayed, and which was murmuring away as contentedly as ever to-night, just as though nothing was going to happen. Then they reached the place where the boat lay. The men were all ready; no time was to be lost; Julia shook hands nervously and silently with Magnie, the Captain put money into his hands, Magnie wished them all happiness, and the boat shoved off. In about an hour they were in the mainland island, where by Magnie's arrangements horses were in waiting to convey them to Scalloway, and without stopping longer than enabled them

* Town dyke.

† Sheep-folds.

to partake of some refreshment, which Miss Tomkins had not omitted to bring with her, they hurried on to their place of destination, guided by a son of the owner of the horses. It was a long and irksome ride, especially irksome, because they could not converse, for fear of awakening the suspicions of the guide, who kept close to them. For many long hours they pressed on, over hills and through valleys, most of them bleak and brown, and by the borders of many snug, retired little voes, and through green, fertile "toons," where bands of people and dogs came out to stare at the strangers. Travelling in these times in Zetland was not what it now is, since our stout sappers and miners have, with the aid of the natives, improved the roads to such an extent, and Julia and the captain felt very thankful when they at length entered the long, fertile vale of Tingwall, which they knew was near their journey's end. Passing the melancholy manse and loch of Tingwall, they soon reached the little village of Scalloway, and put up their horses at a small cottage built in the shadow of the ruined castle, once the residence of Earl Patrick Stuart, who for malpractices suffered the extreme penalty of the law in the Grassmarket, in Edinburgh, many long years ago. Scalloway is still a small place, consisting of one straggling, irregular street, running along the border of the little bay, or voe, but we find at present a good proportion of shops in the place, and a good deal of noise and dirt, which betokens that business is thriving in the locality, and a certain peculiar, and, we think, *rather* unpleasant odour (but of course that is according to taste), which suggests that this business is not wholly unconnected with the whale and seal-oil trade. But Scalloway was a much quieter village at the period of our story, and our travellers felt confident that there was little chance of any discovery there. Captain Mortimer had decided to get on board of the vessel with as little delay as possible. He knew they would be safer there; and, besides, he had fully resolved, if the captain was at all an agreeable sort of person, and an apparently safe kind of man, to entrust him with his secret, for he knew how uncomfortable it would be for Miss Tomkins to travel in her disguise, and he thought it probable that some female passengers might be going in the vessel, with whom she could be put. So, after they had rested and partaken of some refreshment in the small cottage, which claimed to be the only inn in the place, he left Julia for a short time, and went on board the *Sea King* schooner, which was lying in the bay, and requested to see Captain Halcro, the master. Captain Halcro soon made his appearance, a good-humoured, jolly-looking individual, who had been over most of the known world, and had now come home with a little money to pursue his profession in his native country, and who spoke the Zetland dialect still, with a touch of Aberdonian, a touch of Irish, a flavour of English, and a strong spice of the Yankee mingled therewith. The captain found Halcro was just the man for him. They got friendly in a very short time.

"Wall, I calc'late," said Captain Halcro, "ye'll be wantin' to make the ying leddy as commfortable as possible durin' the voge. I'll see she's cimfortable durin' the voge, sir—I'll see to that, captain. We've got a hantle—I mean a considerable amount—of female leddies a going to the suddard. We'll give her a billet on them, my lord—I mean, captain. I've hed the plaiser of hearin' of her and her paarent previous, sir. I belave he was in the coastguard of the navy, sir."

"Yes," replied Captain Mortimer; "he's a lieutenant in the navy. The fact is, you know, he's rather irritable and wrong-headed at times. But I expect all will be smooth when we return again. He can't fail to come round once it's all over. I'm sure I shall always be most grateful to you if you can make the dear girl comfortable."

"Dan't mintion it," rejoined Captain Halcro—"dan't mintion it, my dear boy, if you will permit me to have the honour—to have the plaiser—of naming you so. Honour among thieves, you know. The fac' is, I wud 'ave bin likely to 'ave galopped with my wife, too, sir, when I wis a youngster, sir, onny we wirn't ginteel enough then; and so, as her paarents were onsfavourable, although we didn't galop, but we did worse, for we didn't become united in the holy bands of matrimony till our furst youngster was born, when the paarents, you see, sir, thought they wouldn't better interpose no further. That was the way to serve them, I reckon."

The captain did not express his opinion on this neat and artful way of procuring the consent of obdurate parents, and forcing "the course of true love to run smooth." He merely grinned and nodded. But he was well pleased with the result of his interview. It was arranged that Julia was to be taken on board at night, when, with the assistance of Mrs. Halcro, who was expected to arrive from Lerwick in the course of the afternoon to bid good-by to her husband, she would be able once more to array herself in her legitimate attire. The *Sea King* wouldn't be ready to start before next forenoon.

"And I calc'late," remarked Captain Halcro, "it it's exteremely dootful whether we'll be able to git away dan; for the skeoy is exteremely cloudy-lek jist now, my lord, and I sispect it we're a goin' to 'ave a bit of a sea on. Dan't ye hear dat?"

Captain Mortimer listened, and said he certainly heard something.

"Wall," rejoined Captain Halcro, "dat's the brakkers on the shore. Ye never hear dat unless he's goin' to be a trife of a swell (squall). Ye may depend it's goin' to be that, my lord—I mean sir. And only hear to the sea-fools screekin'! My upinion undootedly is it we're a goin' to 'ave rain and a swell!"

The captain muttered an oath between his teeth, and said he hoped not. It would be most unfortunate if he were detained now. He must get away somehow or other. And if it came on to blow, that confounded Dutch "buss" would most likely have to put back to Grevavoe.

"Wall, I reckon, dat's most lekly," said Captain Halcro; "dat's divlish possible and lekly, captain." (Captain Halcro considered it necessary to swear in a refined manner while conversing with a dashing person like Captain Mortimer. It showed knowledge of the world, acquaintance with haut ton, &c.) "It's divlish canfounded lekly it she would putt about, my lord, or she would be d——d lekly" (he unconsciously returned to his more homely and favourite oath) "to go to the buddom, my lord."

Captain Mortimer started. "You don't mean to say you think it's going to be so bad as all that?" he exclaimed.

"Wall, I 'ave a divlish canfounded nawtion it will, my lord. Hooivir, dan't say nawthin' to turrify the ying leddy, mind."

Captain Mortimer went on shore, resolved on getting Julia on board of the schooner as soon as possible. Mrs. Halcro was to stay on board till the vessel left, and he knew Miss Tomkins would be likely to be more

easy in the company of a female who knew her story, while the cabin of the vessel would be at least not more comfortable than the shabby little inn, and the chances of detection would be less in the former. So in the evening—and a particularly dark evening for that season it was, the sky being cloudy and threatening—they proceeded on board, and Captain Halcro introduced the young lady to his wife, who was a jolly, good-tempered person, like himself; and the latter lady, withdrawing with Miss Tomkins into the small crib which was set apart for female passengers (when the space was not required for fish or any little thing of that description), transformed the soi-disant footman into a blooming maiden with almost as much celerity as Harlequin in the pantomime changes the old witch or other unpopular individual into a fairy, silver-spangled Columbine. Captain Halcro derived much satisfaction from this transformation. When Miss Tomkins made her appearance before him in her own dress, he took off his hat and made several low bows, each succeeding one a little lower than the one before, for Captain Halcro especially prided himself on his gallantry and devotion to the sex.

"Medem," he exclaimed, "I am charmed to have the honour, and plaiser, and gratification of seeing you in your reg'lar habiliments, for I raly couldn't siffer behowlding you in dat flunkey-cott. You pit me in mind, now, very much of Wheen Marry Antownett it I seed wance I was in France about thirty year ago, and it you'll reclec dey shopped da head off of afterwards i' da gullateen, the blairds! Raly the picter of you 'll mak' me ett me breakfast in greater comfirt da-morrow mornin'! Oh, we'll mak' her comfortable, sir! She'll sleep as soond and as ginteel on board of my little craft as she would in Sent Jeemes's Palace, or Holyrood, or the Tooleries, on a bed of gold and onder a coonterpane of settin and diamon's!"

Although Captain Mortimer did not exactly sympathise with the very sanguine views expressed by Mr. Halcro in this flowery harangue, he yet saw that Julia would be more comfortably situated on board the *Sea King*, under the kind care of Mrs. Halcro, than in any other place he had it in his power to put her at present. So, thanking the captain and his wife for their kind attentions, he bade Julia good night, and went on shore, earnestly hoping that the weather would be so much improved next day as to allow of the schooner starting. But, alas! he was completely disappointed. The morrow came in boisterous and rough, and got worse and worse as the day proceeded. Thursday was as bad. To go to sea was out of the question, and various reports reached Scalloway of boats having been lost at the fishing, and vessels having gone ashore on different parts of the coast. It will readily be believed that our lovers were most anxious, and not all Captain Halcro's eloquence could remove the fears from their mind. Captain Mortimer was certain that Van Donker's vessel must have been forced back to Grevavoe, and he knew well that Lieutenant Tomkins would be upon their track immediately if the weather only allowed of his crossing the sound. In a state of extreme agitation he wandered about the beach at Scalloway, heedless of the wind, the rain, and the sea-spray which beat upon him, ever looking anxiously up the road leading to the north by which he and Julia had arrived.

At length, on Thursday evening, to his great astonishment, he beheld Magnie Smith all alone, riding towards him down this road, and hurrying to meet him, received from him intelligence of a very startling descrip-

tion. It seemed that the change in the weather had been sooner apparent at Greavoe than at Scalloway, for when Magnie reached home on that Monday morning the squall had got before him, and the wind and sea were very boisterous. It was the custom at Greavoe for the men employed in the "haaf," or deep-sea fishing, to spend the week, from Monday to Saturday, during the fishing season—that is, all summer—absent from their homes and families. At the fishing station of Fiedeland, several miles distant in the north of the mainland island, huts were erected for their accommodation, and this was their head-quarters. On Monday morning they quitted their homes for the fishing station. Monday was occupied in procuring smaller fish for bait; on Tuesday they proceeded to the "deep water," the time between then and Friday evening being occupied there, or between there and Fiedeland, just as the weather and the state of the week's fishing rendered necessary. Then home to their families on Saturday. But on this Monday morning the weather had been too bad and threatening to allow of their departing from Greavoe for the fishing station, and the "haaf" men were consequently idle, and straying about the beach watching the weather. Poor Laurence Sweynson was not the least anxious of the inhabitants of Greavoe on this occasion, His circumstances were becoming worse every day, and the loss of a day or two's summer fishing made a vast difference to him as to the others. His family was large, and not very useful to him as yet, and he had only managed to meet his last year's rent to his brother (who, as we have said, treated him just as he treated any of his other employes who were not related to him) by disposing of his best cow. He was sitting gloomily in his house on that Monday, repeating his favourite speech, which we have already quoted. "Dey must go to 'Marica; there was nothing here for a man to do. If they didn't go all their things would be shortly rouped out," &c.

"Weel, da sheuner (sooner) da better, I tink, Laurie," said Mrs. Sweynson. "Sin' dis aald deevil o' a bridder o' dine—I *will* ca' him sae" (seeing Laurence about to make a remonstrance), fur dat's what he is—sin' he cam hame it's been naethin wi' wis but tribilashon an' discommfort! It wisna sae bad whin we hed da laird fur a messter, fur it's o'er true it dey're nane herder dan fokk's ane sib (kin) ta hev o'er dem. Ugly haythen it he is, I lekked him no frae da first mommint it I set me een upon him. He kens I lek him no, ruffian it he is. An noo he's setting up fur a jantleman, I waarn.* Sheurely! sheurely!"—(this last contemptuously). Gaen drinkin' wi' aald Nicky, an' efter blaain' himself out wi' drink wi' him an' yon Dutch shield doon at Purgatory, goin' aff to navigatt aboot up an' doon o'er da face o' da oshin upo' da Loard's day. Feth, I hoop da deevil is swamped dem a' ta da buddom, an' geen him what he's been wirkin' fur a' dis time!"

"Wumman! wumman! if ye wid ownly howld dat tongue o' yours," remonstrated Laurence, who was much the milder of the two, and who was, moreover, an elder of the kirk. "Sheurely it was truth it da gude man said it da tongue is a unruly member. It wid be better for you ta pluck it oot an' cast it frae you, dan ta keep it ta be a constant torment upo' ertt lek dis!"

"Yea, I'll deu dat da moarn!" rejoined Mrs. Sweynson, ironically.

* *Waarn*—suppose, fancy, &c.

"I'll just deu dat fur Eric Sweynson, haythin bleggird it he is! Na, na, I'll pluck his tongue oot first, an' his een teu! Feth, I hoop he'll niver set his fit more upo' dis shore; an' it's vera lek teu, fur da sea is enoff just noo ta whummil onny ship it ivir was built!"

"Weel," remarked Tedder, *alias* Theodore Twat, a neighbour who happened to be present at this conversation, "if dat happened ta be da caish, gude-wife, it wid be better fur you a' wys (every way). Fur maste lek dere could nonn come atween Laurie an' da bairns an' Messter Eric's laands. So if dey did get whummel'd, I waarn a' da laand an' a' da siller wid deescend ta Laurie, an' dan we wid a' be fishin' ta him fur wir meester. Weel, Laurie, boy, I hoop ta see da day yet, onny wy!"

"Ah, Tedder, I kenow no dat," returned Mrs. Sweynson, with a sigh. "Dat ruffian Philisteen 'il shate wiz oot o' it some wy. I widna winder it he laves it by wiz (us) to Nicky or some ane lek dat. Na, na, wir (our) onny chance is 'Merica, I tink, as Laurie ae says."

Mr. Tedder Twat having no further argument or proposition to advance at present, after remarking, in rejoinder, that he "darrsayd it 'Marica wisna a bad place, fur dey said it dey wir nae taxes dere sin' da waars wis, an' so maste lek fokk could keep as monny dugs as dey lekked for notthin'," and, likewise, that nevertheless the old country might shortly improve if, "as fokk wis recoontin', dey wir goin' ta tak' a' da laand frae da lairds an' pert it among da poor fokk" (a favourite idea with some gentlemen of Tedder's stamp), now proposed that Laurence should go with him "round the banks," and see "if dey wir onny waracks."

Laurence agreed at once, glad to escape from his wife while she remained in her present frame of mind, and to "the banks" he and Tedder went. They had roamed about for a long time, seeing nothing and getting very wet; and Laurence proposed that they should return home again. They were standing then on the top of a moderately-sized cliff, on the brow of one of those deep clefts in "the banks," known in Zetland as a "*gyo*."* It was a dangerous place to persons less acquainted with it than Laurence and Tedder Twat were. In summer long grass and plants covered some of its most precipitous and rugged parts, and gave it a very deceiving appearance. There was a small sand and pebbly beach at the bottom, which looked pretty in fine weather, but over which just now the waters rushed, lashing the rocks, and gurgling farther on through the small cave which penetrated the head of the *gyo*. They were gazing down, when Tedder plucked Laurence suddenly by the arm, and exclaimed, "Sees doo dat?" (Do you see that?) "Dat's somethin', no doot! I'll go doon; come along." Laurence was easily prevailed upon, and the two men descended the side of the *gyo* gradually, clinging for support to the long herbage. In a few moments they were at the bottom. The dark object they had seen had disappeared. They remained firm on a rock for a minute or two, the waters washing over them; then Laurence said, "Never mind, it's geen. Da sea's ta'en it. Come back again, I canna staand langer."

"Wait a meenit," cried Tedder, who was gazing towards the cave, "here it is. It was in dere; it's comin' oot. Grett Heevenly Fayder!" he shrieked, as the object was washed to their feet, "Eric Sweynson!"

* In pronunciation the *g* is hard, and the *y* gets its full sound,—thus, Gee-yo.

And Laurence, pushing forwards, joined in the shriek, for before him lay the body of his brother! The shock was almost too much for him, strong-nerved man though he was, and little love as there had been between him and his brother. For a moment the scene seemed to swim before him, and he clung to the rock. When he recovered, he found Tedder had secured the body, and had dragged it out of reach of the waves. Then he nerved himself to lend assistance, and silently and firmly the two men conveyed the corpse to a ledge where it could lie safely until they procured assistance to take it to the top of the bank. Then scrambling up, they hurried home, and spread the intelligence, and returning with some neighbours and a rope, all that remained of Eric Sweynson was borne to be laid out for interment in his house, the door of which they had to force open.

The sensation created in Grevavoe by this was immense, far exceeding that on the occasion of the wreck of the Archangel brig. No one, of course, cared for or regretted Eric Sweynson, but the circumstances under which he had met his death were appalling and startling, and, moreover, there appeared no doubt that Lieutenant Tomkins, the footman, and the whole crew of the Dutch vessel, had likewise met a watery grave. Then the rumour flew that Miss Tomkins had also gone in the "buss," and the grief of the neighbourhood was naturally much greater in these circumstances, as the young lady had been much liked and admired. The old servant at Trafalgar Hall was confident she had gone. She said that, feeling tired with her exertions in preparing dinner for the company, she had gone to bed soon after Lieutenant Tomkins left the house, and that she had a recollection of Miss Tomkins having spoken to her after that, and a sort of vague remembrance of hearing the front door shut later in the night. She thought Lieutenant Tomkins must have returned afterwards, and forced Julia to come back to the "buss" with him for a cruise. The old woman further stated that she had had "aawful drames," the precise nature of which she could not then quite recollect, but she knew she had wakened in the morning under the impression that the world was about to come to an end, which on this very account she was certain would occur some day yet. Tedder Twat remarked here, "everybody kenew dat sheurely," but he was unanimously rebuked as an impertinent meddler, and hustled out of the road.

Lieutenant Tomkins's cook then went on to say that on getting up in the morning—which, she being rather sleepy-headed, was not till near noon—she had been astonished to find the house so still, and still more startled and astonished to find, on exploring, that she was quite alone in it. She had just begun to come to the conclusion that Miss Julia must have accompanied her father on board, and had just ascertained by ocular demonstration that the Dutch "buss" had disappeared from Grevavoe, when persons arrived at Trafalgar Hall to inform her of the supposed loss of that craft, and put her upon her examination. On the termination of this narrative there was a general wail among the women, and a cry of "Puir young lass!" and it was proposed to send off immediately for "the minister," though what for, except to muddle matters a little more, did not quite appear. However, "the minister" was sent for and came, and not only he, but also Kirsty Sweynson, whose sister happened to live near the manse, and who consequently received the intelligence of the disaster as soon as Mr. M'Candle.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

III.—THE REVOLUTION AND THE EMPIRE.

THE total strength of the paid forces of France on July 14, 1789, amounted to 163,438 men. The staff was very large, for it consisted of no less than 9378 officers. Such was the badly disciplined, carelessly recruited, and discontented army with which revolutionary France found herself compelled to oppose the whole world up in arms against her. Following the example of the capital, the towns, villages, and hamlets of France began organising national guards. According to the reports sent in by the commanding officers, there were more than four million combatants; this armed force, which did not stand under the direction of the minister of war, was consequently thirty times stronger than the army. The latter gave but slight obedience to a government which had lost esteem and affection; the former, which was thoroughly devoted, was preparing for action; hence the struggle could not last any length of time, and the results are well known.

The formation of the National Guard through the whole of France led to the disbandment of the provincial troops. The colonial regiments, which had behaved very badly during the troubles in the West Indies, disappeared from the army-list in October, 1861, and their dépôts were converted into six line regiments. The law of January 1, 1791, which had fixed the composition of the army, also decreed the suppression of the names borne by the regiments, and finally substituted for them numbers running upwards in order of seniority. This measure, which was the rigorous consequence of the abolition of titles, does not appear to have been generally well received, and it is certain that, even in 1793, the old names continued to be used; and it is not impossible that this obstinacy on the part of the public was a cause of the dull hatred the *sans-culottes* kept up against the army, and which led to its disorganisation, to the serious detriment of France. A decree of January 28th, in the same year, called out 100,000 national volunteers, intended to fill up the ranks of the army. These volunteers were soon followed by a number of mobilised battalions of the National Guard. In January, 1793, these battalions were 454 in number, and from this date it is almost impossible to count them. Their number at one time exceeded 900, but owing to the general disorder of the administration, the extreme liberty the volunteers enjoyed, and which they too often employed, to return home without beat of drum, it would be impossible, at the present day, to draw up a perfect and exact list.

Among these battalions, the first of them which marched to the frontier, when the Austrians attacked Flanders, and the Prussians invaded Champagne, were excellent. Composed of the élite of the enthusiastic youth, containing a great number of soldiers dismissed after the American war, and drilled by non-commissioned officers of the provincial troops, these battalions were soon equal to the line, and rivalled them in patriotism, bravery, and discipline. We may say the same of the special corps levied in 1792, under the name of Legions: composed of artillery, cavalry, and

infantry, they rendered eminent services, and were the school in which many of the best French generals were educated. Amid all these formations, which succeeded each other, the regular army, accused of royalty and disaffection, which, almost without clothes, bread, or pay, defended the French frontiers against allied Europe, was finally disorganised in 1792. While awaiting the general disbandment, which political circumstances rendered imprudent, the regiments were dismembered by sending the several battalions to serve with different armies. The reason for this was, government said, that it was less easy to corrupt in detail than *en masse*; but the true reason was, that the regular army was at that time greatly reduced in strength, and it was considered highly advisable to have in all the armies and fortresses a nucleus of trained troops, to act as a support and example to the volunteers. The continuance of this system would have assuredly produced excellent results; and when the volunteers were once instructed and trained, they might have been formed into provisional regiments for the duration of the war, without attacking the institution of permanent troops, whose worth resides in great measure in the traditions of a glorious past.

But this system had, in the eyes of the men who were beginning to guide the revolution, the inconvenience of rendering the volunteers, to some extent, subordinate to the troops. This was the exact contrary of what they desired, and, as it would not have been very rational to proclaim the superiority of the volunteers in the presence of the enemy, they evaded the difficulty by decreeing that in future all the defenders of the country should be indiscriminately called in the bulletins "National Volunteers." The generals, however, who commanded the armies did not quite understand the value of this expedient, and continued to make a distinction between the battalions of the regular army and the volunteers. This distinction, which was not to the advantage of the latter, especially after the arrival in the camps of men who regarded it as an honour to be called *sans-culottes*, excited the wrath of the clubbists. The victors at Jemmapes were declared to be aristos, and the destruction of the old regiments was resolved on. The law of April 29, 1792, it was supposed, would effect the purpose, by creating six legions, each composed of two battalions of light infantry and one regiment of dragoons. Several others were eventually incorporated: the infantry to form new battalions of *chasseurs à pied*, the cavalry to serve as the nucleus of eight new regiments of *chasseurs à cheval*.

On January 13, 1793, General Valence, who was instructed to draw up the basis of a new military organisation, harmonising with the wants and passions of the moment, read in the Committee of Public Safety a memoir, in which he proposed to brigade the army, by attaching two battalions of volunteers to each battalion of old troops. This project, formed into a law on February 21, of the same year, gave rise to the formation of 212 demi-brigades. After peace was signed these demi-brigades were to assume the names of the departments. This law, which implied a general remodelling of nearly one thousand battalions, scattered all over France and the colonies, in the midst of war embarrassments, and a most critical situation, could not be carried out immediately. During 1793, the arrival of fresh battalions of *sans-culottes* raised to its highest pitch the disorder prevailing in the armies.

The protection granted by the representatives of the people to men who distinguished themselves by the exaggeration of their revolutionary sentiments, to the injury of those who only possessed merit and courage, and the singular manner in which these high personages regarded claims to promotion and reward, were already beginning to produce the most fatal consequences in the old battalions. Hence the Convention reverted to the idea of brigading, hoping in this way to produce some slight degree of order in this anarchy.

The law of February 21 was again discussed in January, 1794. From the speech made by Dubois Crancé, it is easy to see that the measure which assailed the army was one of pure ostracism, that it had no other object but to mask the want of discipline, learning, and subordination in a great portion of the volunteer battalions, and that the accusation of royalism brought against the true defenders of France was only a pretext and a falsehood. The execution of the amalgamation was decreed, and thus ended the old army of the kings of France: thus disappeared these old corps, the relics of the illustrious band which had their glorious share in all the contests of their country. Faithful to the last hour to the noble motto of the warriors of France, "*Honneur et patrie!*" ever brave, ever devoted, the army was destroyed by the tumult of revolutionary passions, after adding the glorious names of Valmy, Jemmapes, and Fleurus to the long list of triumphs. It had been the first to crown with laurels the tricolor of regenerated France, in which flag were combined the ancient oriflamme of St. Louis, the azure banner of Charles VII., and the white pennon of Henri IV. The army disappeared, but it left glorious representatives behind it, in the shape of eighteen future marshals of France, and of the great man who, for so many years, would cause the name of Napoleon to create terror throughout the world.

Prior to the disbandment of the army, most of the old leaders had thought it advisable to fly: it was not merely a folly, as some historians have written, but a crime against king and country. The gentlemen imagined that the army could not do without them; they only saw in the battalions of national guards and volunteers an awkward squad of citizens and rustics who could not hold out for an hour against a line regiment. These illusions were speedily dispelled when the non-commissioned officers of the old regiments were converted into skilful and experienced chiefs, and the battalions of volunteers, organised as if by enchantment, formed a new army, more powerful, imposing, and national than the old army of the kings of France.

It was not the same, we allow, in all branches, and in the navy especially the emigration was severely felt. Such an important institution demands so much learning on the part of the officers, and such a marked speciality, that when the officers, who were all noble gentlemen, departed, the French navy ceased to exist. And yet it was very fine and powerful in 1789, and the navy-list for that year showed a strength of eighty-one ships of the line, sixty-seven frigates, and fifty-seven other ships of war. In less than five years, this fleet, which formed the grandeur and strength of the monarchy, and had covered itself with glory during the American war, was annihilated. The sailors at Brest and Toulon revolted against their officers, expelled, or murdered them, and the revolutionary clubs applauded this conduct, and said that they had deserved well of their

country. The naval officers were followed by those of the mercantile marine, but the latter, accustomed to command small vessels, were not suited to grand evolutions and battles. The Revolution does not count a single brilliant naval engagement, and the fragments of the great royal navy disappeared in the terrible catastrophe of Aboukir.

In the mean while, the country had been declared in danger, and history will ever feel amazed that the measures of disbandment and amalgamation to which we have alluded should have been carried out under such critical circumstances. To destroy thus the most considerable and best part of the army would have been a signal act of folly, had not the Brunswick manifesto, purposely spread through all the towns and villages, served as the most stimulating appeal to arms ever known. A thing unexampled in any other nation then occurred: France rose as one man. Let us quote from a military historian, General Joachim Ambert:

At this moment the garden railings were converted into pikes, the lead of the old château and the ploughshares were piled up at the door of the forge, and our citizens, collecting at the town gates, furiously pressed the strong hand of the peasant who, aroused by the tocsin, left the cabin of his forefathers. It was a thorough earthquake: every instrument became a weapon, every man a soldier. Europe trembled on hearing the march of the French people, and when she saw our old game-bags on our wide shoulders, our old poaching-guns in our black hands, and bread, powder, and bullets in a sorry leathern bag. The Duke of Brunswick and the Counts of Provence and Artois trembled in front of their handsome regiments, so well drawn up, so well brushed, so well gloved, so well shod, so brilliantly armed, and so covered with decorations. How glorious was the departure for the army! Along the roads the "Marseillaise" and the "Chant du Départ" were sung. The battle-field echoed with the cry of "Vive la nation!" This cry made every man brave, and our young soldiers marched resolutely and enthusiastically against the enemy. With such enthusiasm, the revolution which had had its Thermopylæ was about to have its Marathon.

According to the law of Aug. 23, 1793, which called out all Frenchmen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, and through the patriotic fever which each felt after the solemn declaration of the danger of the country, the army increased in gigantic proportions. So many combatants had never been seen since the great Asiatic invasions, and we could hardly believe it were there not the archives of war there to prove it. On April 15, 1794, the entire strength of the army amounted to 794,334 men. Nor must we feel surprised at such an amount, even in the midst of the general disorganisation, and at the moment when the utmost exertions were insufficient to cover such frightful expenses. At this time, luxury, sloth, and excesses of every description were banished from our armies: they no longer dragged after them the fearful amount of baggage and impediments, horses, servants, and superfluities, which cause the chiefs such great embarrassment, and at times convert simple reverses into irreparable disasters. The generals were poor, and shared the privations of the soldier; they paid great attention to him and very little to themselves, and they solely desired to shed their blood at the head of their troops.

We must allow, however, that this army, organised with such precipitation, and under such circumstances, was in a state of disturbance: the new institution had not had time to take root yet. The spirit of privilege

and routine contended against the spirit of equality and innovation. All was incoherent and frequently disordered; the foreign regiments, assimilated by the legislative body with the French, as regards internal discipline and uniform, appealed against the assaults on their privileges. The corps most deprived of their officers who had emigrated were troubled by discouragement and anxiety. In truth, the battalions of volunteers were daily multiplied, but, with the exception of the first levies, they were imperfectly organised.

As regards uniformity, the elements of the French army were not of a nature to make up for their inherent defects. The general staff and artillery were still without daily statements, and the brigade was the largest item of unity. The order of battle, marches, and transport had not been organised, and when the French army commenced the struggle with the allies, it was as inferior to them in its organisation as in its mode of fighting. But its education rapidly progressed under fire, and during the second campaign important ameliorations restored its superiority.

The history of the organization of the French army may be divided into two great periods: 1. That during which the influence of the Committee of Public Safety was felt, and which goes on to the rupture of the general peace; 2. That in which Bonaparte put the seal on the progress of military institutions by his victories and power.

We have seen how, on January 28, 1794, at the height of peril, at the moment when the northern and southern frontiers were assailed, and civil war was devouring the west, the amalgamation of old corps with the volunteer battalions was decreed. 710,000 infantry were under arms after this decree, and the cavalry amounted to 60,000, the artillery 31,000. During the Directory, when the coalition began to break up, the infantry was reduced by a second amalgamation to 100 demi-brigades of the line and 26 of light infantry, representing 496 brigades each of 425 men. The cavalry, after undergoing a reduction of nine regiments, had only 24,000 sabres, making up 279 regiments. The artillery was also reduced to 24,000 men, and it was not till after the rupture of peace that the Consulate effected the changes characteristic of the second period. But now to enumerate the changes effected during the first period of scarcely ten years (1794—1803).

The grade of Marshal of France was suppressed, and the charge of commander-in-chief became temporary, and there was only one corps of general officers for all arms. The luxury that formerly prevailed in the head-quarter staff was cut away: one general of division, two brigadier-generals, an adjutant-general with two assistants, one captain of artillery, one captain of engineers, and one commissary of ordnance, composed the staff of all the active divisions, and must suffice for all the exigencies of the service. All the regiments received a stronger and more uniform organisation, which facilitated their brigading, and the creation of horse-artillery materially increased the value of the cavalry. Experience having proved that, in order to derive the greatest service from sappers and miners during sieges, they ought to be placed under the immediate command of engineer officers, henceforth this corps became a distinct arm, carefully recruited, and which performed splendid service. As the brigade appeared an incomplete unity, divisions were substituted, composed of two brigades. Lieutenant-generals took the title of generals of division, the

maréchaux de camp that of brigadier-generals: these officers were attached to their troops as a colonel is to his regiment, and the reciprocal confidence thus produced had the best effect. Each brigade comprised two demi-brigades (regiments of infantry), and one or two cavalry regiments. The strength of the division was twelve battalions, and from eight to twelve squadrons, or from 12,000 to 15,000 men. In addition to the guns called those of the battalion, a six-pounder battery was attached to each division, so that it might be able to act independently. Five or six divisions formed an army very easy to manœuvre under all the circumstances of war.

The operations were no longer impeded by the establishment of magazines and bakeries. Necessity and devotion enabled the requisition system to satisfy the wants of the soldiers, and when regular rations could not be served out, the troops were sent out foraging, or were quartered on the inhabitants. Hence there was no fear about food so long as the war went on in fertile countries, such as the Netherlands, Germany, Italy, and Spain. From this moment the movements became more rapid and bold, and, when necessary, strategic marches were made by the postal system, by means of relays prepared in advance. It was thus, for instance, that the garrison of Mayence was transported into the Vendée. Such were the more important changes which in less than three years formed the formidable armies that extended the frontiers of France to the Rhine and the Alps, crossed those new frontiers, and overthrew several thrones. This first period was also remarkable for the foundation of the Polytechnic school (1794), intended to supply engineer officers exclusively, and artillery officers concurrently with the non-commissioned officers. At the same period a military school was founded, under the name of the *École de Mars*, at Sablons, but this experiment was soon abandoned. This military school was eventually re-established at St. Cyr, by the Emperor, where it still exists.

Voluntary enlistment, requisitions, and new appeals to the patriotism of the nation, sufficed for a while to fill up the ranks of the army of the revolution, till a decree of 19 Fructidor, year VI. (September 5, 1798) established the conscription. This law was based on the great principle that every citizen is a soldier, and is bound to aid in the defence of the country. At the same time, the system of permanent requisitions remained in existence. Under ordinary circumstances it affected young men from the age of twenty to five-and-twenty, who were divided into five classes. It was stipulated that the number of men required should be taken from the first class, so that the others might not be affected, save in a case of insufficiency. A second law left to the communes the mode of determining who of the conscripts should supply the contingent, and the ballot was everywhere adopted. By the constitution of the year VIII., and the organic acts that accompanied it, the general contingent, however, was regulated by decrees of the Senate.

In the first moment of enthusiasm the officers were nominated either by the soldiers, or arbitrarily by the representatives attached to the army. We may here examine into the influence and position of the sixty members whom the Convention delegated to the armies to watch the acts of the chiefs and encourage the patriotism of the soldiers. Being all animated by the most violent fanaticism, courageous in danger, full of cool-

ness and daring in the most critical circumstances, inaccessible to fear or pity—everything about them, not excepting their theatrical costume, inspired terror and alarm. They resembled Cromwell's Puritans, or, more correctly, the mediæval legates who, in order to maintain religious unity, and revive the tottering faith of the people, cast an interdict over cities, laid the ban on lords and even sovereigns, preached crusades against heretics, and ordered their soldiers to slay all, "leaving to God the care of recognising his own."

These rude proconsuls speedily set to work: it was necessary to produce terror in the higher ranks of the army which still contained friends of the old régime, who were objects of suspicion to them, and place the generals under the necessity of conquering or perishing. Custine was the first victim they selected. Beauharnais, Brunet, Maczinski, were decapitated; Biron, the brave and chivalrous general, also perished on the scaffold; while, an unexampled fact in history, General Houchard, the victor at Hondscotte, was handed over to the executioner for having incurred the disapprobation of the representatives of the people. The Romans had beheaded Manlius for fighting contrary to the orders of the senate; the English had shot Admiral Byng for not gaining the victory at Minorca; but it was left for the Committee of Public Safety to offer the first instance of a victorious general dragged to the scaffold because he had not entirely destroyed his conquered foe.

The Directory, which succeeded the Conventional Government, had a rude task to perform, for it had to keep the Republic in the position it had acquired, and strengthen the revolutionary work. The violent impulse given to the state by the Government of Terror had exhausted all resources: confiscations, the maximum, and requisitions, were not possible to the new government. All the administrative services were compromised by the embarrassment of the Treasury, and the taxes offered arrears amounting to one thousand five hundred million francs. The armies wanted for everything; the cavalry and artillery had no horses left; the infantry were exhausted by wretchedness and death. A stop must be put to all these embarrassments; the regiments had to be filled up again and the navy reorganised. The national enthusiasm, exalted almost to the last pitch by the unheard-of successes of the hero of twenty-four years of age who commanded in Italy, made up for all this, and the military institutions, defective though they were, were not modified until the day when General Bonaparte seized on a power which he alone could hold with firmness. At this period begins the second portion of the history of the organisation of the French army.

The Consular Guard, the first important creation of the chief who had thrust himself on France, formed a corps of 7000 men, the modest origin of that Imperial Guard which was destined to grow with its founder and become so numerous and formidable. The consular power lasted but four years; but during those four years immense revolutions were accomplished, and great reforms prepared or in course of execution. The First Consul had insensibly advanced towards the throne: Bonaparte had become Napoleon. But in restoring the title of emperor, it was no vain dignity that he borrowed from the history of his illustrious predecessor, Charlemagne; he restored his entire work, and re-established the Car-

lovingian empire with its great military institutions. In his ascendancy and rapid course, the emperor took with him his old comrades in arms. On becoming emperor, like Charlemagne, he required his great imperial feudatories, and he created sixteen marshals, a brilliant military constellation, each name in which reflects a beam of Napoleonic glory.

As for the army, he reorganised it in all its details; for his mission was, as himself said, not only to govern France, but to subjugate the world, which otherwise would have crushed him. Starting from this gratuitous supposition, General Foy well observes, he organised the Empire exclusively for war, and this is so certain that he himself recorded it in the *Moniteur* after the signature of the treaty of Amiens. "The French people, however, will constantly remain in the attitude which the Athenians gave Minerva, with helmet on head and lance couched." And, in fact, he made immense preparations at that period on the seaboard, which he studded with redoubts from the Gironde to the Scheldt. At the same time numerous corps proceeded into Italy and Holland, to the shores of two seas, and a powerful army was collected on the Channel.

Strangely enough, while Napoleon made no apparent change in the old elements that constituted her military strength, his presence, his incessant energy, and his genius, made quite different men of his troops, whom he fascinated by his prestige. He divided into six camps the countless troops extending from the Texel to the Pyrenees, and honoured them with the title of the "Grande Armée." On 1st Fructidor, year VIII., he established his head-quarters at Boulogne, where he surrounded himself with the most brilliant staff ever seen. The officers received theoretical instruction, the troops practical training: the latter that they might obey and manœuvre uniformly, the former to learn the art of commanding and arousing the spirits of their troops. Both were equally full of zeal and ardour, and they prepared themselves to conquer at Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram. This was the most glorious epoch in the history of the French army. Standing between two equally magnificent periods, of which one was just concluded, and the other was about shortly to commence; rich in recollections acquired on the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, the Adige, and the Nile; powerful through its organisation, knowledge, and experience; intelligent through the talent of its officers, and commanded by the first captain in the world, the French army at that time surpassed all other armies, ancient or modern.

When Villeneuve, by his incompetency, destroyed all chances of an invasion of England, Napoleon turned his arms in another direction. At the beginning of this long campaign against the European coalition, the general organisation of the French armies received a modification important to notice. The divisions, instead of remaining composed, as they had been under the Republic, of troops of all arms, became troops of the same arm, with a foot or horse battery attached, according to their nature. The junction of several divisions, under the name of corps d'armée, formed a new fraction of the great armies, and the command was entrusted to the marshals of the Empire, or chosen generals of division. The cavalry and infantry divisions combined in variable proportions to form corps d'armée: but in some campaigns corps d'armée were

employed entirely composed of cavalry. It was this alteration that decided the fate of the day at Eylau. Before entering into detail about the organisation of each arm, and leaving the revolutionary periods we will say a few words about the temper of the troops on the establishment of the Empire.

The elevation of the general-in-chief to the consular dignity was hailed with delight by the army, which seemed to share this military glory; but when the decree was issued substituting the word regiment for demi-brigade, and another instituting the Legion of Honour, murmurs broke out in all ranks, for the republican spirit was not yet extinct in the heart of the veterans of the Rhine and Italy. It cost these old soldiers a pang when a title disappeared to which such glorious reminiscences for them were attached; and, although the change did not cause the corps to lose their numbers, or alter in any way the organisation of the old demi-brigades, they could not find the heart to surrender the names they had gained on the battle-field—such as, the Impetuous, the Invincible, the Thunderer, the Terrible, the Infernal, the Incomparable. Nothing, in fact, would in their eyes compensate for these glorious titles, which were about to be lost for ever beneath a new name. The institution of the Legion of Honour itself, which created a new source of emulation, and a further means of keeping up the military spirit, was regarded with dislike by the majority. Arms of honour seemed more national, more military. The grumblers (and there was no want of such in the army), on seeing the institutions of the old monarchy exhumed, and the embroidery with which the dignitaries of the new régime covered themselves, burst forth into bitter sarcasms. Among the troops, among the leaders, before all, there were many ambitious men, who approved of all these measures, for the ribbon was beginning its empire; but the majority, and chiefly the old soldiers, highly disapproved of them, and these, we are bound to say, represented the true temper of the army.

It became necessary, therefore, to give the troops a moral education, in addition to the military training they had received. Napoleon saw this, and determined to strike the imagination of the soldier by the grandeur of his enterprises, by splendid fêtes, imposing solemnities, and incessant occupation. The great project of a descent on England, the fêtes celebrated on the occasion of the Legion of Honour being instituted, and, above all, the camps on the ocean shore, served his purpose admirably. Always occupied himself, the Emperor possessed the secret of always occupying others. The rivalry he contrived to arouse among the chiefs of the various corps, between the corps themselves, by constantly keeping the soldier's mind on the stretch, insensibly caused the customs and institutions of the Republic to be forgotten. The camps offered the most animated picture imaginable. The soldiers, dressed in workmen's blouses, wearing sabots to protect them from the damp, lodged in huts, and well fed, enjoyed excellent health, kept up by exercise in the open air. In the distance they could see England, and the English men-of-war pointing their guns at the camp in challenge. This sight produced an extraordinary impression on the troops; they fancied they were about to effect prodigies; all was novel for them, all appealed to their imagination. This immense sea was about to become a battle-field, and the flower of the

French army might possibly be swallowed up in these heaving waves; for on the sea, any man who falls disappears, and the light boats that were to transport the French soldiers to England might easily be sunk by a single shot. This thought, however, did not for a moment shake the confidence of the soldiers, for their assurance was so great, and they felt so certain of success.

Two years passed in this school had entirely carried out Napoleon's object. Not only had he formed wondrous soldiers, but he had entirely done away with the forms and recollections of the republican institutions. If a few malevolents still remained, they were among the generals of the Republic and the old soldiers of the great wars. The former either gave in or retired, while the latter were partly incorporated in the Imperial Guard, and received the traditional name of "grogarda." Napoleon saw with unconcealed delight this progress, which he carefully studied, and, being henceforth freed from any alarm as to the temper of the troops, he hurried along the path he had already traced. The same decree that substituted the denomination of regiment for demi-brigade raised the number of battalions from three to five. The four first were called service battalions, the fifth *dépôt* battalion. Each battalion was 6 companies strong: 1 of grenadiers, 1 of *voltigeurs*, and 4 of fusiliers. Each company had a strength of 140 men, officers inclusive, which raised the total strength of a regiment to 3970 men, of whom 108 were officers.

Each regiment had an eagle for its standard: it was carried by a lieutenant or sub-lieutenant of at least ten years' service. Two old soldiers, chosen from the bravest and the uneducated, who, on that account, were unfit for promotion, were appointed to escort the eagle-bearer, and received the title of second and third eagle-bearer. Napoleon reserved the right of choosing the eagle-bearers, and they could only be deprived of the rank by himself. At first, only the line regiments received eagles; but, soon after, the eagle, armed with thunderbolts, was substituted for the republican pike in all the corps.*

One of the most important creations of this period was that of the *voltigeurs*, who made their appearance in the infantry regiments at the camp of Boulogne. They were assimilated to the grenadiers as picked companies, and held the left wing of the battalion, the grenadiers being on the right. The *voltigeur* has become one of the original types of the French army. Child of the Empire, he has the great advantage that he has no cause to blush for his ancestry. At that time a man required to be brave to bear the hunting-horn. The private who desired to attain to it must have made his mark, and the man who wished to be an officer was required to produce valid proofs. The Prussians would exclaim, on seeing the *voltigeurs*, "*Da kommen die kleinen Männer*" (here come the little men). It was a cry of terror, which everywhere spread a panic.

* When the question arose as to selecting the arms of the Empire, a long deliberation took place in the council of state. Some proposed the lion, the king of animals; others, the golden bees of the Merovingians; others, again, the Gallic cock. Napoleon angrily said, "Your cock is an animal that lives on a dunghill, and is devoured by the fox; I will have none of it. Let us take the eagle—it is the bird that bears the lightning, and looks the sun in the face."

The infantry being the arm the most used, had undergone but slight reforms under the republican government: it was employed such as it was, without losing any time in improving it. The Emperor paid great attention to it; he abolished the old drill on the Prussian system, and made sensible alterations in the uniform. Napoleon only desired one species of infantry, but he wanted it good for everything; still he kept up the light infantry regiments. The French infantry was at this period composed of 90 line regiments and 27 light. In 1805, it counted, in addition to these 117 regiments, twelve battalions of reserve, and some thirty foreign battalions—Corsicans, tirailleurs of the Po, chasseurs of the East, and black pioneers. At the camp of Boulogne was also formed that corps of ten thousand grenadiers and carabiniers combined, which immortalised itself in the campaign of 1805, and pursued the enemy's cavalry at the charge from Ulm into Bohemia.

The cavalry also claimed Napoleon's serious attention, and he established the arm in the three divisions of heavy cavalry, mixed, or line cavalry, and light cavalry. He increased the two first categories to the injury of the last, which, under the Republic, had been disproportionately augmented. The cuirassiers, who only formed three regiments, had twelve in 1802, and fourteen in 1812. The dragoons, in spite of the brilliant services they had rendered under the old monarchy, had been reduced to a most insignificant condition by the Republic: at one moment assimilated to the heavy cavalry, at another to the light, changing their chiefs and system daily; combating now on foot and then on horseback, or scattered among the infantry divisions, with no other duty to perform than that of clearing the way before action and pursuing the enemy after defeat. The dragoons lost, amid these fluctuations, both their *esprit de corps* and their old reputation. The army, on seeing these men half horsemen and half foot soldiers, with no distinct functions, charging badly because they were badly mounted, going through their infantry drill badly because the cavalry man is neither equipped nor dressed to perform it properly, uttered the words, "*Sabre de bois!*" and the jokes finally demoralised the once brilliant dragoon regiments. But when Hoche had formed at Neuwied distinct brigades of dragoons, and they were at length employed in a manner befitting them, they regained their old place in the esteem of the army. They formed the mixed cavalry under the Empire, and the number of regiments of that arm was eventually raised to thirty.

As for the light cavalry, the organisation of 1804 reduced their effective strength, although Napoleon kept up twenty-four regiments of chasseurs and ten of hussars. If these light regiments lost under the Empire somewhat of the numerical prestige the Republic had given them, the part they played in the field was all the more brilliant in consequence. Dashing after Murat and Lasalle, they galloped over the thousand battle-fields of the Empire, cutting down and scattering the enemy's dense squadrons; and after visiting in turn all the capitals of Europe, they ventured on to the icy steppes of Russia, and perished almost to a man on the banks of the Mincio. At the beginning of the Empire the various cavalry regiments had an effective strength of 80,000 men, all mounted. In order to supply this arm with competent officers, Napoleon founded at St.

Germain a new cavalry school, after the pattern of the one at St. Cyr; it turned out annually from 150 to 200 officers.

Although the Emperor made but slight modifications in the organisation of the artillery, he increased its personal and matériel to such a degree that even in 1814, after so many disasters, the effective strength of the artillery amounted to 103,336. In these myriads of men and guns the horse-artillery resumed its natural destination. Attached by batteries to the cavalry divisions, it protected them against the fire of the enemy, and paved the way for successful charges. There were battles, such as Wagram and Lutzen, in which as many as eighty guns were collected into a single battery, intended to open fire on the enemy's lines. Napoleon, whom a tendency as marked as it was legitimate attached to this arm, the cradle of his fortunes, called the battle of Wagram one *à coups de canon*. In truth, during the 5th and 6th of July, 1809, the French army employed no fewer than four hundred guns, and it was the first occasion on which the Emperor made use of his great artillery reserves.

The engineers were composed, in 1804, of—1, a staff, comprising the engineers, properly so called, and having, like the artillery, an inspector-general, generals of division and brigade, &c.; and 2, the troops, among whom were five battalions of sappers, two of miners, two squadrons of military train, and two companies of workmen attached to the manufacturing arsenals of Metz and Alessandria. Napoleon did not increase the strength of this arm so much as he did the artillery. Hence, when the disasters of 1813 and 1814 occurred, he saw that he had committed a mistake. The engineers, dispersed among the various European fortresses, were insufficient to defend the old frontiers of France, and it was found necessary to enlist civil engineers and even land surveyors, as in the early days of the Revolution.

The Emperor, in his determination to improve all the details of the military organisation he had created, paid special attention to the corps entrusted in the transport of provisions, ammunition, &c. Frederick the Great owed the crushing rapidity of his marches to the order that prevailed in his transport system, and Napoleon imitated him in this point. He even went further, for he placed the civil departments of the army on a military footing. A decree of March 27, 1807, created eight battalions of land transport, and organised the army bakers in twenty-five brigades. Ten companies of hospital orderlies were organised in 1809. In his enlightened care for all that concerned military institutions, Napoleon specially interested himself about the brave soldiers mutilated during the numerous campaigns of the Republic, and those who, through age and infirmity, had merited a glorious rest. During the period of the camp at Boulogne, France contained a veritable army of veterans. There were ten demi-brigades of them: the veterans of the army of the East, the Piedmontese veterans, those of the army of Italy, fourteen companies of veteran gunners, and, lastly, the veterans of the Consular Guard. The whole formed a strength of 16,000 old soldiers. Napoleon, who wished to imitate the ancients, resolved that the veterans of the French republic should receive allotments of land, like those of the Roman republic. Camps of old soldiers were, therefore, established at Alessan-

dria and Juliers; lands belonging to the state were given them, and 1000 veterans subdivided into companies surrounded these plots with fortifications, and raised their cottages within the *enciente* they had thrown up.

On July 29, 1804, appeared the decree organising the Imperial Guard, which, at the outset, was composed of one regiment of grenadiers à pied and one à cheval, one artillery corps, one legion of picked grenadiers, one regiment of chasseurs à pied, and one of chasseurs à cheval, a battalion of sailors, a battalion of vélites for each infantry regiment, a squadron of mounted vélites attached to the chasseurs, and, lastly, a company of Mamelukes. At a later date, Napoleon, compelled to make head against the whole of Europe, augmented his Guard until it became a real army, to which he called all the best soldiers from the other corps. Originally, no man could enter the Guard under twelve years' service, including campaigns; but after the disasters of 1813 had decimated this glorious phalanx, the Emperor was compelled to accept any recruits, even conscripts not yet uniformed; and when the Guard finally disappeared from the scene, it comprised only a few faithful soldiers—the battalion of the isle of Elba.

The Guard was scarce formed ere its effective strength was augmented: dragoons, horse artillery, fusiliers, and a pulk of Polish lances were attached to it successively. In 1809 the new creations of tirailleurs, grenadiers, and chasseurs doubled the number of the chief infantry and cavalry corps. The Guard at the battle of Wagram counted 31,924 men. From that period up to the occupation of Paris, the Guard was annually augmented. A regiment of National Guards of the Guard was created in 1810, and about the end of the same year the King of Holland's Guard was incorporated in the Imperial Guard, and a new regiment of Polish lancers organised. In 1811 four more regiments of tirailleurs and voltigeurs were added, while the regiment called the Petits Hollandais assumed the title of Wards of the Guard, and soon had an effective strength of 8000. Soldiers between the ages of fourteen and sixteen were selected from the children of the regiments, and drilled by the non-commissioned officers of the Guard. Napoleon paid great attention to these lads, whom he wished to make the King of Rome's Guard. The disastrous rapidity of events prevented him carrying out this plan; and after Leipzig, when the weak dépôts went to meet the invaders, the Wards, who had already fought at Dresden, were sent to the French frontier, where they nearly all perished during the campaign of 1814.

The effective strength of the Guard, which in 1814 had attained the proportions of a real army, was raised to 80,000 men by the creation of new regiments of tirailleurs, and the incorporation of the King of Spain's Guard. This prodigious increase, while the line remained almost stationary, had, in the Emperor's ideas, two great interests. The first found its source in the necessity of picked troops, for experience had shown him that success lay in great reserves. The second was the need of a wide system of emulation and reward. At a period when Napoleon was exhausting the active resources of France, it required a powerful motive to keep the young soldiers whom the imperial decrees called out at each moment, and the guard offered this powerful motive. To complete our sketch of

the Imperial Guard, we will add that in 1814 the workmen of Paris and the manufacturing towns were enrolled under the title of Volunteers of the Guard, and all these men were accepted "who contracted an engagement to serve until the enemy were expelled from the soil of France." In conclusion, we may state that the gradual increase of the Empire had raised the French army to the incredible amount of 928,500 men present under arms at the same moment.

We need not say here how little the measures taken by Louis XVIII. with respect to the army answered the expectations even of those who had applauded the return of the Bourbons. The army was treated with a species of contempt, regarded as the accomplice of the hero on whom all hatred was concentrated, and as a final result the ante-chamber officers were placed at the head of the glorious relics of the great army. Hence, when the Emperor returned from Elba, the army ran to take up arms as if by enchantment. On the day after his entrance to the Tuileries, Napoleon set to work to collect his forces. The army at this moment had an effective strength of 175,000 men of all arms; 20,000 enrolled volunteers; 80,000 old soldiers called on active service; 25,000 more who had joined the mobilised national guard; 30,000 pensioners forming fifty-five battalions; 3000 old gunners forming thirty-six companies; 20,000 troops of the Old Young Guard, reorganised under that title; 5000 grenadiers and chasseurs of the Old Guard, horse and foot, who returned under their eagles; 6000 coast-guardsmen, reorganised in fifty companies; 6000 chasseurs of the Pyrenees and the Alps; 12,000 foreign soldiers, who had remained in France or flocked to it; forming a total of 200,000 men, who raised the active forces of France to the grand total of 375,000 fighting men.

Lastly, the whole male population of France were divided into two classes of men, from twenty to forty years of age, and of those from forty to sixty. The former, formed into a mobilised national guard, would supply 417 battalions, intended to garrison the fortresses and form reserve corps for the defence of the frontier; it was an active force of upwards of 300,000 men. The second, classified as the sedentary National Guard, were to form 3000 battalions, reserved for the defence of each parish; they amounted to nearly 2,000,000 men. All the services were organised; the different arms were provided with everything they needed; the forges and foundries were at work day and night. It was necessary immediately to arm 200,000 volunteers, or old soldiers who had formed the line regiments, as well as the 417 battalions of mobilised national guard. The factories tripled their productiveness, and ten large workshops organised in Paris, and employing from seven to eight thousand cabinet-makers, locksmiths, and watchmakers, were able to turn out and repair three thousand muskets a day. At that time there was more activity in the capital than in 1793. This prodigious effort was the work of about fifty days.

Louis XVIII. and his court had scarce returned from their second exile ere the organisation of the royal army was decreed. It was considered necessary to disband the last imperial phalanxes, branded with the name of the "Brigands of the Loire." All the titles that recalled the great epoch which had passed away were hastily changed; the name

of legion was substituted for that of regiment; and instead of light or line infantry, there was an amalgamation of horse and foot by the creation of fusiliers and chasseurs. Each new legion, composed of three battalions, two of infantry and one of cavalry, took the names of one of the eighty-six departments of France. But this state of things did not endure for long; the inconvenience resulting from it was soon seen, and ten legions were specially formed of infantry; lastly, in 1820, the denomination of legion was suppressed and that of regiment restored. The cavalry underwent fewer modifications: the lancers were suppressed, and their lances given to chasseur squadrons. Louis XVIII. was not fortunate with his reforms. On March 10, 1818, perceiving, not without some alarm, that the voluntary enlistment, though encouraged by bounty money, would never suffice for the maintenance of his army, he reverted to the law of conscription, which he had abolished on June 4, 1814, in the liberality of his charter and his love for his people. With this monarchy, which, according to the energetic expression of an historian, "re-entered France in a stranger's baggage," reappeared all the institutions of the old régime—the aristocratic corps, the *gardes du corps*, a royal guard, which suffered in a comparison with the Imperial Guard, and the Swiss.

The revolution of 1830 abolished these ephemeral institutions, and the predominant element of the armies of the Citizen King became once more popular. The suppression of the fourth battalion, the establishment of the infantry at 75 regiments of the line and 25 light infantry, and, lastly, the formation of the *chasseurs à pied*, are the principal military acts of the reign of peace at any price.

We have already told more than once in these pages the history of the army of the Second Empire, and, therefore, need not dwell on it here. It is acknowledged that, at the present moment, the French army is in a finer condition than it has ever been before, and the soldiers have proved that they are in no way inferior to their fathers in bravery, in Africa, the Crimea, Italy, and China. As, however, the history of the French army would not be completed without an account of the foreigners who have served under the flag of France, we purpose to devote a further and final chapter to that interesting subject.



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SEABOARD OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

Gulf of St. Laurence—Newfoundland—Anticosti—Prince Edward's Island—Cape Breton—Nova Scotia—New Brunswick.

THE remote prospect of incorporating all British North America into the United States, is a vista of halcyon days never absent from the true Yankee mind. It oozes out of every writing, every speech, every sentence uttered in connexion with the overlapping lands of a loyal constitutionalism and moral and intellectual independence. The menace hangs over our heads and the heads of our brave colonists like the sword of Damocles, the suspending thread of which is always to be severed at the very first frown of Yankee arrogance. The disruption of the Union into the inconvenient category of Federal and of Confederate States—a distinction with a difference (the one abiding by the rule of despotic aggregation, while the other asserts the fundamental principle of State Independence)—has warded off for a time this fixed spirit of aggression towards the North; but the independence or the subjection of the South once determined—the civil war concluded by a declaration of peace, or from sheer exhaustion, physical and pecuniary—it is much to be apprehended that work will at once be cut out for the unemployed men in arms by an invasion of the coveted regions on the lakes and rivers of the North. The intention is never disguised; it is openly proclaimed in almost every organ of publicity in Yankeeland as a mere question of time and convenience. The principle was propounded with true transatlantic taste in the presence of his royal highness the Prince of Wales when a guest and a visitor; it is discussed as an accepted topic in both houses of legislature; the necessity for arming the frontier, and the construction of strong places and of armed flotillas for aggressive purposes, have, indeed, been quite recently not only advocated but put in force in opposition to the treaty of Utrecht, by which the two countries bound themselves to abstain from the ruinous competition of building gun-boat against gun-boat and corvette against corvette, and that before any temporary misunderstanding had arisen between the two countries. It would be worse than blindness, then; it would be the indifference of imbecility and impotence, to pretend to ignore this state of things, and not to prepare for the worst beforehand. Luckily, the putting aside of any cause for quarrel for a brief time, while it enables the hostile Yankee faction to place greater trust in successful aggressive eventualities, so it also enables us to prepare for such with greater composure and effectiveness. The unarmed condition of the militia and volunteers, the deficiency of armu-

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nitition; the unprotected condition of Upper Canada, more especially of the important towns situated on the shores of lakes Huron, Saint Clair, Erie, and Ontario; the exposed Cornwall, Welland, and Chambly canals; the almost unprotected approaches to Montreal; the ascendancy of the Yankees on the waters of all the great lakes; the recent establishment of new naval stations and naval yards, while Canada remains a listless and indifferent spectator; the tenfold railway connexion with Canadian lakes and rivers, while there is not one such from any permanently open British port, Halifax or Liverpool in Nova Scotia, or St. John's in New Brunswick, and the necessity for defending the approaches to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the gut of Canso, the Magdalen Islands, or other points in the central passage and the Strait of Belle Isle, with a hundred other details, some of greater and some of lesser importance, but all highly deserving of consideration, not to lose sight of the ultimate revision of the Maine and Oregon treaties, and a general rectification of the boundary upon principles likely to secure a prolonged peace, should be now made to supersede the hasty transmission of troops in mid-winter and the hurried despatch of vessels scarcely yet perfected by the hands of the shipwright. The number, variety, and interest of these details cannot be either understood or appreciated without some preliminary acquaintance with the regions in question. All educated persons possess more or less well or ill-defined notions regarding British North America; all have more or less vague ideas of a vast river, of great inland expanses of water, of boundless forests of fir and pine, of fur-bearing animals and of feathered Indians hunting the same, of wild rocky iron and ice-bound coasts, of inexhaustible fisheries and hardy sailors of all races toiling in the deep for their finny prey, and of autumnal fogs followed by clear brisk frosts, and enlivened by sleigh excursions and new-year festivities. But there is a curious amount of detail in the rear of these prominent features—a detail that varies in every locality, and presents in each of such some new and more or less important subject for consideration, more especially in connexion with the prosperity and permanency of existing institutions and of established or growing sources of wealth and power. Now is the breathing-time for such considerations, and we propose to take them up with the full weight of apprehension for the future before us, beginning, in the first place, with the seaboard, and advancing thence to the interior.

The river St. Lawrence has an estuary which, comprising the gulf of the same name, is of surprising magnitude, exceeding that of any other river in the world. The Obi with its gulf is its only rival. If the Persian Gulf could be considered as the mouth of the Euphrates, or the Caspian of the Volga, we should alone have terms of comparison, for the estuary of the St. Lawrence is as large as many seas—the Adriatic, for example. This great estuary, closed during a portion of the year by ice, is protected to the seaward by the great mass of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Anticosti, and others of smaller import. The seacoast of British North America in the Atlantic was equal in extent to that of the United States, and is naturally greater than that possessed by either Federals or Yankees, or by Confederates and slaveholders; and it is superior to either for the formation of a navy and the support of a maritime population. Commencing at

the noble bay of Passamaquoddy and its islands, where the American line now terminates, we find the inhabitants mostly seafaring people. The town of St. Andrew's is rapidly rising into mercantile importance, and is resorted to by numbers of European fishing and coasting vessels. Hard-by is the town of St. John's, at the mouth of the fine river of the same name, down which timber is floated in immense quantities, for exportation to Great Britain. Ship-building is also carried on in the river to a great extent. The southern and eastern sides of Nova Scotia from Cape St. Mary's to Cape North, on the island of Cape Breton, may be called the fishing-coast, and are peculiarly adapted to produce hardy and enterprising seamen. They abound with numerous and commodious harbours, capable of affording shelter to the largest vessels. The Gulf of St. Lawrence may be said to be whitened with the canvas of vessels engaged in the timber trade, in the Labrador and coasting fisheries, and in carrying supplies of European and West India produce, not only for the consumption of the inhabitants of this coast, but of the rapidly increasing population of Upper and Lower Canada. The river St. Lawrence itself is justly entitled to rank in the first class of rivers. Its length, from where it issues from Lake Superior, to its mouth, is 2500 miles. It is navigable for ships of the line as high as Quebec, or nearly 400 miles from its mouth; and for ships of a large size as far up as Montreal, 180 miles above Quebec; while ships of the largest size may be navigated in the lakes through which it flows at a distance of 2000 miles from its mouth. What is generally called its mouth is where it is about 90 miles wide, and is divided into two channels by the Island of Anticosti, which is about 120 miles long and 30 miles broad, but, including the Gulf, it constitutes a better defined natural basin, with the narrow pass or straits of Belle Isle to the north; the central strait defended by Cape Ray, Newfoundland, St. Paul, Cape Breton, and the Magdalen Islands, and Northumberland Strait to the south, triply defended by Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island.

Newfoundland, with its fisheries, its high coasts, and bold and indented shores, its interior of dry barrens and morasses, and its unproductive climate, would not probably be destined to play an important part in any North American war; but its towns, St. John's and Harbour Grace, its nursery of a populous and hardy seafaring race, and its position at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, give to it a considerable importance. The entrance to the harbour of St. John's is so narrow, that two large ships can hardly pass abreast with safety. There are twelve feet water in the middle of the channel. The harbour is spacious, and sheltered on all sides by high rocks; its fortifications are rather strong than extensive. The town runs along nearly the whole of the north side of the port, and the public and government buildings are tolerably extensive. The harbour at Harbour Grace is safe, but rather intricate. The population of Newfoundland, owing to the fisheries, is always fluctuating, but the permanent population was estimated in 1836 at 73,706, of whom 23,215 were at Conception Bay, and 18,926 at St. John. The shipping for the same year was 800 arrivals and 785 departures, the total of imports 579,799 $\frac{1}{2}$, and of exports 787,099 $\frac{1}{2}$. There were only 11,062 acres in cultivation in the whole of the island, oats, potatoes, and hay being almost

the sole produce; there are also some horses, horned cattle, and sheep. Newfoundland is simply a great fishery, a place for cod, oil, and furs, for salmon, herring, seal-skins, and seal-oil. The French, who attacked and nearly destroyed the town of St. John in 1708, and succeeded in gaining possession of nearly every settlement, still retain the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, at the entrance of Placentia Bay, and hence the fishery rights are unfortunately a frequent source of disagreement, and are far from being placed on a satisfactory footing.

The island of Anticosti—so called from its India appellation *Naticoti*, but named *Assumption* by Cartier, who discovered it in 1534—is 90 miles long and 20 miles broad. It abounds with game and small timber, but has no harbour, and is, indeed, uninhabited, with the exception of two families, who have been established there by the Governor of Newfoundland, one at the east, the other at the west end, for the purpose of giving help to persons cast away upon the coast. Anticosti has at present, therefore, neither commercial, political, nor naval or military significance.

Prince Edward's Island, so named in honour of the late Duke of Kent, but called *St. John's Island*, by its discoverer, Cabot, is, on the contrary, by soil and climate an especially agricultural country. The winter is milder and shorter than in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the summer hot. It is also more exempted from fogs. Hence there are settlements all over the island, the capital and seat of government being *Charlotte Town*, in *Queen's County*, on the north side of *Hillsboro' River*, near its confluence with the rivers *Elliot* and *York*. This so-called *Hillsboro' River* is in reality an inlet of the sea. The whole coast is so intersected by bays and creeks, that there is hardly a place which is more than eight miles from the shore. These bays and inlets form good harbours, and the larger ones contain several branches which have good anchorage. The most remarkable of these bays is *Hillsboro' Bay*, which enters the island from the south with a broad opening, but afterwards becomes so narrow that it appears like a river, whence its name *Hillsboro' River*, and the tide ascends nearly to its extremity, twenty miles above *Charlotte Town*. Farther west are *Halifax Bay* and *Richmond Bay*, of which the former intersects the country from the south, and the latter from the north, so as to leave between them only an isthmus one mile wide. The harbour of *Charlotte Town* is considered one of the best in the *Gulf of St. Lawrence*. At the entrance it is little more than half a mile wide, but within it enlarges and forms a safe and spacious basin, which branches off into three beautiful and navigable rivers. The town stands on a gently rising ground, and is regularly built, with broad streets intersecting each other at right angles. The population chiefly consists of Scotch, English, and a few Acadians, or Americans of French origin. Formerly the island was covered with timber, and Micmac Indians dwelt in its forests; it is now for the most part cultivated. Prince Edward's Island, an admirable repair for pirates, buccaneers, and privateers—a race that may be fairly classed together—is also equally well adapted for defence. It is one of the most important places of supply for ships in the neighbouring seas: beef, pork, sheep, hams, cheese, grain, especially oats and oatmeal, potatoes, flour, and fish, are among the chief exports,

especially to Bermuda. The French, indeed, called this favoured island, when they had possession of it, the store-house of Canada, because it formerly supplied the whole country with grain and cattle. As a source for supplies, then, Prince Edward's Island cannot but be considered as a place of first-rate importance in British America, and on the seaboard without its equal.

The strait, or gut, of Canso, or Canseau—so called from the immense flocks of wild geese (*ganso*, Spanish for goose) seen passing through it—is the thoroughfare of all the trade to and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the western shores of the Atlantic southward of Cape Breton. It is a noble channel, separating Cape Breton (L'Isle Royale of its quondam French masters) from Nova Scotia—the Acadia, or Arcadia, of the French. It is a mile in width, and twenty fathoms deep. Hence it is that Cape Breton, in superficial extent only equal to one-fifth of the province of Nova Scotia, and with a population of some 30,000 souls, is the key to the province, for any naval power in possession of it would be the arbiter of the commerce of Canada, Prince Edward's Island, and all the coasts bounding the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Cape Breton is itself naturally divided into two parts, and is much intersected with water, and is also well provided with harbours. Sydney Harbour is an inlet two miles wide and four miles long, which then separates into two narrow arms, at the bottom of the most southerly of which, and seven miles from the sea, is the town of Sydney, the capital of the island, said to contain not more than 70 houses and a population of 500 souls. But the harbour is safe and spacious. The climate of Cape Breton is not so rigorous as that of the neighbouring continent, although the thermometer falls at times very low in winter, and one-half of its area (2,000,000 acres) is said to be fit for cultivation. The principal vegetable productions are timber, the cereals, potatoes and culinary vegetables. There are also horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. The coasts and harbours swarm with fish, the produce of which forms one-third of the total exports from the island. More important than all, however, extensive coal-works are carried on at Sydney and at Lingan, where the seams vary in thickness from three to eleven feet, and upwards of 40,000 tons were raised in 1832, more than a half of which quantity was exported to the United States. The available seams of coal in Cape Breton are said, indeed, to occupy an area of 120 square miles, and in the present days of steam navigation, and when steam privateering is so extensively threatened, the possession of this great coal store, added to that of Nova Scotia, would be of the highest importance to Great Britain.

The population of Cape Breton consists principally of emigrants from Scotland and Ireland. Most of the smaller settlements on the coast have been made by fishermen, many of whom are descendants of Acadians, and some of American loyalists. There are also said to be some 300 Indians in the island. An official return in 1834 states the number of officers and men enrolled in the island militia to have amounted at that epoch to 6652 persons, and presuming that every male inhabitant between the ages of fifteen and twenty was included in that number, the total population represented by them must have amounted to at least 26,000 souls. Ship-building, it is to be observed, is carried on to some extent at Cape Breton,

as well for colonial purposes as for sale in England. As many as 56 ships and brigs, besides schooners and smaller vessels, have been launched in one year. The number of registered vessels belonging to the Cape in 1828 was 340, varying in burden from 30 to 200 tons. The total imports of the colony in 1882 amounted, according to the custom-house valuation, to 18,072*l.*, and its exports to 31,891*l.*, showing a great balance in favour of the colony. About one-fifth of the imports consisted of corn and flour, from the United States, in return for coals. The remaining imports were of the produce from the West India colonies, in return for fish, and of British manufactures, in return for timber.

We come now to the British colony of Nova Scotia, which contains nearly 16,000 square miles, or almost two-thirds of the area of Ireland, and is surrounded by the sea, except at its north-western extremity, where the isthmus of Chignecto, which is nearly eleven miles across, unites it to New Brunswick. On the west side of Nova Scotia is the bay of Fundy; on the south and east the Atlantic; on the north the gut of Canso; and between it and Prince Edward's Island is Northumberland Strait, which is about fourteen miles wide at the narrowest place between Nova Scotia and the island. The coast of Nova Scotia is rocky and rather high, and fronting the Atlantic it is indented by deep inlets, which form so many harbours, while the shores themselves are lined with rocks and islets, between which, as off the coast of Norway, small vessels can sail in smooth water, while there is a heavy sea without. The face of the country is agreeably diversified by hills and dales, and although the scenery cannot be described as sublime, the numerous and beautiful lakes—the harbours studded with islands—the profusion of rivers, brooks, and streams give the whole a cheerful and pleasing appearance. The most remarkable cliff on the whole coast is the summit of Aspotogea, which is about 500 feet in perpendicular height, and is generally the first object seen in approaching Halifax from Europe.

The climate of Nova Scotia seems, with the process of cultivation, to be undergoing amelioration; the winter has been diminished by the prolongation of autumn, although in its icy duration it is still not unfrequently found "lingering in the lap of May." It is not, indeed, till the end of May that the fields afford sufficient food for cattle. In such an extent of territory there is necessarily a great variety of soil. Haliburton estimates the proportions of good and bad, as in twelve parts, three of prime land, four of good land, three of inferior, and two incapable of cultivation. It is either upland *interval* or marsh. The quality of every variety of upland is known by the species and size of the timber it produces. *Interval* is a term peculiar to America, and denotes that portion of land which is composed of the alluvial deposits of large brooks and rivers. Marsh, in its natural state, produces a strong, coarse, aquatic grass, but much of it, when enclosed and drained, is exceedingly fertile. The climate is more congenial to oats, barley, and rye than to wheat.

The lowest depression of the country seems to occur between Halifax on the south and Cobequid Bay on the north. The summit-level of the Shubenacadie Canal, which traverses it, does not rise to an elevation of 100 feet above the sea. The most hilly, and probably the most elevated district, with the exception of Mount Horton and Mount Ardoise (700

feet), occurs towards the most western extremity, west of Lake Roanoke, in the heights called the Blue Mountains. Along the bay of Fundy two ridges of hills of moderate elevation enclose the valley of the Annapolis river. The country surrounding the basin of Minas is the most fertile and the best settled portion of Nova Scotia. The number of rivers is very great, but their course is short. They are all more or less used for floating down timber from the interior, and nearly all of them form good harbours at their mouths, though they are generally only fit for moderately-sized vessels. The Cobequid Mountains contain rich mines of coal* and iron. The discovery of gold has lately also created a great sensation. These advantages, united to a very profitable fishery, to the vast forests of timber-trees which occupy the greater portion of the interior table-land, the furs and peltry derived from the chase, and a most productive cultivation in parts, will give some idea of the value of this country. The climate, though colder than England, is healthy, and along the southern and western coast there are several harbours that are never frozen. Hence the importance of direct railroad communication with Canada. Cider forms an article of export, and cattle and sheep are numerous, beef and butter constituting, with pork, likewise considerable articles of export.

The population of Nova Scotia is of a mixed character. It consists of four distinct classes: the Indians, or aborigines, part of the tribe of Micmacs, who do not exceed 600 in number; free negroes, of whom there are about 2000; Acadians, descendants of the French, by whom the country was partially settled before its conquest by the English, and whose numbers do not exceed 6000; the remaining class, who form the main body of the population, are the descendants of colonists from Germany, of refugee royalists from the former British provinces of North America, and emigrants from all parts of the United Kingdom, but more especially from Scotland. The descendants of the Acadians are chiefly located at Clare, Pubnico, and Menudie. They like to live together; indeed, as much as possible, they preserve their religion, language, and customs, and do not intermarry with their Protestant neighbours, while the descendants of the other nations are so mixed together that all distinctive characteristics are lost. The whole population, which in 1817 amounted to 84,913, had increased to 123,848 in 1827, and at the same ratio of increase—i. e. 38,935 in ten years—it ought now to exceed 250,000. The militia of the province comprised, in 1836, 1063 commissioned officers and 22,488 non-commissioned officers and privates—no mean force, and adequate, with a sufficient number of guns and the erection of forts, to the defence of the whole country. This militia was throughout the last American war in a very effective state.

Halifax, the capital of the province, is built on the declivity of a hill, the summit of which is 240 feet above the sea. It stands at the western

* Coal has been discovered at least in ten places between the isthmus of Chignecto and Merigomish, and the great coal-field of Pictou occupies an area of more than 100 square miles. The seam at the Albion mine is more than 50 feet in thickness. Hitherto great quantities of coal have been shipped to the United States for the use of steam-vessels. Above 100,000 tons of gypsum are also annually shipped to the United States for manure. Salt-springs are also numerous.

side of the harbour, which is spacious, safe, and accessible at all seasons of the year. There is a space within it for 1000 vessels to ride in safety. It is entered by a creek, 16 miles long, which terminates in a sheet of water called Bedford Basin, the area of which is 10 square miles. The mouth is protected by a small island, forming two passages into the harbour, one of which, the eastern passage, can be used only by small vessels. Opposite to the town is another small island—George Island—which is strongly fortified.

The town is regularly laid out, and the streets are for the most part paved or macadamised. Including the suburbs, the town is two miles long and half a mile broad; it contains two churches, one Roman Catholic chapel, and six chapels for Protestant dissenters. The "Province building," in the centre of the town, is a handsome well-built edifice of freestone, 140 feet long, 70 feet wide, and 42 feet high. It contains the chambers of meeting for the legislative bodies, the custom-house, the offices of the provincial government, and the superior law courts. The court-house, in which the courts of Common Pleas and the Sessions of the Peace are held, is a plain brick building. It contains an exchange-room for the merchants. The affairs of the province, it is to be observed, are administered by a lieutenant-governor, subordinate to the governor-general of British North America; a council of twelve members, appointed by the crown; and a house of assembly, consisting of forty-one members, elected by forty-shilling freeholders. The assembly is elected for seven years, but may be dissolved or prorogued at the pleasure of the lieutenant-governor: it must meet every year. The Bishop of Nova Scotia and the chief justice of the province are *ex officio* members of the council: the latter acts as its president. The laws are administered by a Court of Queen's Bench, which holds its sittings in district courts as well as in Halifax. The latter town is the principal naval station in British America, and in time of war its possession is of great importance: it contains a well-appointed naval arsenal. At the last census, in 1827, the town contained 1580 houses; since that time it has been much improved and enlarged. It also carries on a considerable trade with the United Kingdom, the West India colonies, and the United States. Post-office packets ply regularly between Great Britain and Halifax, and the effect of this magnificent harbour on first entering it is very striking. Dark-green spruce forests, emitting a delicious balsamic perfume, clothe the coasts, which swell into undulating hills in the distance, canopied by a sky of unclouded blue, while the bay is dotted with ships and boats.

Opposite to Halifax, on the eastern side of the harbour, is the small town of Dartmouth, and a steam-boat is constantly employed for the conveyance of passengers from one town to another. There are several other towns deserving of mention in the province. Such are Pictou, with a population of some 4000, and whence 100 vessels are loaded with timber for England annually. Dorchester, Guysborough, Amherst, a small but thriving place; Windsor, a collegiate town; Chester, carrying on a considerable lumber trade; Lunenburg, the same; Liverpool, with a harbour accessible at all times of the year; and Yarmouth. Annapolis, Old Port Royal, and the French capital; and Shelburne, the city of the American loyalists, are both on the decline.

Though there is no railway open as yet between Halifax and Quebec, there is very good travelling throughout between the two points. The road is described as a good broad road, and better in the winter, when it can be sleighed over, than in summer. It traverses a thinly-peopled country, but there are settlements all along it, and in the words of a Quebec paper, "Half a dozen regiments could come from Halifax either on foot or in sleighs with greater ease and in much less time than one regiment accomplished the task in the beginning of the century."

There is another route to which attention may be called. On disembarking at Halifax the troops can be conveyed by rail to Windsor, Nova Scotia, about sixty miles, from which point they can take steamers across the Bay of Fundy (which, contrary to popular ideas, is never frozen over) to St. Stephen's, a distance of about 170 miles. From St. Stephen's, a small town of 4000 inhabitants, there is a railway open to Canterbury, twelve miles from Woodstock, one of the largest towns in New Brunswick. From Canterbury to Woodstock the distance can either be marched over a good snow road, or performed in sleighs. From Woodstock, a day's journey will convey the troops to Great Falls, a distance of 72 miles, over excellent roads. From Great Falls the next stage is to Lake Port, a small place on the Temiscouta, and from thence by sleigh over a very good new military road (which is kept open by the mail track three times a week, and by the operations of the lumberers), they will arrive at the Rivière du Loup. Forty-two miles of this latter portion of the journey, and during which the only practical inconvenience will be experienced, is, through a forest district called the Portage, involving an ascent of upwards of 1000 feet. At all the points named the troops could be supplied with refreshments and lodgings in the houses, barns, and outbuildings. The only scarcity with regard to provisions is in the article of flour, as very little grain is grown in the district over which this route passes. There is, however, abundance of beef and other provisions. From the Rivière du Loup the troops will be conveyed by railway, a distance of 115 miles, to Quebec.

The old militia, it is to be observed, has entirely gone out of practice in Nova Scotia, and has given place to the volunteer system. But nowhere in the British provinces have the young men, according to the testimony of the *Halifax Reporter*, "responded more heartily to the call to form themselves into corps for defence than in Nova Scotia; and few, if any, of the colonies can present an equal number of well-drilled and organised companies. Still, however gratifying as has been the success that has attended the laudable efforts of the promoters of the volunteer movement, a great deal more might be done in the way of increasing the number of the forces all over the country. Both the Lieutenant-Governor and General Doyle, on the occasion of the recent volunteer inspection, very properly made some observations on the importance of obtaining additional strength to the volunteer ranks; and it is to be hoped that their advice will have some effect with the large numbers of young men who have as yet all over the province kept aloof from the movement. Very lately, in Bridgetown and Pictou, an effort has been made, and successfully too, to form a volunteer company in each of these places, and it would be satisfactory and encouraging to see a similar spirit evinced in

every town and village throughout this province. Let this be done, and we would soon, like the mother-country, be in a position to present a body of 'living walls' that could successfully repel any force that might invade our shores."

This is loyal language; luckily the circumstances that gave breath to its utterance have passed away, but not so the necessity for arming. The long-determined purpose of the Yankees to annex British North America whenever it is their power to do so, render the volunteer system a vital necessity in every one of the provinces, not only as an act of loyalty, but, in the event of future dismemberment, to preserve their own independent or confederate existence. With such a seaboard and grand inland communication as it possesses, it could never be in the interests of Canada, no more than of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, to become a part of a broken down and impracticable "Union."

New Brunswick is a province of North America, the possession of which is indispensable to the independent prosperity of Canada, for not only has an important commercial communication been long established between Quebec and the main by means of the River St. John's, but as the province lies between Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence, there could be no winter communication whether by sleigh or rail ever established with the interior if New Brunswick belonged to another power. The return as well as the burden of such a connexion are equal. If a connexion with Nova Scotia and Canada entail peculiar liabilities on the New Brunswickers, so, again, their province, being a necessary medium of transport at one season of the year, and an easy and advantageous one at all, its prosperity and population are benefited in proportion, and, as might *a priori* have been expected, they, as well as agriculture and every branch of trade and industry, have been steadily progressing for some years past.

New Brunswick embraces an area of 25,324 square miles, or about half of that of England, without Wales. It is divided by nature into three regions: the southern, central, and northern. The southern region comprehends the country along the Bay of Fundy, and is divided into two unequal portions by the St. John river. The western section contains the greatest part of Passamaquoddy Bay (by which it is separated from the state of Maine), and which is an extensive sheet of water, branching out into several inlets, and forming harbours for vessels of considerable size. It receives many rivers, of which the St. Croix is the most important, being navigable for large vessels to St. Stephen's, above which place it is interrupted by falls; yet timber is floated down. Passamaquoddy Bay contains several islands: Campobello, ten miles long and two wide, is separated by a narrow deep channel from Maine; and Deer Island is nearly seven miles long and three miles broad in the widest part. Before the bay lies Grand Manan Island, about fourteen miles long and six or seven wide. The coast is rocky, but does not rise to any considerable height, the land being generally clothed with high forest trees, and when cultivated yielding good crops of grain. The most elevated part of this tract is intersected by several lakes, some of considerable extent, and probably 600 or 700 feet above the sea-level. That part of the southern region which lies east of the St. John river is rather rocky and sterile.

The rocky and elevated coast runs off in an almost continuous line, without any considerable break, so that the inlets along it may be rather called coves than harbours. At the back of this iron-bound coast the country rises with a steep ascent, and then extends on an uneven and broken plain, on which a few hills rise to some elevation. The soil of this tract is very stony, and generally shallow. In its natural state it is chiefly covered with low trees, which do not supply timber. When cultivated it produces moderate crops of rye, barley, oats, and potatoes, but not wheat.

There are, however, in this tract several depressions, extending in a longitudinal direction, and constituting valleys bearing affluents to the St. John river. The lower parts of these valleys are also sometimes occupied by lakes, as Kenebekasis, Belle Isle, and Washademoak. In the inner recesses of these lakes fine valleys begin, and extend many miles upwards along the rivers. These valleys are covered with large timber-trees, and when cultivated produce excellent crops of grain. In climate, this tract differs from the country further northward, being somewhat less cold but much more humid, and exposed to thick and frequent fogs when the winds blow from the Atlantic. This circumstance, added to the strong tides in the Bay of Fundy, and the rocky iron-bound coast, renders the navigation very perilous, which disadvantages are hardly compensated by the harbours of the coast, especially those in Passamaquoddy Bay, being less encumbered with ice in winter than those in New England, and being accessible all the year round.

The shores of the central region are low, and in many places are fringed with sandy ridges or small islands and lagoons. There are no deep harbours except at the mouths of the rivers. The level country, which extends several miles inland, has a sandy soil, and is clothed with dwarf spruce and birch trees, but it makes pretty good pasture-ground. The country begins to rise at from 12 to 20 miles from the shores, and continues to rise till about 60 miles, where it begins to descend rather rapidly towards the St. John river. This more elevated tract has an uneven surface, and the hills are covered with a continuous forest of heavy timber. Along the banks of the St. John river extends a flat country, the eastern portion of which is nearly a level, and contains the most fertile and best settled part of the province.

The northern region is very hilly and even mountainous, especially on the banks of the River Ristigouche and in that tract where the rivers Tobique and Nipisiquet originate. The latter forms an elevated table-land, thickly studded with lakes, and having fine forests of red pine, furnishing most of the timber sent down the St. John. Few settlements have been established except on the Bay of Chaleur.

The River St. John flows for above 200 miles through Lower Canada, then through Maine into New Brunswick (a manifestly imperfect arrangement), and soon after entering the British province, forms the Great Falls. By the most northern fall the river descends from 45 to 50 feet perpendicular. This is followed by some smaller falls, so that in half a mile the water descends 75 feet. This from one account; but Mr. Foulis describes the whole descent from the upper to the lower basin as being 1119 feet (*Edin. Journ. of Nat. and Geo. Science*, vol. ii. p. 167). The

river is ascended up to the falls by flat-bottomed boats of 20 tons burden. Below the falls the river often runs between abrupt banks, and its rugged bed renders navigation dangerous in many places. Several rapids occur, the last of which is at the Saraye Islands, 6 or 7 miles above Fredericktown, and a mile above the town, up to which the river is navigable for sloops, are the so-called "Rugged Narrows." The other chief rivers are the Miramichi, which falls into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is navigable for large vessels for about 40 miles; the Petcoudiac, up which the tide flows about 40 miles; and the Nipisiguet, which is much broken by falls and rapids.

The climate of New Brunswick rather resembles that of the countries along the southern shores of the Baltic than that of England. Spring is short and raw, summer warm, with frequent thunderstorms; autumn fine and pleasant, followed by raw wet, and frost supervenes for three or even four months. The great commercial wealth of the country consists in its extensive forests; all kinds of grain are cultivated with success, as are also the common esculent vegetables and some fruit-trees. The fisheries are also productive. Coal, marble, gypsum, and grindstones are worked, but the mineral resources of the province have not been developed.

The population presented a total in 1834 of 119,475, almost all of British origin. Some Acadians and Micmacs are settled on the bay of Chaleurs, and other Indians of the tribe of Etchemins tenant the forests and the banks of the rivers. They live by hunting and fishing, and pass continually from one river or lake to another. The militia returns of 1836, comprised 51 field officers, 300 captains, 586 subalterns, 471 sergeants, 26 drummers, and 19,260 rank and file; in all, 20,688. The people are eminently loyal, and as much disgusted with the bragging of the Yankees as the Canadians are; and the levies, whether of militia or volunteers, would exceed the previous estimate in case of war in the present day.

Fredericktown, the capital, is built on the banks of the St. John River, 85 miles from its mouth, on a flat surrounded by the river on two sides. Vessels of 50 tons burden may ascend to this town. The streets are regular, but the houses are chiefly of wood. It contains a good government house, and several other public buildings. The population is about 3000. St. John—the principal trading-place—has above 10,000 inhabitants; it is situated near the mouth of the St. John river, on the southern declivity of a peninsula, and on rocky and very irregular ground. It contains several good public buildings. St. Andrew's is a thriving place at the mouth of the St. Croix River, in Passamaquoddy Bay, and has 3000 inhabitants. Newcastle, on the banks of the Miramichi, about 20 miles from its mouth, is also a thriving place, well situated for the exportation of timber. Steamers, we have seen, ply regularly between St. John's and St. Stephen's, in the bay of Fundy, as also to Windsor, in Nova Scotia. From St. Stephen's there is railway communication with Canterbury, six miles from Woodstock. A light suspension-bridge is now carried across the St. John's above the falls. The entrance to the bay of Fundy is formed by Brier Island, on the Nova Scotia side, and Quoddy Head on that of New Brunswick. It is at first about 50 miles wide, but it narrows by degrees to about 30 miles, and less, which breadth

it preserves through the greatest part of its extent. At its inner extremity it is divided into the bay of Mimas and that of Chignecto. It is, altogether, 180 miles in length, with bold, rocky shores. The navigation of the bay is, as we have seen, both difficult and dangerous, on account of the great strength of the tide, which rises sometimes 70 feet, and flows with great rapidity, and the prevailing fogs. The bay of Mimas has been united with Halifax harbour, by a canal 54 miles long, called the Shubenacadie, capable of receiving vessels which draw only eight feet of water; and a canal has been projected to connect the most northerly corner of Chignecto Bay, called Cumberland Basin, with Northumberland Strait, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Education has not been neglected in New Brunswick. King's College, in Fredericctown, is endowed by royal charter, and a grammar-school is connected with it. There is also a grammar-school to each county, of which there are eight, supported by the Provincial Legislature, and seven schools to each parish; in all, 480 schools, endowed by the local legislature.

Out of 547,720*l.*, the total value of exports in 1836, the forests supplied to the amount of 475,431*l.*, and the fisheries 35,943*l.*, the remaining value being made up of coals, gypsum, corn, and provisions. The value of imports for the same year was 863,783*l.*, being larger than the exports, which arises partly from the capital conveyed to the province by settlers from the mother country. The annual amount of emigrants varies from 3000 to 7000 per annum, so the increase in population and wealth has been considerable since the last census. The amount of shipping that belonged to the province at this same epoch was 587 vessels of 84,425 tons, navigated by 3658 men. Ship-building constitutes, indeed, a considerable branch of industry, not less than 100 vessels being built in the province every year. This is an important consideration, when threatened to be exterminated from the seas by 6000 Yankee privateers.

The frontier line between Canada, New Brunswick, and Maine, used to run from the St. Lawrence in the parallel of 45 deg. across Lake Champlain, to near the sources of the Connecticut River, between 71 deg. and 72 deg. W. long.; and then it followed in a winding line the course of the mountains, which separate the water-courses falling into the St. Lawrence and St. John rivers from those that, by a southerly course, run through the State of Maine. The boundary-line then terminated at Mars Hill in 46 deg. 30 min. N. lat. and 67 deg. 10 min. W. long.; but the United States having put in a claim to a considerable tract to the north of this boundary-line, a lengthened discussion ensued, which was terminated by a treaty ratified in 1842, and which was justly stigmatised by Lord Palmerston as the "Ashburton capitulation," by which Fort Montgomery on Lake Champlain, which commands the inlet of Chambly canal, connecting the lake with the St. Lawrence, and the bridge which unites the Northern New York Railway with the network of railways to Troy, Boston, and New York, was ceded to the Yankees. Congress has recently voted 150,000 dollars for additional works to this fort. To the east of this the frontier was made to run northwards, so as to include the upper portion of the St. John river, and to stretch downwards at St. Anne's to nigh the very banks of the river St. Lawrence, thus enabling

the Yankees to intercept at their will all land communication between Canada and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and in winter-time, when all communication by water is closed with ice, to shut up all Central British America from the outer world. The total carelessness of consequences which has marked British diplomacy in all boundary questions with the Yankees is far more keenly felt in British America than with us. Their safety and their prosperity—indeed, their very existence—are threatened by the want of geographical acuteness on the part of diplomatists. Between jobbery, folly, and the blunders of diplomacy, they say, their communications with the east and west alike (as we shall afterwards show with regard to the latter) are most precarious, and can, in time of war, only be maintained by better artillery, and a more skilful use of it than the Yankees could command. Such errors will inevitably bring about, some day, either a rupture or a rectification of frontier. As it is, if railway communication was attempted to be established between Halifax and St. John's, or St. Andrew's and Quebec, it would infallibly lead to discussion, and all know what that means with the Yankees.* If it does not occur in our time, it will ever remain a bone of contention left for the Canadians, New Brunswickers, and Nova Scotians, to settle with the people of Maine. It is notorious that a distant government will pass over what a local power would never submit to. Yet it is the wisest and best policy of a distant rule so to ordain matters that they shall be most conducive to the permanent prosperity and security of even her most remote dominions. Untimely and unwise concessions made to clamour and arrogance never ensure either the one or the other. Yet all considerations of either military, political, or commercial interests, of even geographical fitness of things, and of the most common and ordinary means of communication, appear to have been entirely overlooked in the fatal Ashburton treaty. Even George III. knew better in his time—albeit, he lost the once United States to us—for Mr. Webster produced before the Senate, at the time of the Ashburton treaty, a map, in which the boundary-line was marked in the handwriting of the king, to prove how bravely he had duped the British diplomatist! The treaty is, in reality, nothing but a legacy of strife to future generations, if not settled at some earlier period.

* This has already shown itself in a remarkable manner in the condemnation of the existing treaty by the Yankees on their side as not enabling them, by the narrow band left between Maine and the St. Lawrence to entirely close up Canada from the seaboard in winter. The idea of isolating a whole empire from the rest of the world is as peculiarly Yankee as is the unnatural and spiteful notion of destroying harbours created by Providence, and the extinction of which, if they are fighting for union, can only be to their own ultimate loss and confusion.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLDYAT.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE FIFTH.

I.

UNAVAILING REGRETS.

YES. It was Ethel who had died.

Thomas Godolphin leaned against the wall in his shock of agony. It was one of those moments that can fall only once in a lifetime; in many lives never; when the greatest limit of earthly misery bursts upon the startled spirit, shattering it for all time. Were Thomas Godolphin to live for a hundred years, he never could know another moment like this: the power, so to feel, would have left him.

It had not left him yet. Nay, it had scarcely come to him in its full realisation. At present he was half stunned. Strange as it may seem, the first impression upon his mind, was—that he was so much nearer to the next world. How am I to define this "nearer?" It was not that he was nearer to it by time; or in goodness: nothing of that. *She* had passed within its portals; and the great gulf, which divides time from eternity, seemed to be but a span now to Thomas Godolphin: it was as if he, in spirit, had followed her in. From being a place far far off, vague, indefinite, indistinct, it had been suddenly brought to him, close and palpable: or he to it. Had Thomas Godolphin been an atheist, denying a hereafter—Heaven in its compassion have mercy upon all such!—that one moment of suffering would have recalled him to a sense of his mistake. It was as if he looked aloft with the eyes of inspiration and saw the truth; it was as a brief, passing moment of revelation from God. She, with her loving spirit, her gentle heart, her simple trust in God, had been taken from this world to enter upon a better. She was as surely living in it, had entered upon its mysteries, its joys, its rest, as that he was living here: she, he believed, was as surely regarding him now and his great sorrow, as that he was left alone to battle with it. From henceforth, Thomas Godolphin possessed a lively, ever-present link with that world; and knew that its gates would, in God's good time, be opened for him.

These feelings, impressions, facts—you may designate them as you please—took up their place in his mind all in that first instant, and seated themselves there for ever. Not yet very consciously. To his stunned senses, in his weight of bitter grief, nothing could be to him very clear: ideas passed through his brain quickly, confusedly; like unto the changing scenes in a phantasmagoria. He looked round as one bewildered. The bed, smoothed ready for occupancy, on which, on entering, he had expected to see the dead, but not *her*, was between him and the door. Sarah Anne Grame in her invalid chair by the fire, a table at her right hand, covered with adjuncts of the sick-room—a medicine-bottle with its accompanying wine-glass and tablespoon; jelly, and

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other delicacies to tempt a faded appetite—Sarah Anne sat there and gazed at him with her dark hollow eyes, from which the tears dropped slowly on her cadaverous cheeks. Lady Sarah stood before him; sobs choking her voice; wringing her hands. Ay, both were weeping. But he—it is not in the presence of others that man gives way to grief: neither will tears come to him in the first leaden weight of anguish.

Thomas Godolphin listened mechanically, as one who cannot do otherwise, to the explanations of Lady Sarah. "Why did you not prepare me?—why did you let it come upon me with this startling shock?" was his first remonstrance.

"I did prepare you," sobbed Lady Sarah. "I telegraphed to you last night, as soon as it had happened. I wrote the message with my own hand and sent it off to the office, before I turned my attention to any other thing."

"I received the message. But you did not say—I thought it was—" Thomas Godolphin turned his glance on Sarah Anne. He remembered her state, in the midst of his own anguish, and would not alarm her. "You did not mention Ethel's name," he continued, to Lady Sarah. "How could I suppose you alluded to her—or that she was ill?"

Sarah Anne divined his motive of hesitation. She was uncommonly keen in penetration; sharp, as the world says; and she had noted his words on entering, when he began to soothe Lady Sarah for the loss of a child; she had noted his startled recoil, when his eyes fell on her. She spoke up with a touch of her old querulousness, the tears arrested on her face, and her eyes glistening.

"You thought it was I who had died! Yes, you did, Mr. Godolphin, and you need not attempt to deny it. You would not have cared, so that it was not Ethel."

Thomas Godolphin had no intention of contradicting her. He turned from Sarah Anne in silence to look inquiringly and reproachfully at her mother.

"Mr. Godolphin, I could not prepare you better than I did," said Lady Sarah. "When I wrote the letter to you, telling of her illness——"

"What letter?" interrupted Thomas Godolphin. "I received no letter."

"But you must have received it," returned Lady Sarah, in her quick and cross manner. Not cross with Thomas Godolphin, but from a rising doubt whether the letter had miscarried. "I wrote it, and I know that it was safely posted. You ought to have had it by last evening's delivery, before you would get the telegraphic despatch."

"I never had it," said Thomas Godolphin. "When I waited in your drawing-room now, I was listening for Ethel's footsteps to come to me."

Thomas Godolphin knew, later, that the letter had arrived duly and safely at Broomhead, at the time mentioned by Lady Sarah. Sir George Godolphin either did not open the box that night; or, if he opened it, he overlooked the letter for his son. Charlotte Pain's complaint, that the box ought not to be left to the charge of Sir George, bore reason in it. On the morning of his son's departure with the young ladies, Sir George had found the letter, and at once despatched it back to Prior's Ash. It was on its road then, at this same hour when he was talking with Lady Sarah. But the shock had come.

He took a seat by the table, and covered his eyes with his hand as Lady Sarah gave him a detailed account of the illness and death. Not all the account, that she or anybody else could give, would take one iota from the dreadful fact staring him in the face. She was gone! Gone away for ever from this world: he could never meet the glance of her eye again, or hear her voice in response to his own. Ah, my readers, there are griefs that tell! riving the heart as an earthquake will rive the earth: and, all that can be done is, to sit down under them, and ask of Heaven strength to bear. To bear as we best may, until time shall shed a few drops of healing balm from its wings.

On the last night that Thomas Godolphin had seen her, Ethel's brow and eyes were heavy. She had wept much in the day, and supposed the pain in her head to arise from that circumstance; she had given this explanation to Thomas Godolphin. Neither she, nor he, had had a thought that it could come from any other source. More than a month since Sarah Anne was taken with the fever, fears of it for Ethel had died out. And yet those dull eyes, that hot head, that heavy weight of pain, were only the symptoms of the sickness coming on! A night of tossing and turning, snatches of disturbed sleep, of terrifying dreams, and Ethel awoke to the conviction that the fever was upon her. About the time that she generally rose, she rang her bell for Elizabeth.

"I do not feel well," she said. "As soon as mamma is up, will you ask her to come to me. Do not disturb her before."

Elizabeth obeyed her orders. But Lady Sarah, tired and wearied out with her attendance upon Sarah Anne, with whom she had been up half the night, did not rise till between nine and ten. The maid went to her then, and delivered the message.

"In bed still! Miss Ethel in bed still!" exclaimed Lady Sarah. She spoke in much anger: for Ethel was wont to be up betimes and in attendance upon Sarah Anne. It was *required* of her so to be.

Flinging on a dressing-gown, Lady Sarah proceeded to Ethel's room. And there she broke into a storm of reproach and anger; never waiting to ascertain what might be the matter with Ethel, anything or nothing. "Ten o'clock, and that poor child to have lain till now with nobody to go near her but a servant!" she reiterated. "You have no feeling, Ethel."

Ethel drew the clothes from her flushed face, and turned her glistening eyes, dull last night, shining with the fever now, upon her mother. "Oh mamma, I am ill, indeed I am! I can hardly lift my head for the pain. Feel how it is burning! I did not think I ought to get up."

"What is the matter with you?" sharply inquired Lady Sarah.

"I cannot quite tell," answered Ethel. "I only know that I feel ill all over. I feel, mamma, as if I could not get up."

"Very well! There's that dear suffering angel lying alone, and you can think of yourself before her! If you choose to stop in bed, you must. But you will reproach yourself for your selfishness when she is gone. Another four-and-twenty hours, and she may be no longer with us. Do as you think proper."

Ethel burst into tears, and caught hold of her mother's robe as she was turning away. "Mamma, do not be angry with me! I trust I am not selfish. Mamma"—and her voice sank to a whisper—"I have been thinking that it may be the fever."

"The fever!" reproachfully echoed Lady Sarah. "Heaven help you for a selfish and a fanciful child! Did I not send you to bed with the head-ache last night, and what is it but the remains of that head-ache that you feel this morning? I can see what it is: you have been fretting after this departure of Thomas Godolphin! Get up out of that hot bed and dress yourself, and come in and attend on your sister. You know she can't bear to be waited on by anybody but you. Get up, I say, Ethel."

Will Lady Sarah Grame remember that little episode until death shall take her? I should, in her place. She suppressed all mention of it to Thomas Godolphin. "The dear child told me she did not feel well, but I only thought she had a headache, and that she would perhaps feel better up," were the words in which she related it to him. What sort of a vulture was gnawing at her heart, as she spoke them? It was true that, in her blind selfishness for that one, undeserving child, she had lost sight of the fact that illness could come to Ethel; she had not allowed herself to receive the probability; she, who had accused of selfishness that devoted, generous girl, who was ready at all hours to put her hands under her sister's feet; who would have sacrificed her own life to save Sarah Anne's.

Ethel got up. Got up as she best could: her limbs aching, her head burning. She went into Sarah Anne's room and did for her what she was able, gently, lovingly, anxiously, as of yore. Ah, child! let those, who are left, be thankful that it was so! it is well to be stricken down in the active path of duty, working till we can work no more.

She did so. She stayed where she was till the day was half gone; bearing up, it was hard to say how. She could not touch breakfast; she could not touch anything. None saw how ill she was. Lady Sarah was wilfully blind; Sarah Anne had eyes and thoughts for herself alone. "What are you shivering for?" Sarah Anne once fretfully asked her. "I feel cold, dear," was Ethel's unselfish answer: not a word said she further of her illness. In the early part of the afternoon, Lady Sarah was away from the room for some time upon domestic affairs; and when she returned to it Mr. Snow was with her, who had been prevented from calling earlier in the day. They found Sarah Anne dropped into a doze, and Ethel stretched on the floor before the fire, moaning. But the moans ceased as they entered.

Mr. Snow, regardless of the waking invalid, strode up to Ethel, and turned her face to the light. "How long has she been like this?" he cried out, his voice shrill with emotion. "Child! child! why did they not send for me?"

Alas! poor Ethel was, even then, growing too ill to reply. Mr. Snow carried her to her room with his own arms, and the servants undressed her and laid her in the bed from which she was never more to rise. The fever took violent hold of her: but not worse than it had done of Sarah Anne, scarcely as bad, and danger, for Ethel, was not looked for. Had Sarah Anne not got over a similar crisis, they would have feared for Ethel: so given are we to judge by collateral circumstances. It was only on the third or fourth day that highly dangerous symptoms supervened, and then Lady Sarah wrote to Thomas Godolphin the letter which had not reached him. There was this much of negative consolation to be de-

rived from the non-receipt: that, had it been delivered to him on the instant of its arrival, he could not have been in time to see her.

"You ought to have written to me as soon as she was taken ill," he observed to Lady Sarah.

"I would have done it had I apprehended danger," she repentantly answered. "But I never did. Mr. Snow never did. I thought how pleasant it would be to get her safe through the danger and the illness, before you should know of it."

"Did she not wish me written to?"

The question was put firmly, abruptly, after the manner of one who will not be cheated of his answer. Lady Sarah dared not evade it. How could she equivocate, with her child lying dead above her head?

"It is true. She did wish it. It was on the first day of her illness that she spoke. 'Write, and tell Thomas Godolphin.' She never said it but that once."

"And you did not?" he uttered, his voice hoarse with pain.

"Do not reproach me! do not reproach me!" cried Lady Sarah, clasping her hands in supplication, while the tears fell in showers from her eyes. "I did it for the best. I never supposed there was danger: I thought what a pity it was to bring you back, all that long journey: putting you to so much unnecessary trouble and expense."

Trouble! expense! in a case like that! She could speak of expense to Thomas Godolphin! But he remembered how she had had to battle both with expense and trouble her whole life long; that for her they must wear a formidable aspect: and he remained silent.

"I wish now I had written," she resumed, in the midst of her choking sobs: "as soon as Mr. Snow said there was danger, I wished it. But"—as if she would seek to excuse herself—"what with the two upon my hands, she up-stairs, Sarah Anne here, I had not a moment for proper reflection."

"Did you tell her you had not written?" he asked. "Or did you let her lie waiting for me, hour after hour, day after day, blaming me for my careless neglect?"

"She never blamed any one; you know she did not," wailed Lady Sarah: "and I believe she was too ill to think even of you. She was only sensible at times. Oh, I say, do not reproach me, Mr. Godolphin! I would give my own life to bring her back! I never knew her worth till she was gone. I never loved her as I love her now."

There could be no doubt that Lady Sarah Grame was reproaching herself far more bitterly than any reproach could tell upon her from Thomas Godolphin. An accusing conscience is the worst of all evils. She sat there, her head bent, swaying herself backwards and forwards on her chair, moaning and crying. It was not a time, Thomas Godolphin felt, to say a word of her past heartless conduct, in forcing Ethel to breathe the infection of Sarah Anne's sick-room. And, all that he could say, all the reproaches, all the remorse and repentance, would not bring Ethel back to life.

"Would you like to see her?" whispered Lady Sarah, as he rose to leave.

"Yes."

She lighted a chamber-candle, and preceded him up-stairs. Ethel

had died in her own room. At the door, Thomas Godolphin took the candle from Lady Sarah.

"I must go in alone."

He passed on into the chamber, and closed the door. On the bed, laid out in her white night-dress, lay what remained of Ethel Grame. Pale, still, pure, her face was wonderfully like what it had been in life, and a calm smile rested upon it.—But Thomas Godolphin wished to be alone!

Lady Sarah stood outside, leaning against the opposite wall, and weeping silently, the glimmer from the hall-lamp, below, faintly lighting the corridor. Once she fancied that a sound, as of choking sobs, struck upon her ears, and she caught up a small black shawl that she wore, for grief had made her chilly, and flung it over her head, and wept the faster.

He came out by-and-by, calm and quiet as he ever was. He did not perceive Lady Sarah standing there in the shade, and went straight down, carrying the wax-light. Lady Sarah caught him up at the door of Sarah Anne's room, and took the light from him.

"She looks very peaceful, does she not?" was her whisper.

"She could not look otherwise."

He went on down alone, wishing to let himself out. But Elizabeth had heard his steps, and was already at the door. "Good night, Elizabeth," he said, as he passed her.

The girl did not answer. She slipped out into the garden after him. "Oh, sir! and didn't you know of it?" she whispered.

"No."

"If anybody was ever gone away to be an angel, sir, it's that sweet young lady," continued Elizabeth, letting her tears and sobs come forth as they would. "She was just one here! and she's gone to her own fit place."

"Ay. It is so."

"You should have been in this house throughout the whole of the illness, to have seen the difference between them, sir! Nobody would believe it. Miss Grame, angry, and snappish, and not caring who suffered, or who was ill, or who toiled, so that she was served: Miss Ethel, lying like a tender lamb, patient and meek, thankful for all that was done for her. It does seem hard, sir, that we should lose her for ever."

"Not for ever, Elizabeth," he answered.

"And that's true, too! But, sir, the worst is, one can't think of that sort of consolation just when one's troubles are the freshest. Good night to you, sir."

Thomas Godolphin walked on, leaving the high road for a less frequented path, the one by which he had come. About midway between this part and the railway station, a cross path, branching to the right, would take him into Prior's Ash. He went along, musing. In the depth of his great grief, there was no repining. He was one to trace the finger of God in all things. If Mrs. Godolphin had imbued him with superstitious feelings, she had also implanted within him something better: and a more entire trust in God it was perhaps impossible for any one to feel, than was felt by Thomas Godolphin. It was what he lived under. He could not see why Ethel should have been taken, why this great

sorrow should fall upon him ; but that it must be for the best, he implicitly believed. The best : for God had done it. How he was to live on without her, he knew not. How he could support the lively anguish of the immediate future, he did not care to think. All his hopes in this life gone ! all his plans, his projects, uprooted by a single blow ! never, any of them, to return. He might look yet for the bliss of a hereafter—ay ! that remains even for the most heavy-laden, thank God !—but his sun of happiness in this world had set for ever.

Thomas Godolphin might have been all the better for a little sun then—not speaking figuratively. I mean the good sun that illumines our daily world ; that would be illumining my pen and paper at this moment, but for a damp, ugly, envious fog, which obscures everything but itself. The moon was not shining as it had been the last night he quitted Lady Sarah's, when he had left his farewell kiss—oh that he could have known it was the last !—on the gentle lips of Ethel. There was no moon yet ; the stars were not showing themselves, for a black cloud enveloped the skies like a pall, fit accompaniment to his blasted hopes, and his path altogether was dark. Little wonder, then, that Thomas Godolphin all but fell over some dark object, crouching in his way : he could only save himself by springing back. By dint of a minute or two's peering, he discovered it to be a woman. She was seated on the bare earth ; her hands clasped under her knees, which were raised nearly level with her chin as it rested on them, and was swaying herself backwards and forwards as one does in grief ; like Lady Sarah Grame had done not long before.

"Why do you sit here ?" cried Thomas Godolphin. "I nearly fell over you."

"Little matter if ye'd fell over me and killed me," was the response of the woman, given without raising her head, or making a change in her position. "'Twould only have been one less in a awful cold world, as seems made for nought but trouble. If the one half of us was out of it, there'd be room perhaps for them as was left."

"Is it Mrs. Bond ?" asked Thomas Godolphin, as he caught a better glimpse of her features.

"Didn't you know me, sir ? I know'd you by the voice as soon as you spoke. You have got trouble too, I hear. The world's full of nothing else. Why do it come ?"

"Get up," said Thomas Godolphin. "Why do you sit there ? Why are you here at all at this night hour ?"

"It's where I'm a going to stop till morning," returned the woman, sullenly. "There shall be no getting up for me."

"What is the matter with you ?" he resumed.

"Trouble," she shortly answered. "I've been a toiling up to the work'us, asking for a loaf, or a bit o' money : anything they'd give to me, just to keep body and soul together for my children. They turned me back again. They'll give me nothing. I may go into the union with the children if I will, but not a stiver of help'll they afford me out of it. Me, with a corpse in the house, and a bare cubbort !"

"A corpse !" involuntarily repeated Thomas Godolphin. "Who is dead ?"

"John."

Curtly as the word was spoken, the tone yet betrayed its own pain. This John, the eldest son of the Bonds, had been attacked with the fever at the same time as the father. The father had succumbed to it at once; the son had recovered: or, at least, had appeared to be recovering.

"I thought John was getting better," observed Thomas Godolphin.

"He might ha' got better, if he'd had things to make him better! Wine and meat and all the rest of it. He hadn't got 'em: and he's dead."

Now, a subscription had been entered into for the relief of the poor sufferers from the fever, Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin having been amidst its most liberal contributors; and, to Thomas Godolphin's certain knowledge, a full share, and a very good share, had been handed to the Bonds. Quite sufficient to furnish suitable nourishment for John Bond, for some time to come. He did not say to the woman, "You have had enough: where's it gone to? it has been wasted in riot." That it had been wasted in riot and improvidence, there was no doubt, for it was in the nature of the Bonds so to waste it: to cast reproach in the hour of affliction, was not the religion of common life practised by Thomas Godolphin.

"Yes, they turned me back," she resumed, swaying herself with a bent head, as before. "They wouldn't give me as much as a bit o' mouldy bread. I wasn't going home without taking something to my famished children; and I wasn't a going to beg like a common tramp. So I just sat myself down here; and I shan't care if I'm found stark and stiff in the morning!"

"Get up, get up," said Thomas Godolphin. "I will give you something for bread for your children to-night."

In the midst of his own sorrow, he could feel for her, improvident old sinner though she was, and though he knew her so to be. He coaxed and soothed, and finally prevailed upon her to rise, but she was in a reckless, sullen mood, and it took him a little effort before it was effected. She burst into tears when she thanked him, and turned off in the direction of the pollard cottages.

II.

DUST TO DUST.

THE reflexion of Mr. Snow's bald head was conspicuous on the surgery blind: he was standing between the window and the lamp. Thomas Godolphin observed it as he passed. He turned to the surgery door, which was at the side of the house, opened it, and saw that Mr. Snow was alone.

The surgeon turned his head at the interruption, put down a glass jar which he held, and grasped his visitor's hand in silence.

"Snow! why did you not write for me?"

Mr. Snow brought down his hand on a pair of tiny scales, causing them to jangle and tinkle. He had been bottling up his anger against Lady Sarah for some days now, and this was the first explosion.

"Because I understood that she had done so. I was present when that poor child asked her to do it. I found her on the floor in Sarah

Anne's chamber. On the floor, if you'll believe me! Lying there, because she could not hold her aching head up. My lady had dragged her out of bed in the morning, ill as she was, and forced her to attend as usual upon Sarah Anne. I got it all out of Elizabeth. 'Mamma,' she said, when I pronounced it to be the fever, though she was almost beyond speaking then, 'you will write to Thomas Godolphin.' I never supposed but what my lady did it. Your sister, Miss Godolphin, inquired if you had been written for, and I told her yes."

"Snow," came the next sad words, "could you not have saved her?"

The surgeon shook his head and answered in a quiet tone, looking down at the stopper of a phial, which he had taken up and was turning about, listlessly in his fingers.

"Neither care nor skill could save her. I gave her the best I had to give. As did Dr. Beale. Godolphin"—raising his quick dark eyes, flashing then with a peculiar light—"she was ready to go. Let it be your consolation."

Thomas Godolphin made no answer, and there was a pause of silence. Mr. Snow resumed. "As to my lady, the best consolation I wish her, is, that she may have her heart wrung with remembrance for years to come! I don't care what people may preach about charity and forgiveness; I do wish it. But she'll be brought to her senses, unless I am mistaken: she has lost her treasure and kept her bane. A year or two more, and that's what Sarah Anne will be."

"She ought to have written for me."

"She ought to do many things that she does not. She ought to have sent Ethel from the house, as I told her, the instant the disorder appeared in it. Not she. She kept her in her insane selfishness: and now I hope she's satisfied with her work. When alarming symptoms showed themselves in Ethel, on the fourth day of her illness, I think it was, I said to my lady, 'It is strange what can be keeping Mr. Godolphin!' 'Oh,' said she, 'I did not write for him.' 'Not write!' I answered: and I fear I used an ugly word to my lady's face, 'I'll write at once,' returned she, humbly. 'Of course,' cried I, 'when the steed's stolen we shut the stable-door.' It's the way of the world."

Another pause. "I would have given anything to take Ethel from the house at the time; to take her from the town," observed Thomas Godolphin, in a low tone. "I said so then. But it could not be."

"I should have done it, in your place," said Mr. Snow. "If my lady had said No, I'd have carried her off in the face of it. Not married, you say? Rubbish to that! Everybody knows she'd have been safe with you. And you would have been married as soon as was convenient. What are forms and ceremonies and carking tongues, in comparison with a girl's life? A life, precious as was Ethel's!"

Thomas Godolphin leaned his forehead in his hand, lost in the retrospect. Oh, that he *had* taken her! that he had set at nought what he had then bowed to, the *convenances* of society! She might have been by his side now, in health and life, to bless him! Doubting words interrupted the train of thought.

"And yet I don't know," the surgeon was repeating, in a dreamy manner. "What is to be, will be. We look back, all of us, and say, 'If I had acted thus, if I had done the other, so and so would not have

happened; events would have turned out differently.' But who is to be sure of it? Had you conveyed Ethel out of harm's way—as we might have thought it—there's no telling but she'd have had the fever just the same: her blood might have become tainted before she left the house. There's no knowing, Mr. Godolphin."

"True. Good evening, Snow."

He turned suddenly and hastily to the outer door, but the surgeon caught him up ere he passed its threshold, and touched his arm to detain him. They stood there in the obscurity, their faces shaded in the dusky night.

"She left you a parting word, Mr. Godolphin."

"Ah?"

"An hour before she died she was calm and sensible, though fearfully weak. Lady Sarah had gone to her favourite, and I was alone with Ethel. 'Has he not come yet?' she asked me, opening her eyes. 'My dear,' I said, 'he could not come; he was never written for.' For I knew she alluded to you, and was determined to tell her the truth, dying though she was. 'What shall I say to him for you?' I continued. She put up her hand to motion my face nearer hers, for her voice was growing faint. 'Tell him, with my dear love, not to grieve,' she whispered, between her panting breath. 'Tell him that I am but gone on before.' I think they were almost the last words she spoke."

Thomas Godolphin leaned against the modest post of the surgery entrance, and drank in the words. Then he wrung the doctor's hand, and departed. Hurrying along the street like one who shrank from observation: for he did not care, just then, to encounter the gaze of his fellow-men.

Coming with a quick step up the side street, in which the entrance to the surgery was situated, was the Reverend Mr. Hastings. He stopped to accost the surgeon.

"Was that Mr. Godolphin?"

"Ay. This is a blow for him."

Mr. Hastings's voice insensibly sank to a whisper. "Maria tells me that he did not know of Ethel's death or illness. Until they arrived here to-night, they thought it was Sarah Anne who died. He went up to Lady Sarah's after the train came in, thinking so."

"Lady Sarah's a fool," was the complimentary rejoinder of Mr. Snow.

"She is, in some things," warmly assented the rector. "The telegraphic message she despatched to Scotland, telling of the death, was so obscurely worded as to cause them to assume it alluded to Sarah Anne."

"Ah well! she's only heaping burdens on her conscience," rejoined Mr. Snow, in a philosophic tone. "She has lost Ethel, through want of care (as I firmly believe) in not keeping her out of the way of infection; she prevented their last meeting, through not writing to him; she——"

"He could not have saved her, had he been here," interrupted Mr. Hastings.

"Nobody said he could. There would have been satisfaction in it for him, though. And for her, too, poor child."

Mr. Hastings did not contest the point. He was so very practical a man (in contradistinction to an imaginative one) that he saw little use in "last" interviews, unless they were made productive of actual good. He was disposed to regard such as bordering on the sentimental.

"I have been down to Whinnett's," he remarked. "They sent to the rectory, while I was gone to the station to meet Maria. That raw footboy of theirs came, saying, 'She'd not live through the night, and wanted the parson.' I had a great mind to send word back that if she was in want of the parson, she should have seen him before."

"She's as likely to live through this night as she has been any night for the last six months," said Mr. Snow. "Not a day, since then, but she has been, as may be said, dying."

"And never to awaken to a thought that it might be desirable to make ready for the journey until the twelfth hour!" exclaimed Mr. Hastings. "'When I have a convenient season I will call for thee!' If I have been to the Whinnetts' once latterly, I have been ten times, and *never* could get to see her. Why don't these indifferent people turn Papists?"

Mr. Snow did not detect the point of the remark. "That they may be cured by a modern miracle?" asked he. Which caused the rector of All Souls' to give a short petulant stamp on the flags with the heel of his shoe.

"I say that they wilfully put off all thought of death until the twelfth hour. And then they send for me, or for one of my brethren, and expect that an hour's devotion will ensure their entrance into heaven. Let such go to the Vicar of Rome for the keys," he cynically added. "I don't keep them."

"Did Mrs. Whinnett send for you herself? or did the household?" inquired Mr. Snow.

"She, I expect: she was dressed for the occasion," replied the clergyman, more cynically than before. "She wore white gloves, and had a few diamond rings drawn on over their fingers! Will she live long?"

"It is uncertain. She may last for six months longer: or she may go next week. It will be sudden when it does come. Have you heard that Bond is dead?"

"I should think I have!" said the rector. "His mother went up to the workhouse this evening, and pretty nearly turned the place inside out with her abuse. She said he had died of starvation, and they had killed him, through not affording out-door relief. Paxton met me and told me about it, as I was walking to the station. 'Is it true that he has died from want of food?' asked Paxton of me. I think he was getting a little alarmed, you see, Snow, lest he should be hauled over by the board and brought in responsible. 'Nonsense,' said I, 'he has died of the fever,' which sent Paxton away contented."

"You are both wrong," rejoined Mr. Snow. "John Bond died neither of the fever nor of want of food: but from the effects of his irregular life. He got well of the fever; but his constitution was shattered, and could not carry him through the debility that the fever left. His sins took him to the grave. As to starvation?—they had a carouse in the house only last Sunday. You wise gentlemen should not have made them a present of quite so much money all at once," nodded Mr. Snow.

The rector spoke up impulsively, as if the subject angered him. "I washed my hands of it; I washed my hands of it at the time! I told them it was a senseless thing to do: but I was not listened to. It's not possible to beat provident habits into such as the Bonds. Give them a five-pound note, and it is flung away in so many hours. They'll live as they always have lived: tope and stuff one day, and starve the next."

He turned away as he spoke, and walked home at a brisk pace. Maria was alone when he entered. Mrs. Hastings and Grace were out of the room, talking to some late applicant: a clergyman's house, like a parish apothecary's, is never free long together. Divested of her travelling cloaks, and seated before the fire in her quiet merino dress, Maria looked as much at home as if she had never quitted it. The blaze, flickering on her face, betrayed to the keen glance of the rector that her eyelashes were wet.

"Grieving after Broomhead already, Maria?" asked he, his tone a stern one.

"Oh papa, no! I am glad to be at home. I was thinking of poor Ethel."

"She is better off. The time may come, Maria—we none of us know what is before us—when some of you young ones who are left may wish you had died as she has. Many a one, battling for very existence with the world's carking cares, wails out a vain wish that he had been taken early from the evil to come."

"It must be so dreadful for Thomas Godolphin!" Maria resumed, looking straight into the fire, and speaking as if in commune with herself, more than to her father.

"Thomas Godolphin must find another love."

It was one of those phrases, spoken in satire only, to which the rector of All Souls' was occasionally given. He saw so much to condemn in the world, things which grated harshly on his superior mind, that his speech had become imbued with a touch of gall, and he would often give utterance to cynical remarks, not at the moment called for.

Maria took the words literally. She turned to Mr. Hastings; her cheek flushed, her hands clasped; altogether betraying vivid emotion. "Oh papa! another love! You should not say it of Thomas Godolphin. Love, such as his, is not for a week or a year: it is for all time."

The rector paused a moment in his reply. His penetrating gaze was fixed upon his daughter. "May I inquire whence you have derived your knowledge of 'love,' Miss Maria Hastings?"

Her eyes drooped, her face turned crimson, her manner grew confused. She turned her countenance from that of her father, and stammered forth some lame excuse. "Everybody knows, papa, that Thomas Godolphin was fond of Ethel."

"Possibly. But everybody does not know that Maria Hastings deems herself qualified to descant upon the subject," was the reply of the rector. And Maria shrank into silence.

There came a day, not many days afterwards, when Maria Hastings, her sisters, and two of her brothers, were gathered in sombre silence around the study window. The room was built out at the back of the house, over the kitchen, and its side window commanded a full view of the churchyard of All Souls', and of the church porch: the only window

in the house which did command the uninterrupted view. It was known to the public that nothing displeased the Reverend Mr. Hastings more, than for irreverent idlers to come into the churchyard, staring and gaping and whispering their comments, while he was performing the service of the burial of the dead. And his wishes were generally respected, the mob contenting themselves with collecting in a dense body before the entrance gates; those, who were lucky enough to get near, pushing their noses through the bars. Not a few noses would bear afterwards the marks of the beadle's staff. It was that functionary's custom to plant himself withinside the gate, staff in hand, his back to the mob, and his face to the ceremony: when, by a dexterous back-handed trick, which the beadle had become expert in, down would come the staff upon the array of noses, in the most inopportune and unexpected manner. This had once been productive of what the beadle called a row, and the mob were conveyed off-hand before the sitting magistrates. The result was, that fourteen rebels were condemned to four-and-twenty hours solitary confinement, and the beadle, his cocked-hat, and his staff, reigned triumphant evermore.

But, on this day that we are speaking of, the churchyard was not left quite so free as ordinarily, and stragglers took up their stations within it, defying the beadle. Mr. Hastings's family stole into the room alluded to. Grace, who constituted herself mistress of the others a vast deal more than Mrs. Hastings herself did, allowed the blind to be drawn up about two inches at the bottom of the panes; and Maria, Isaac, Harry, and Rose, kneeling down for convenience sake, brought their faces into contact with it, as the mob outside the churchyard gate did there. Human nature is the same everywhere, whether in the carefully-trained children of a Christian gentleman, or in those who know no training but what the streets give.

The funeral, even now, was inside the church: it had been inside so long that those eager watchers, estimating time by their impatience, began to think it was never coming out. A sudden movement in the church porch reassured them. "Grace," said Maria, below her breath, "it is coming now." And Grace knelt down and made one with the rest. Grace had to stoop her head uncomfortably, as they did. But they dared not have the blind higher, lest Mr. Hastings should detect them at the window: or, worse still, Thomas Godolphin.

Slowly—slowly—on it came. The Reverend Mr. Hastings first in his white robes; the coffin next; Thomas Godolphin last, with a stranger by his side. Nothing more, save some pall-bearers, in their white scarfs, and the necessary attendants. It was a perfectly simple funeral: according well with what the dead had been in her simple life.

The sight of this stranger took the curious gazers by surprise. Who was he? A spare, gentlemanly man, past the middle age, with a red nose and an unmistakable wig on his head. The rumours circulating in Prior's Ash had been that Thomas Godolphin would be the sole mourner. Lady Sarah Grame's relatives—and she could not boast of many—lived far north of Aberdeen. "Who can he be?" murmured Grace Hastings.

"Why, don't you girls know? That's through your having stuck yourselves in the house all the morning, for fear you should lose the funeral. If you had gone out, you'd have heard who he is." The retort

came from Harry Hastings. Let it be a funeral or a wedding, that may be taking place under their very sight, boys must be boys all the world over. And so they ever will be.

"Who is he, then?" asked Grace.

"He is Ethel's uncle," answered Harry. "He arrived by the train this morning. The Earl of Macsomething."

"The Earl of Macsomething!" repeated Grace.

Harry nodded. "Mac begins the name, and I forget the rest. Lady Sarah was his sister."

"Is, you mean," said Grace. "It must be Lord Macdoune."

The church porch was opposite the study window. The grave had been dug in a line with the two, much nearer the window than the church; in fact, nearly underneath the hedge of the burial-ground. On it came, crossing the broad churchyard path which wound round to the road, crossing over patches of grass, treading between mounds and graves. The clergyman took his place at the head, the mourners near him, the rest disposing themselves decently around.

"Grace," whispered Isaac, "if we had the window open an inch, we should hear." And Grace was pleased to accord her sanction, and they silently raised it.

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

The children—indeed they were but little more—hushed their breath and listened, and looked at Thomas Godolphin. Thomas Godolphin stood there, his head bowed, his face still, the gentle wind stirring his thin dark hair. It was probably a marvel to himself, in after-life, how he had contrived, in that closing hour, to retain his calmness before the world.

"The coffin's lowered at last!" broke out Harry, who had been more curious to watch the movements of the men, than the aspect of Thomas Godolphin.

"Hush, sir!" sharply rebuked Grace. And the minister's voice again stole over the silence.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth . . . ashes to ashes . . . dust to dust . . . in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself."

Every word came home to Thomas Godolphin's senses; every syllable vibrated upon his heartstrings. That sure and certain hope laid hold of his soul, never again to quit it. It diffused its own holy peace and calm in his troubled mind: and never, until that moment, had he fully realised the worth, the truth, of her dying legacy: "Tell him that I am but gone on before." A few years: God, now present with him, alone knew how few or how many: and Thomas Godolphin would have joined her in eternal life.

But why had Mr. Hastings come to a temporary pause? Because his eyes had fallen upon one, then gliding up from the entrance of the

churchyard to take his place amidst the mourners. One who had evidently arrived in a hurry. He wore neither scarf nor hatband, neither cloak nor hood : nothing but a full suit of plain black clothes.

"Look, Maria!" whispered Grace.

It was George Godolphin. He fell quietly in below his brother, his hat carried in his hand, his head bowed, his fair curls waving in the breeze. It was all the work of an instant: and the minister resumed:

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."

And so went on the service to the end.

The beadle, with much bustle and a liberal use of his staff, scattered and dispersed the mob from the gates, so as to clear a passage. Two mourning-coaches were in waiting. Thomas Godolphin came forth, leaning on his brother's arm, both of them bare-headed still. They entered one; Lord Macdoune stepped into the other. The Reverend Mr. Hastings passed through his private gate to his own garden; and half a dozen men were shovelling in earth upon the coffin as fast as they could shovel it, sending it with a rattle on the bright plate which told who was mouldering within:

"ETHEL GRAME. Aged twenty years."

III.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.

"THOMAS!" cried George Godolphin, leaning forward and seizing his brother's hand impulsively, as the mourning-coach paced slowly on, "I should have been here in good time, but for a delay in the train."

"How did you hear of it? I did not know where to write to you," calmly asked Thomas.

"I heard of it at Broomhead. I went back there, and then I came off at once. Thomas, could they not save her?"

A slight, negative movement was all Thomas Godolphin's answer. "How did you find your father, George?"

"Breaking. Breaking fast. Thomas, all his talk is, that he must come home to die."

"To Ashlydyat. I know. How is he to come to it? The Folly is not Ashlydyat. He has desired me to see that he is at Prior's Ash before Christmas, and I shall do so."

George looked surprised. Desired you to see that he is?"

"If he is not back speedily, I am to go to Broomhead."

"Oh, I see. That your authority, upholding his, may be pitted against my lady's. Take care, Thomas: she may prove stronger than both of you put together."

Thomas Godolphin sat in his place at the bank, opening the morning letters. It was some days subsequent to the interment of Ethel Grame, and the second week in December was already on the wane. In two days more it was his intention to start for Broomhead: for no tidings arrived of the return of Sir George. The very last of the letters he came upon, was one bearing the Scotch post-mark. A little poor note

with a scrawled address: no wonder the sorting-clerk had placed it underneath! It looked very obscure, in comparison with those large blue letters and their business hands.

Thomas Godolphin knew the writing. It was Margery's. And we may as well read the contents with him, *verbatim* :

"MR. THOMAS, SIR,—I imbrace this favorable oportunity of adresing you for I considur it my duty to take up my pen and inform you about my master, *He's not long for this world*, Mr. Thomas I know it by good tokens which I don't write not being a easy writer but they are none the less true, The master's fretting his life away because he is not at home and she is a keeping him because she's timorus of the fever, But you saw how it was sir when you was here and it's the same story still, There'd have been a fight for it with my lady but if I'd been you Mr. Thomas I'd have took him also when me and the young ladies went with you to Prior's Ash, When I got back here, sir I see a awful change in him and Mr. George he see it but my lady didn't, I pen these here lines sir to say you had better come off at once and not wait for it to be nearer Christmas, The poor master he's always saying *Thomas is coming for me Thomas is coming for me* but I'd not answer for it now that he will ever get back alive, Sir it was the worst day's work he ever did to go away at all from Ashlydyat if my lady was dying to live at the new Folly place she might have went to it but not him, When we do a foolish wrong thing we don't think of the consequences at the time at least not much of em but we think all the more after and fret our hearts out with blame and it have been slowly killing him ever since, I am vexed to disturb you Mr. Thomas with this epistle for I know you must be in enough grief of your own just now,
Your humble servant

"MARGERY."

Thomas Godolphin read it over twice, and then crossed to the other side of the private room, where sat a gentleman at another desk. A tall, portly man, with a fresh colour, large keen dark eyes, and hair white as snow. It was Mr. Crosse.

"Anything particular, Thomas?" he asked, as Thomas Godolphin put the letter in his hand.

"Not in business. Read it, will you?"

Mr. Crosse read the letter through. "Is it my advice you wish for?" asked he, when he came to the last word.

"Not exactly," replied Thomas Godolphin. "I have made up my mind, I believe."

"To go immediately?"

"Yes. Within an hour."

"Right. It is what I should have recommended you to do, had you been undecided. When it comes to letter-writing with Margery, the thing is serious, rely upon it."

Thomas Godolphin returned to his own place, gave some twenty minutes to business, and then passed into the sitting-room. Janet and Bessy were alone in it. Janet was looking over her housekeeping ac-

counts—never a more exact controller than she—Bessy was indulging herself with a look at the morning's paper.

"Janet, I am going to Broomhead."

Janet, who had been adding up some figures, marked down the sum total, before she turned to her brother. "Have you had news? Not another despatch!"

"I have had a letter from Margery," said Thomas, sitting down for an instant near the table, and producing the letter. "I shall start at once, Janet, and not wait for Saturday."

The remarks of the two sisters on the letter were very different. "He never *will* reach home alive," said Janet, in a low tone, in acquiescence with the one remark which, of all the rest, took most hold upon her.

"Thomas, go you, and bring him straight off at once," said practical Bessy. "If papa has this strong wish to be back, it is not to be tolerated that he must give it up to the whims of my lady. Never was such a thing heard of in these enlightened days, as for a man to be under petticoat government to that extent. As good constitute him a prisoner at once. If he desires to return to the Folly, he shall return. We know that in illness there's no place like home."

Janet shook her head. "He cannot come *home*, Bessy. Ashlydyat is his home; not the Folly."

"At any rate, he will be closer to it at the Folly than he is at Broomhead," was Bessy's answer.

The railway station nearest to Broomhead, was three miles distant from it, road way: but there was a shorter cut across some fields—bearing past the house of that Mr. Sandy Bray, if you are curious to know—which reduced it to less than two. It was one of those rural stations so little frequented, that travellers were tempted to ask why it was built. Such a thing as a fly, for hire, or an omnibus, had never yet been seen at it, at mid-day: you may therefore judge what chance Thomas Godolphin had of either, getting there, as he did, at midnight. He was the only passenger to descend, and the train went shrieking on. The man, who lived in the one-roomed cottage close by, and was called the station-master, appeared to be the only official to receive him. A man who had been drafted thither from one of the English lines.

"For Broomhead, sir?" he questioned, recognising the traveller.

"Yes. Do you happen to know how Sir George Godolphin is?"

"He looks rare and poorly, sir. He was past here in his carriage to-day. Huddled up in a corner of it, as if he was cold; or else hadn't got the strength to sit up. Her ladyship was inside with him."

"There's no porter about, I suppose?"

"He has been gone this two hours, sir. I'd offer to carry your luggage myself, but I shall have the up express by in half an hour. I shut up for the night then."

"I would not trouble you for so trifling a matter, were you at liberty, at this hour," replied Thomas Godolphin.

He took up his portmanteau himself: a small thing not much larger than what the French would call a *petit sac-de-nuit*, containing little besides a clean shirt and his shaving tackle: and started, bending his steps not along the road, but across it to the stile.

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M

"I'd not take the field way to-night, sir, if I were you," said the man from the station door. "The road is the safest."

"Why is it?" asked Thomas Godolphin.

"There's a nasty bit, the field way, a quarter of a mile afore you come to Bray's. Anybody, not knowing it well, might take the wrong turning, and go, head first, into the dam."

"But I do know it well," said Thomas Godolphin. "And the night is light enough for me to distinguish the turnings."

The station-master looked up at the skies. If that's not speaking figuratively, for he could see nothing but fog. A light, hazy mist; not a dark one; which seemed likely to turn to rain. He said no more, save a Good night, sir, and Thomas Godolphin walked on. Hesitating for a moment between the two roads, and then turning decisively to that of the fields, as if some hidden impulse impelled him. Perhaps it did.

It was not a pleasant night, a pleasant time, or a pleasant way: and Thomas Godolphin, as he sped on, began to think he should have done well to telegraph his intended journey from Prior's Ash to Broomhead, that they might have sent a conveyance to await him at the station. Regrets were of no use now, and he trudged along, taking two steps forward, and slipping one back, for the ground in places was wet and slippery. It was a peculiar night. There was no moon; there were no stars; no skies in fact to be seen at all, as you have heard; and yet the night was light. The haze itself seemed to cast a light: it was not near the earth, not surrounding Thomas Godolphin; but appeared to be far away, like a gauzy curtain shrouding the heavens and the horizon.

What were Thomas Godolphin's thoughts bent upon? Need you ask? For some time to come, days and weeks and months, they must run chiefly on her who had left him. He remembered his last arrival at Broomhead: he remembered his thoughts as he had walked from the station like he was doing now; though then it had been by daylight. His thoughts had been of Ethel, and his coming marriage; his thoughts had been of that farewell kiss which she had pressed upon his lips. Now—now he must only think of her as one of Heaven's angels.

He lifted his hat to wipe his brow, and then changed his load to the other hand. He was coming to the dam now. He could hear its waters. Go carefully, Thomas Godolphin! A few steps down that dark turning, and you might never be heard of more. But he knew the way, and the night was light, and he bore on his proper course, and the dangerous turn was passed.

A little way farther on, and he could discern the outline of Bray's cottage in the distance. A light burnt in one of the windows, and he wondered who was ill. Probably Margery's sister. It was a diversion to his own sad reflections. Next he became absorbed in thoughts of his father. How should he find him? Ideas, we all know, assume the colouring of surrounding associations, and Thomas Godolphin, in that solitary midnight hour, grew to take a more sombre view of the news contained in Margery's letter than he had hitherto done. It is wonderful how circumstances affect us! In the broad light of day, walking, for instance, as he had done previously to Broomhead, apprehensions would not have come over him. Now he pictured his father (by no will of his own: the scenes rose up uncalled) as lying ill, perhaps dying. Perhaps even

then a telegraphic message to him might be on its road to Prior's Ash ! Perhaps——

A shrill scream right over his head, and Thomas Godolphin positively started. It proceeded from some night-bird that had dived down upon him and now flew onwards, flapping its wings. That superstitious Margery would have called it an evil omen.

Thomas Godolphin followed it with his eyes, speculating upon what bird it could be. It looked like a seagull ; had screamed like one : but the sea was far off, and, if it was one, it must have come a long distance.

Back it came again, and dived down as before. Seemed to dive down close upon his head, like those ugly leather-winged bats will do. Thomas Godolphin did not like it, and he wished the portmanteau in his hand had been a gun. "Nasty screaming things !" he ejaculated. "I wonder what good these restless night-birds do, save disturb from sleep any worn-out mortal, who may be within hearing ?"

Scenes of the recent past rose up before him : the dark sombre scenes in which he had been an actor. The ominous Shadow of Ashlydyat, striking on his sight as he turned the ash-trees, the night of his previous summons to Broomhead : the dead face of Ethel lying on her bed : the reminiscence of the funeral scene ; of his walking away from it with the dull sound of the earth falling on her coffin smiting his ears ! None of them pleasant things to recal at that particular hour. Why should they have come to him ?

"What business had they there at such a time ?"

Drive them away, he could not. But neither did he try. They served to make doubly sad, doubly ominous, his new fears for his father. He knew how precarious was Sir George's life. What if he were then dying ! Nay, what if it were the very moment of his departure ?—if he were dead ? having called upon his children, upon him, Thomas, in vain ?

That odious bird once more ! It flew over his head with a shriek shriller than the last. Thomas Godolphin was at that moment within a few paces of a stile which lay in his path. He turned his head round to look after the bird, not slackening his pace, putting out his hand before him to save himself from knocking violently against the stile. The hand came in contact with the stile, and Thomas let it rest momentarily : his head was turned still, watching the bird, which was then flying round and round, making fierce circlelets in the air.

But he could not stop there all night, staring at the bird, and he turned sharply round to cross the stile. Placing one foot on its lower rail, he——

What made Thomas Godolphin start back as if he had been shot ? Who and what was that, standing on the other side of the stile fixedly gazing at him ? A tall, shadowy, upright form, all dark, bearing the unmistakable features of Sir George Godolphin.

Will you—you strong, practical, unimaginative men of the world—forgive Thomas Godolphin if in that one brief moment the wild superstitions, instilled into his mind in childhood, were allowed their play ? Forgive him, or not, it was the fact. In imagination, but the instant before, he had seen his father lying upon his bed, the soul parting from the body : and Thomas Godolphin as much believed what he now saw

before him was his father's spirit, as that he, himself, was in existence. The spirit, appearing to him in the moment of its departure. His flesh turned cold, and the drops gathered on his brow.

"My son, can it be you?"

Thomas Godolphin came out of his folly, and grasped his father. That it was real flesh and blood which yielded to his arms, he now knew: but perhaps the *surprise* that it should be so, was even greater than the other emotion. Sir George Godolphin there! at that midnight hour! nearly a mile from his home! and bareheaded! Was it really Sir George? Thomas Godolphin rubbed his eyes, and thought he, himself, must have taken leave of his senses.

"My father! my dear father! what are you doing here?"

"I thought I'd go to the station, Thomas, and see about a special train. I must go to Ashlydyat to die."

Thomas got over the stile. The tone, the manner, the words altogether had betrayed to him an unhappy fact: that his father's mind was not in a state of perfect sanity. He trembled for his health, too. It was a cold raw night, sloppy under foot in places, and here was Sir George in his black evening costume, his white waistcoat, without so much as an over-coat thrown on! He, who had only been out since that last fainting fit in a close carriage; and, then, well wrapped up.

"Where is your hat, father?"

The old knight lifted his hand to his head and felt it, as if he had not known that his hat was away. "I must have come out without it, Thomas," he said. "What was that noise over there?" he continued, pointing above the stile to the way Thomas had come, his frame shaking all over with cold, as he spoke.

"I think it was a seagull. Or some screeching night-bird."

"I could not get over the stile, Thomas. The walk seemed to have taken the strength out of me. How did you come here? I thought you were at Prior's Ash."

Thomas Godolphin was busy. He had taken off his great-coat, and was putting it on his father, buttoning it up carefully. A less man in size than Sir George, it did not fit very well: but Sir George had shrunk. The hat fitted better.

"But you have not got a hat yourself!" said Sir George, surveying his son's head, when he had submitted in patient silence to the dressing.

"I don't want one," replied Thomas. "The night-air will not hurt me." Nevertheless, all the way to Broomhead, he was looking on either side, if perchance he might come upon Sir George's, lying in the road.

Thomas drew his father close, to support him on his arm, and they commenced their walk to the house. Not until then did Thomas know how very weak his father was. Stooping, shivering, tripping with every other step, it appeared impossible that he could walk back: the wonder was, how he had walked there.

Thomas Godolphin halted in dismay. How was he to get his father home? Carry him, he could not: it was beyond his physical strength. The light in Bray's window suggested a thought to him.

"Father, I think you had better go to Bray's, and stay there while I see for your hand-chair. You are not able to walk."

"I won't go to Bray's," returned the knight, with a touch of fiery vehemence. "I don't like Bray, and I will not put my foot inside his threshold. Besides, it's late, and my lady will miss us."

He pressed on somewhat better, towards home, and Thomas Godolphin saw nothing else that could be done, save to press with him, and give him all the help in his power. "My dear father, you should have waited until the morning," he said, "and have gone out then."

"But I wanted to see about a train, Thomas," remonstrated the knight. "And I can't do it in the day. She will not let me. When we drive past the railway station, she won't get out, and won't let me. Thomas! I want to go back to Ashlydyat."

"I have come to take you back, my dear father."

"Ay, ay. And mind you are firm when she says I must not go because of the fever. The fever will not hurt me, Thomas. I can't be firm. I am grown feeble, and people take my will from me. You are my first-born son, Thomas."

"Yes."

"Then you must be firm for me, I say."

"I will be, father."

"This is a rough road, Thomas!"

"No, it is smooth: and I am glad that it is. But you are tired."

The old knight bent his head, as if picking his steps. Presently he lifted it again:

"Thomas, when do they quit Ashlydyat?"

"Who, sir? The Verralls? They have not had notice yet."

Sir George stopped. He drew up his head to his full height, and turned it on his son. "Not had notice? When, then, do I go back? I won't go to Lady Godolphin's Folly. I must go to Ashlydyat."

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, soothingly. "I will see about it."

The knight, satisfied, resumed his walk. "Of course you will see about it. You are my son and heir, Thomas. I depend upon you."

They pursued their way for some little time in silence, and then Sir George spoke again, his tone a hushed one. "Thomas, I have put on mourning for her. I mourn her as much as you do. And you did not get there in time to see her alive!"

"Not in time. No," replied Thomas, looking hard into the mist overhead.

"I'd have come to the funeral, Thomas, if she had let me. But she was afraid of the fever. George got there in time for it?"

"Barely."

"When he came back to Broomhead, and heard of it, he was so cut up, poor fellow. Cut up for your sake, Thomas. He said he should be in time to follow her to the grave if he started at once, and he went off then. Thomas"—dropping his voice still lower—"whom shall you take to Ashlydyat now?"

"My sisters."

"Nay. But as your wife? You will be replacing Ethel sometime."

"I shall never marry now, father."

At length Broomhead was reached. Thomas held open the gate of the shrubbery for his father, and guided him through it.

"Shall we have two engines, Thomas?"

"Two engines, sir! What for?"

"They'd take us quicker, you know. This is not the station!" broke forth Sir George, in a sharp, wailing tone of complaint, as they emerged beyond the shrubbery, and the house stood in face of them. "Oh, Thomas! you said you were taking me to Ashlydyat! I cannot die away from it!"

Thomas Godolphin stood nearly confounded. His father's discourse, the greater part of it, at any rate, had been so rational, that he had begun to hope he was mistaken as to his weakness of mind. "My dear father, be at rest," he said: "we will start, if you like, with morning light. But, to go now to the station would not forward us: it is by this time closed for the night."

They found the house in a state of commotion. Sir George had been missed, and servants were out, searching for him. Lady Godolphin regarded Thomas with all the eyes she possessed, thunderstruck at his appearance there and then. "What miracle brought you here?" she uttered.

"No miracle, Lady Godolphin. I am thankful that I happened to come. What might have become of Sir George without me, I know not. I expect he would have remained at the stile where I found him, till morning: and might have caught his death."

"He will catch that speedily, if he is to decamp out of the house at midnight in this mad manner," peevishly rejoined my lady.



THE ROYAL BEREAVEMENT.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

LADY and Sovereign! If the holy tear
 Affection sheds on love's untimely bier
 Should solace need, behold at sorrow's shrine
 A grateful people blend its grief with thine,
 Mourning the consort of the royal choice,
 Whose life was whispered out by God's still voice.
 Dark clouds have curtain'd Windsor's stately towers,
 Within still darker pass the lonely hours.
 Remember! he for whom thy spirit mourns
 Sprang from eternal light, and there returns;
 Shoots his bright car along the ethereal way,
 To bask in regions of eternal day;
 His earthly noontide past, his evening come,
 And he who sent him only call'd him home
 To his reward, from meaner things below—
 Sooner perhaps because more ripe to go,

Where all is glorious spirit, heaven-refined,
The bright elysium of immortal mind.

But the disconsolate ! all hopes and fears
Have pass'd into a wilderness of tears,
And mutual grief, though impotent is woe,
E'en the great heart of Britain's overflow ;
Sorrow will have its course, however vain,
And love still linger but to nourish pain.

Illustrious Lady ! if thy sorrowing eyes
Rest on thy loved one's mournful obsequies,
And height of fondness change to depth of woe
While nations kindred sympathies bestow—
If false to comfort in affliction's hour,
Majestic calmness, and unshaken power,
A mighty throne, a people proud and free—
Turn to the garden of Gethsemane,
Where one of birth divine and regal stem
Wept o'er the loved, the lost Jerusalem !

The Arts bereaved are clad in deepest gloom,
While Science, bent before the royal tomb,
Sadly recalls the mandate of the skies—
"Man lives one moment, and the next he dies !"
Then sacred be the sorrows of a throne—
"Leave us to mourn, for we would mourn alone."

Sovereign beloved ! the glory of the free,
How truly great it is to reign like thee
In human hearts, that bless thee in thy power,
And share thy sorrow in this bitter hour,
When death the golden rein of love controls,
And the sweet servitude of kindred souls !
Strong resignation be thy resting-place,
And calm thy royal sorrows into peace,
Till the last day-spring beaming in the sky
Display the portal of eternity,
Where nature and her nobler hearts shall share
The eternal spring that blooms for ever there—
Till when be this the mourner's orison :
"Lord as in heaven on earth Thy will be done !"

THE CONSTABLE BOURBON.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

MICHELET is clear that the young cadet of the Montpensier family was made Constable of France, simply because the king's mother, Louise of Savoy, was over head and ears in love with him. "Maladive, mais belle encore, passionnée, violente et sensuelle, elle avait fait trêve aux galanteries; elle avait un amour." The young man of whom she was enamoured—of sombre mien, and tragic Italian aspect (a Gonzague he was, on his mother's side)—had married the heiress of Bourbon, a little humpbacked *malade*, who had not long to live. The king's mother reckoned on this approaching decease. The Constable had become Constable by tolerating that august lady's demonstrativeness, to which, indeed, he so far responded as even to engage himself to her, and accept from her that enthralling symbol, a ring. This fatal present was the ruin of him: by means of it, Louise felt herself sure of holding him fast; in virtue of it she claimed him, pursued him, persecuted him, was the perdition of him. In the compass of that tiny golden round he might be said to carry about with him Louise and her fortunes. "Elle s'attacha à cet anneau"—and when the finger it encircled was cold as its own rigid, metallic clasp, she burned to have it back again, that *anneau fatal qui le perdit*, and caused search to be made for it, in sacked and smoking Rome, on the corpse of revolted Bourbon.

It was convenient to keep Louise in good humour by an apparent return of attachment and harmony in design. But the Constable was duping her all the while. His views tended elsewhere. He had no notion, in reality, of raising a seed of belated brothers to the king, by wedding the Savoyarde. His object was to marry a Daughter of France, a princess who (were but the Salic law cancelled) would give him a semblance of right. The two future queens of Protestantism occupied his thoughts,—the daughter of Louis XII., Renée, who became Duchess of Ferrara; and graceful, spirituelle, charming Marguerite d'Alençon, married unhappily, but then married to one of those figures whose look tells you, Wife will be Widow soon. Now, according to Michelet, Bourbon's plan was to win the daughter, Marguerite, by the unconscious agency of the mother, Louise.*

Constable Charles had a dangerous number of relatives among the enemies of France. There was a deal of the Gonzague about him, and very little of the Montpensier. Henry VIII., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was struck by the aspect and mien of the mysterious-looking sword-bearer. The Tudor's penetrating eye saw some way into the man, but only far enough to recognise unsounded depths below, that lay in obscure and unruffled silence, and might one day be stirred into perilous unrest. Bluff Harry mistrusted the man with all his heart, and even said to King Francis, "If I had such a subject as that in my dominions, I would not leave his head on his shoulders long." Louis XII., who,

* See Michelet, *Histoire de France au XVI^m Siècle*, t. viii. ch. viii.

nevertheless, had been the making of him, was also distrustful of Bourbon's impenetrable manner. "I would rather," said Louis, "see in him more *openness* and gaiety, and that he were less taciturn. Nothing is worse than still waters."* Those still waters ran deep, and darkling; the under-current was strong, and often the untracked channel lay underground.

In a modern historical romance—one of Mr. Archibald Boyd's, we believe—a confessedly faithful portrait (romances are not the unlikeliest places for such) is given of Bourbon in his thirty-third year. He is there shown to us reclining "in a large chair, and wrapped in a gown of damask edged with fur." "His features, Roman in their outline, were dignified and noble. The skin had almost the darkness of a Moor's; but it was relieved by an eye whose great intelligence riveted attention and respect. The forehead was lofty, but was already furrowed and careworn; and the mouth, though decided, had irritability strongly marked in its outlines. Altogether, the face, though handsome, conveyed to the spectator a painful feeling, and, like that of Charles the First, suggested the idea of a hasty and untimely end. Is it that coming events cast their prophetic shadows over the spirit, and give to the mind and to its outward expression, that character of melancholy which would be the necessary result of the fate they herald? His hair was long, and fell in ringlets on the shoulders of his doublet; his beard, more pointed than it was usually worn; and his moustache trimmed after the Spanish fashion, at other times, and in other men, a matter of indifference, but in him supposed to express political partialities. A lamp was upon the table, and a copy of Polybius evinced the taste, and hinted at the profession, of the reader.

"Charles de Montpensier, second prince of the blood, was the only surviving son of the Count of Montpensier. In the days of Louis XII., the heir to the throne, Francis, Count of Angoulême, was educated at the Castle of Cognac, under the superintendence of his mother, Louise of Savoy; and thither, to share his studies, was sent the young Montpensier. The lad was handsome. The lady was a widow, middle-aged, and an Italian. Any one of the three qualities is a dangerous addition to female susceptibility; their triple influence was overwhelming; and Louise made a desperate attack on the affections of her pupil. It was not successful. Already the boy had formed for the young daughter of his hostess, Margaret of Valois, an attachment which strengthened with his years, and coloured his future life. It was warmly returned; but state policy laughs at the heart's likings. The Princess was married to the Duke of Alençon; and Montpensier, in his turn, on succeeding, by the death of a kinsman, to the title of the Duke of Bourbon, wedded that kinsman's only child and heiress, by the Lady of Beaujeu, daughter of Louis XI., and obtained possession of the estates of his house. The young Duchess Susanna, plain and sickly, gave to her husband three children, who died in infancy, and then herself followed them to the grave. Bourbon was a widower. With his freedom, the hopes of Louise revived. Like her sex, the Duchess had become more loving as she grew older; and, determined on buying the affection she could not win, she

* *Paroles de Louis XII.*

induced her son, on his succession to the throne, to give the bâton of the Constable to his princely relative, together with the government of the Milanese. The gifts did not produce the expected return. Bourbon remained cold; and Louise, ever in extremes, changed at once her policy, and persuaded the easy-tempered King to recal Montpensier from Italy, and deprive him of what was the right of his military rank, the command of the advanced guard.*

Some writers refuse to see anything else than woman's vengeance in the great trial-case, commenced in the name of Louise, August 12th, 1522, as heiress of the possessions of the house of Bourbon. Without denying woman's vengeance a share in the motives that led to this *procès*, M. Michelet is inclined to believe that a main incentive lay in the consideration, that this man, Charles of Bourbon, visibly the centre of the malcontents, a cousin of Charles the Fifth's, and related to the Croys and the Gonzagues, really looked dangerous enough to justify an attempt to undo him.

The Constable's origin is worth attention.† The Montpensiers descended from the third son of a Bourbon; the Bourbons, from a sixth son of Saint Louis. This branch, the reverse of wealthy, was devoted to war; they kept up a supply of generals. The Constable's father died Viceroy of Naples.

As for the Gonzagues, again, Marquises of Mantua, they too let themselves out as generals, in which capacity they were engaged by the Pope, by Venice, and by the King of France. Princes and condottieri (like the Dukes of Urbino and Ferrara), they "made" soldiers, and sold them ready made. Petty as their position might be, they had ambition the most unlimited—views that were lost in the dim and dusky distance. They contracted alliance with the Sultan, with Germany, in countries rich in fighting men: they married their daughters to the soldier-princes of Würtemberg and Brandenburg,—one, in France, to these Montpensiers. In later times, a Gonzague, who became by marriage Duc de Nevers, figured in the civil wars of France.

Their foresight served them right well. The Montpensiers, albeit younger sons of younger sons, *cadets de cadets*, had some capital opportunities thrown in their way, and were too dexterous not to turn them to account. As the royal houses were wearing out so fast, possibly they might ere long remain the sole representatives of the Bourbons; and who knew but that, as Bourbons, they might even arrive at the throne itself? These cadets, all of them, says Michelet, dreamed of nothing less, nothing else: *ne rêvaient d'autre chose*. Their devices show it. Berri, brother to Charles V., had for his device: "*Le temps viendra*" (I bide my time). Burgundy: "*J'ai hâte*" (I hasten). Bourbon: "*Espérance*" (Hope). Bourbon-Albret: "*Ce qui doit être ne peut manquer*"—which may mean Right makes Might, or, perhaps, What must be will be.

Charles Montpensier-Gonzague was an orphan when Anne de Beaujeu adopted him. This second son of a Montpensier she raised, and helped onwards, and made of him the "brilliant, dangerous, fatal man, who was to be the ruin of France." Nothing could be more irregular than the

* The Duchess: a Romance. 1850.

† See the tenth chapter of Michelet's "*Réforme*."

match that was got up for him with the little deformed girl, not yet fourteen, the Bourbon heiress, by whom he was entitled to an "immense succession," which otherwise reverted to the crown. In 1504 the match came off.* And now young Charles of Bourbon, "become sovereign in seven provinces, was led, by this prodigious piece of fortune, and by the frantic arrogance of his education, to indulge in atrocious dreams of breaking up France piecemeal." Two duchies, four *comtés*, two *vicomtés*, and an infinite number of castle-wards and lordships, were included in the Bourbon domains—comprising a realm within the realm of France. This *bizarre empire* comprised not only the great central massive fief of Bourbonnais, Auvergne, and Marche (several departments), but very important outlying positions as well. And then again, "as if this monster of power were not formidable enough already, the furious infatuation of an intriguing woman superadded to his feudal strength the strength of silver and gold. She treated him as a husband, giving him, out of finances with the drain of a great European war upon them, three or four princely pensions: as Constable, 24,000 livres; as chamberlain, 14,000; 24,000 as governor of Languedoc; 14,000 to deduct from the taxes of Bourbonnais. He enjoyed, too, unheard-of facilities for adding to these revenues; on a single occasion he made poverty-stricken Auvergne vote him a sum of 50,000 livres! These amounts must be multiplied by ten, to give the difference in money value between then and now; and in those days, comparatively so miserable, the power of money was incalculable.

"The King, with a degree of folly that surpassed his mother's madness, placed the Constable in Milanais, after Marignan, leaving the conquest to him, establishing the Italian in the heart of Italy, in the neighbourhood of Mantua and the Gonzagues. All the vagrant bands of soldiers out of work would be flowing in his direction, both Italians and Germans. Before long, out of this Constable of France would have been made a King of Lombardy.—What acted as a tie upon him was, that Francis had no male child. He might be heir—might be in the curious situation of the king's father-in-law and adopted son, both in one. In 1518, however, a Dauphin was born, and then, turning his back on the king's mother, he wanted to have Renée of France, daughter of King Louis XII., which would have enabled him, some day or other, to maintain that she represented the elder branch of the Valois, and so to oust Francis I., who, being of the Angoulême branch, had only the right of a cadet. To bring this about, what was wanting? The annulling of the Salic law, in effecting which he would have won applause, and been aided by his cousin Charles V., and by all those princes who had daughters of the house of France in their families.

"Louise, in despair, had at first thought of suppressing his pensions, with a view to subject the faithless Constable to salutary restraint. The King, in 1521, whether from distrust or jealousy, deprived him of one of his highest privileges as Constable, the right of leading the van-guard, of conducting the army where and as he pleased."*

Bourbon had now a pretext for treason. This personal slight must be resented by no mere stroke of individual retaliation. True, a man of

* Michelet, *ubi supra*, pp. 201 sq. 2^{me} édit.

patriotic feeling might have been expected to act rather on the principle of "the noble Douglas," in Scott's metrical romance—

Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those chords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?

History, however, in the person of numerous representatives, has put the best construction on Bourbon's revolt, and espoused his side in the quarrel. Frederick Schlegel, who honours Charles V. for honouring great men, appreciating their qualities, and thereby attaching them to himself, calls it one of the noblest victories of all he had gained over Francis, when he "deprived him of Bourbon, at once the first of his vassals and one of the best generals of the age." Bourbon's defection, which was "almost necessitated," says Schlegel, "by the violent steps taken against him, if it cannot be altogether justified, may yet be palliated, and moreover must not be judged by the principles of public law subsequently established; it must, on the contrary, be judged according to the then existing relations of the great vassals."* Among the incentives with which *Terzky* plies *Wallenstein*, in Schiller's tragedy, when urging revolt from the Emperor, and alliance with the Swedes, occurs this passage:

Think not more meanly of thyself than do
Thy foes, who stretch their hands with joy to greet thee.
Less scrupulous far was the Imperial Charles,
The powerful head of this illustrious house;
With open arms he gave the Bourbon welcome;
For still by policy the world is ruled.†

But *Wallenstein's* mind, as yet hesitating and suspensive, cannot get over the obstinate self-questioning, so ill-boding and fatally pertinent as regards himself,

How fared it with the brave and royal Bourbon
Who sold himself unto his country's foes,
And pierced the bosom of his father-land?
Curses were his reward, and men's abhorrence
Avenged th' unnatural and revolting deed.‡

A breach between Francis and Bourbon, says one popular writer, was the more easily effected from the great contrast between their characters: Francis being gay, open, gallant, superficial, fond of pleasure, and averse from business; Bourbon, grave, reserved, thoughtful, profound, and laborious. "In April, 1521, the Constable's wife, Suzanne de Bourbon, died. He had previously lost the three children he had by her. The breach between the Court and the Constable daily widened. In a northern campaign against Charles V., Francis gave the command of the vanguard, which, by a practice established in the French armies,

* Schlegel's Lectures on Modern History, XIII.

† Schiller, *The Death of Wallenstein*, Act I., Sc. 6.

‡ Ibid.—These lines are omitted in Coleridge's admirable translation. We quote, therefore, from Mr. G. F. Richardson's complementary version.

belonged to the Constable, to the Duc d'Alençon. From that moment Bourbon regarded himself as degraded from his dignity. He was frequently heard to quote that answer of a courtier to Charles VII., who asked if anybody was capable of shaking his fidelity :—' No, Sire, no, not the offer of three kingdoms such as yours ; but an affront is.' Fresh injuries and insults were heaped upon Bourbon." For instance, the Chancellor Du Pradt, we are told, by examining the titles of the house of Bourbon, thought he saw, that by perverting the use of some words, he might be able to deprive the Constable of his estates, and convey them to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, or to the King. He explained to the duchesse that she had a right to the greatest part of the property of the house of Bourbon, as the nearest relative of the deceased Suzanne, and that the rest reverted to the crown. " Madame [Louise of Savoy] admired the ability and zeal of the chancellor, and entered fully into his views. She is said to have flattered herself that Bourbon would choose rather to secure his rights by marrying her, than be reduced to misery. But the haughty and austere Bourbon, when his friends pressed him to marry the princess, placing in the most favourable light her power, wit, and riches, said that he was so sure of his right that he was ready to try it before any or all of the courts ; he declared, moreover, that honour was far dearer to him than property, and that he would never again incur the reproach of having degraded himself by marrying a profligate woman." The result, it is added, of such a trial, under such a government as that of France at that time, may be easily foreseen : the parliament decreed that all the property in litigation should be sequestered—" which was to reduce Bourbon to beggary." The same writer conjectures that if such a thing had happened in France two or perhaps even one century earlier, to a man so powerful as Bourbon at once by station and by talent and energy, the struggle would most likely have terminated in Charles of Bourbon filling the throne in the room of Francis of Valois. " As it was, another fate was reserved for Bourbon. Francis having obtained intelligence that he had entered into a secret correspondence with the Emperor Charles V., Bourbon was obliged to make his escape from France, which he did with some difficulty. Some proposals which were afterwards made to him by Francis were rejected by Bourbon, who had good reason to distrust his sincerity. Bourbon was now thrown upon Charles V., who, though not a little disappointed at receiving a banished man instead of a powerful ally, as he had at first expected, appointed him his lieutenant-general in Italy. He surrounded him, however, with colleagues and spies." In 1525 the result of the famous battle of Pavia, where Bourbon commanded a body of about nineteen thousand Germans, raised by him professedly for the emperor's service, " afforded him ample vengeance for his wrongs," not merely in that perhaps trivial and at any rate secondary consideration, the destruction of the French army, but " particularly in the capture of Francis*

* Here is what Horace Walpole deemed a not unworthy historical parallel. In his *Journal* of March, 1778, we read: " Dr. Franklin was received at Versailles in form on the 17th, as Ambassador for the United States of America. This triumph has never been exceeded but by the capture of Francis I. by the Constable of Bourbon, which, perhaps, was inferior to Franklin's, as the latter was a private man, and triumphed by his own abilities over the King of Great

and the death of Bonnivet, his [the Constable's] chief personal enemy."² Every allowance, surely, is made for a renegade's grievances, in narratives of this purport; not less surely than that all his misdoings are darkened, and his motives put in the worst light, by writers like Michelet, who to a strong national bias, unite a dramatic intensity of description, ever eager for situation and effect.

In further exemplification of that favourable regard for the Constable which, on the whole, predominates apparently, among English authors, the following extract from one who, though no historian, was a very popular bookwright in his day (and in fiction deservedly so), reads curiously in contrast with Michelet's portraiture. After saying that private animosities had long rendered Bourbon adverse to Francis, and that the English and imperial cabinets, aware of his disposition, incited the Constable to take the decisive step, "rebellion against his king,"—Mr. Galt tells us the price they at first offered for his treachery had been rejected, but that an accumulation of petty circumstances enhanced his resentment, and the terms being made more acceptable, he was induced to enter into the service of Charles. "Bourbon was a plain and gallant soldier; his enmity to Francis arose from the frankness of his nature, and the want of that dissimulation which, while it degrades the man, rarely fails to exalt the courtier. In the outline of his talents he resembled Surrey, then [!] the hero of England;† but, with all the qualities which recommended him to the affections of his companions in danger, Bourbon was deficient in self-control. The principles of loyalty were, in that age, weak among military men, and renown in arms was a higher aim than patriotism. Though Bourbon must ever be regarded as a traitor to his country, his crime, in the opinion of his contemporaries, admitted of a liberal construction."[‡]

About half a century earlier, the relations between another King of France and another Constable of France, elicited some characteristic comments from worldly-wise Philippe de Commines, which Bourbon may have read, and *not* laid to heart. "The Constable," says Commines, treating of the year 1474, "perhaps had a mind that the King should be afraid of him—at least I suppose he had"—and "Had I a friend in that capacity," the statescraftsman continues, "I would advise him to carry himself so, that his master might love him, and not dread him; for I never saw any courtier whose authority depended upon the awe he inspired his prince, but some time or other he was ruined, and by his master's consent. Many examples of this nature have been seen in our time, or not long before, in this kingdom, as in the case of the Lord de la Tremouille and others. In England the Earl of Warwick and his faction were a remarkable instance; I could name others in Spain and elsewhere; but perhaps those who shall read this chapter, may know it

Britain." (Last Journals of Horace Walpole, vol. ii. pp. 223-4.) Horace writes more loosely than usual: first making Bourbon's feat "exceed" all other triumphs on record, and then giving the palm of excellence to America's rare Ben.

* See the article "Charles de Bourbon," in the English Cyclopædia, 1856.

† Surrey, the hero of England, being *then* some nine years old. But Mr. Galt was not particular. Dates were not his forte, any more than style. On the latter subject, see Tom Moore's squib, apropos of the abortive Life of Byron.

‡ Galt's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, book iii.

better than I. This arrogance generally proceeds from some extraordinary service that they have performed, by which they are so strangely puffed up, that they think their merit ought to bear them out in whatever they do, and that their masters cannot live without them."* The king's friends, in Charles de Bourbon's case, would think most of this moralising highly applicable to that overgrown subject. Had he taken old Commynes' counsel, Charles de Bourbon would not (to pervert a pithy phrase) have outrun the Constable.

According to a statement made to Thomas Beelyn by the Emperor Charles V., the occasional cause of Bourbon's eventual rupture with Francis arose as follows. The Constable happened to be in the Queen's room one day, when she was dining all alone. Whether, meanwhile,

The King was in his counting-house, counting out his money, deponent saith not, any more than whether

The Queen was in her parlour eating bread-and-honey,

or what other traditionally regal regale formed her noontide repast. So it was, however, that she bade the Constable be seated, and go shares in the dinner. He must oblige her by taking "pot luck" (a phrase that excludes the bread-and-honey hypothesis): she could take no refusal, and would make no stranger of him. Down sat the Bourbon, accordingly, and, we suppose, began so exhibit his prowess as a trencherman. But all of a sudden the King makes his appearance. The Constable rises, and is for leaving the table. "No, no, *monseigneur*," cries his majesty, "keep your seat. Well, now, is it true what I hear, that you are going to get married?"—"No, sire."—"But I know it to be true, I'm sure of it. I know of all your traffickings with the Emperor. . . . Keep well in mind, you had better, what I tell you on that matter."—"Sire, that is a menace! I have not deserved treatment like this." After dinner, the Constable retired; and to Beelyn's expression of surprise that the King, after allowing those threatening words to escape him, should have permitted Bourbon to get away, Charles V. answered, that the King could not prevent him—all the *grands personnages* being for Bourbon.

It did not take long to render the renegade ill at ease in the Imperial service. He found that service anything but perfect freedom. He felt that Charles slighted and counterchecked him. The Emperor for whom he managed to raise an army, and a victorious one,—that Emperor who, at the period of Bourbon's defection, was without forces and without funds,—showed his gratitude by subordinating the ex-Constable of France to one of his own valets, Lannoy, one of the Croy family, viceroy of Naples, a Fleming void of talent. Pescara, too, was hateful to Bourbon, who would gladly have shaken off his new allegiance, and began to sound England, whether his services would be better appreciated and better paid in that tight little island. Give him one poor month's subsidy, and he would levy a band, burst on France, carry all before him, and make Henry VIII. King of the French. When he plied this offer, he was still sore at the failure of his aggression on Provence, and that forced retreat from Marseilles which disconcerted all his plans. Curious

* Memoirs of Phil. de Commynes, book iii. ch. xii.

to tell, it was by Renzo, or Rance (Orsini), an Italian, and his valiant legion of *proscrits italiens*, that France, on this occasion, was successfully defended against an assailing Frenchman.

Quand Bourbon vit Marseille,
Il a dit à ses gens :
Vray Dieu ! quel capitaine
Trouverons-nous dedans ?
Il ne m'en chaut d'un blanc
D'homme qui soit en France,
Mais que ne soit dedans
Le capitaine Rance.

But so it chanced that le capitaine Rance *was* within, and succeeded in keeping Bourbon out. Experiences at home and abroad of this description, would hardly improve the best of tempers ; and Bourbon's was neither second-best, nor anything approaching thereto. *Some* dissatisfaction with himself must have constantly embittered the dissatisfaction he felt with his Imperial associates. Now and then some precious piece of compensation would make him, no doubt,

—grin horribly a ghastly smile,

as when he waited on the captured King of France, the Pavia prisoner. Not that he let Francis, or any one else, see any token of exultation. And Francis himself is complimented by Michelet on his self-control, and mastery of countenance, mien, and accent, at this trying interview : " His [the King's] perfect dissimulation appeared that evening, in the bitter moment of his having to receive the Constable Bourbon. The latter behaved modestly, presented his duty, and offered his services. The King bore with him, and showed no ungracious visage. One author even assures us that he invited him to his table, with the other generals."*

Every day tended to widen the breach between Bourbon and the Emperor. Charles had no sort of wish to constitute so ambitious an adventurer the absolute conqueror of France, yet was desirous of retaining, encouraging, and making the most of him as a perturber in ordinary, or general make-bate extraordinary, a faction-leader, a live spark of anarchy and civil war. In short, just what Philip II. afterwards had in the Duke of Guise, Philip's father wished to have, and to hold, in Charles de Bourbon. The latter had no notion of being so had, and held, for any sovereign's will and pleasure. He had a will of his own, and was apt to consult it, and give it the preference to any potentate's *sic volo*. Mortifications abounded in his anomalous position ; even the mildest synonymes with "traitor" or "renegade," "apostate" or "rebel," are apt to grate on a sensitive ear ; and in oblique narration, or otherwise, he would often be hearing some such sounds.

Then again, as a well-disposed biographer has remarked, the roving and unsettled life he had led since his revolt, helped to produce in him something of the recklessness, and even ferocity, of the brigands he commanded, and to give to his natural ambition much of the genuine character of wholesale robbery. "It was in the complex state of mind, made up of such elements as these, that he came to the resolution of acting in-

* Michelet, *Réforme*, ch. xiii.

dependently of the emperor, and commencing business as king on his own account. Fortune seemed to throw in his way one means of accomplishing this object, in attaching to himself by the allurements of an immense booty, the army which the emperor did not pay." Those "jolly companions every one" wanted work, and so did their captain. And that captain was the man of men to cut out work for them, and keep them to it.

'Twas after Pavia's stricken field, while Francis was in Spain,
That Bourbon sent a message round, and took the field again;
The flap of his broad banner was heard in Germany,
And set the smiths a sweating both in Spain and Italy.
And soon he saw around him, of men a goodly force,
For nobles pledged their fattest fields to raise a troop of horse;
The fighting men of every land, the gentlemen and yeomen,
The cavalier and hagbutteer, the spearmen and the bowmen;
Beardless boy and wither'd cheek gathered from near and far,
All gallant hearts that wish'd to try the noble art of war.
Their teeth were clean, their purses lean: but thereat nothing loth,
They trusted well that Bourbon would find provender for both.

Whither they went they could not tell, nor eke the why or wherefore;
But well they knew their man, nor more a soldier needs to care for;
They knew that France's chivalry had sunk beneath his star;
And Tremouille and Bayard, who taught him the art of war;
And, if he found his soldiers work, he also made them fat,
And Milan's honest burghers would bear them out in that:
Wherefore their hearts exulted when the pleasant spring had come,
And the lilies were unfolded at the sound of trump and drum.

Tendimus in Latium, was their leader's device now. He would take his merry merry men to Rome itself, and let them plunder at pleasure the Eternal City. Rome was not built in a day, but it might be sacked in one, under leadership and by mettlesome companions like *his*. "*Le voici en Toscane. The rains and snows of springs have not withheld. Not even revolts withhold him. His life is in danger; dead or alive, go he will; he resembles a stone hurled by fatality.*"* Rage, hatred, lust of pillage, lend wings to his followers. The Germans are panting to force an entry into Babylon, and to lay their heavy hands on the very person of Antichrist; and the Spaniards are no less impatient to seize on treasures that have been accumulating for a thousand years, and to rifle the spoils of the wide world. The Pope begins to take fright, and sets about arming the people. The youth of Rome, the servants of the prelates, the cardinals' grooms, the painters and artists too, receive weapons of war. Swaggering Benvenuto Cellini gets ready his arquebuse. But money, where can that be had? The rich conceal theirs, when about to lose it all. One among them does not blush to offer a few ducats. An offer he was to weep for, anon; if he paid not, his daughters did, and at the dearest price that daughters could pay—*de leur honte et du plus indigne supplice*.

"On the fifth of May," writes the most picturesque of French historians, "Bourbon, encamped in the meadows before Rome, sent a derisive message demanding leave to pass through the city; he was going to Naples, he said. On the 6th, a fog favoured his approach; he gave the word for

* Michelet, t. viii. ch. xv.

the assault. The Germans went faintly to work. As for himself—who, in a crime like this, must at least be successful,—he seizes a ladder, and ascends it. A ball strikes him, and he is conscious the stroke is death. ‘Cover me,’ he said to Jonas, a native of Auvergne who had never left him. The man flung his cloak over Bourbon.—But though Bourbon was fallen, the city was nevertheless carried, by storm, with a great massacre of the youth of Rome. Guillaume Du Bellay, our envoy at Florence, who was come post to warn the Pope, took his stand on the bridge of St. Angelo, together with Renzo de Ceri, sword in hand, and so gave Clement VII. time to escape from the Vatican into the castle. From the long hanging gallery which formed the communication, he was an eye-witness of the frightful execution that was going on, seven or eight thousand Romans killed by blows with pike and halberd.

“Never was there a scene of greater atrocity, a more shocking carnival of death. Women, pictures, stoles, dragged away, thrown together pell-mell, torn, soiled, violated. Cardinals on the strappado, princesses in the arms of the soldiery: a chaos, a bizarre medley of blood-stained obscenities, hideous comedies. The Germans, who did a deal of killing at first, and made Saint-Bartholomews of images, Saints, Virgins, were gradually swallowed up in the cellars of the City, and there appeased.” The sober Spaniards, coldly cruel, and the Abruzzo mountaineers, agreed neither with them, nor with each other: the three nations had no fellow-feeling, no intercommunication; and for this, the Romans only suffered the more; “ruined and ransomed by the one, they fell into the hands of the other.” Altogether, it was “a tragedy, like the burning of Moscow, or the earthquake at Lisbon. Every time that one of these great capitals, which concentrate a world of civilisation, is thus struck with ruin, one is led to muse on the universal death that awaits empires, the future *cataclysmes* which shall make this aged earth herself evanish,”*—when

—the great globe itself

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve

. . . . Leave not a rack behind.

But although meditations of this kind are awakened in the modern French historian, by the sack of Rome in 1527, he is constrained to own—*chose étrange, inattendue!*—that, at the time of that outrage, Europe was but slightly moved by its excesses. Nay, so far from indignant emotion being the vogue, there arose in more than one quarter outbreaks of brutal laughter, peals of savage mirth. Germany laughed: the spiritual power, the mystery of terror, was at an end, she supposed. Even the Emperor, the Catholic king, laughed in his sleeve. “He disavows the deed, but his joy is seen through the disapproval; he makes no pause in the fêtes for the birth of his son. The Pope (thinks he), broken as a temporal prince, degraded and brought low, will never recover himself—but is henceforth the sport of kings.” The kings of France and England are “charmed with the event: so superb an opportunity does it offer of drawing contributions from the clergy, of sanctifying the war, of accusing Charles V.—In short, this unheard-of, terrible occurrence, which should have dismayed the earth beneath and shaken the heavens above,

* Michelet, t. viii. ch. xv.

made scarcely any sensation at all." But whatever infamy there was attached to it, the memory of Charles de Bourbon had to bear. We can imagine any one that loved him, that cared for his reputation, and hoped for his well-doing and well-being, remonstrating with him beforehand in words the drift of which might be expressed in Volumnia's appeal to Caius Marcius :

Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain ; but this is certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ : ' This man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out—

and by the ultimate act of his life, the act in which that life was forfeited,

—his name remains

To the ensuing age, abhorred.*

Not only was Bourbon the first to mount the walls, but, it is said, the first who fell, and this by a shot fired, we are told, by a priest. Benvenuto Cellini, indeed, asserts and asseverates that he it was who shot Bourbon ; but what bounds can be assigned to the *ipse dixit* or *ipse fecit* of that capital I incarnate? Possibly, quite possibly, he *did* shoot Bourbon ; probably, quite as probably, he did not. Guicciardini leaves the question undecided—so that it comes down to after ages in the same category of vexed questions as, Who murdered Begbie? Benvenuto may answer, for all time, Alone I did it ! But he was not more addicted, one surmises, to the *vero* than to the (more or less) *ben invento* : he might almost be called Beninvento Cellini, instead of Benvenuto, on the score of his imaginative skill. He was such a capital hand at drawing the long bow, that no wonder he was "up to" the great gun trick too.

Ben's autograph account of the affair runs thus : " Having taken aim with my piece, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I fixed my eye on a person who seemed to be lifted up above the rest : but the misty weather prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback, or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I softly approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon : he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage, whom I saw raised by the rest."† It is handsome of Ben, after all, to admit of possible partners in this feat—to confess to agents and abettors, albeit himself directed the shot and gave the word of command.

But, whoever fired the shot, it told home. The bullet had its billet to the life's blood of Bourbon. Good Catholics would descry a judgment in this doom of the first man that mounted the first ladder against Rome. How far it might have daunted the host he was leading on, had the fact of his fall been bruited among them, or had Jonas failed to cast that mantle over his dying master, cannot be determined. It seems, however,

* Coriolanus, Act V., Sc. 3.

† Life of Benvenuto Cellini, ch. vii.

only to have stirred up those who knew him fallen, to extra energy of exertion, and resolve of revenge. The so-called *Dirge of Bourbon* in a modern romance illustrates this state of feeling :

When the good Count of Nassau
Saw Bourbon lie dead,
"By Saint Barbe and Saint Nicholas!
Forward," he said.

"Mutter never prayer o'er him,
For litter ne'er halt;
But sound loud the trumpet—
Sound, sound to assault!

"Bring engine, bring ladder,
Yon old walls to scale;
All Rome, by Saint Peter,
For Bourbon shall wail!"*

Quid Romæ faciam? must have been a question that Bourbon put to himself, and in some sort answered. What should he do in Rome, when he got inside? Byron makes his Mephistophelean *Cæsar* put the query to the Duke, point blank :

	What would you make of Rome?	That which it was.
<i>Bourbon.</i>		
<i>Cæsar.</i>	In Alaric's time?	
<i>Bourbon.</i>	No, slave! In the first <i>Cæsar's</i> ,	
	Whose name you bear like other curs.	
<i>Cæsar.</i>		And kings.
	'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.†	

The Byronian Bourbon, indeed, looks reverently on Rome, and talks of how those walls have girded in great ages, and sent forth mighty spirits. To his eyes the present phantom of imperious Rome is peopled with those warriors, flitting along the eternal city's ramparts; and he even conjures up a last Cato among them, who stands "and tears his bowels rather than survive the liberty of that I would enslave." His views of providing a better government for misgoverned Rome—for in fact he is an administrative reformer, and something more—are sufficiently developed in this other bit of colloquy :

<i>Bourbon.</i>	'Tis necessary for the further daring Of our too needy army, that their chief Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's First step.
<i>Cæsar.</i>	Upon its topmost, let us hope : So shall he have his full deserts.
<i>Bourbon.</i>	The world's Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow. Through every change the seven-hilled city hath Retained her sway o'er nations, and the <i>Cæsars</i> But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics Unto the Pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or Priest, Still the world's masters! Civilised, Barbarian,

* "Crichton," ch. vi.

† The Deformed Transformed, Act I.

Or Saintly, still the walls of Romulus
 Have been the Circus of an Empire. Well!
 'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope
 That we will fight as well, and rule much better.*

What the actual Bourbon, however, might have thought beforehand, and how he would have ruled afterwards, are points about which we are equally in the dark. Cellini's, or somebody else's, bullet disposed of the question, summarily if not satisfactorily. It might be a soldier's, it might be a brigand's death; but death it was, and there an end.

The Emperor made it one of the conditions of peace with the French King, that Bourbon's possessions should be restored to his family, and his memory "rehabilitated" with all the honours. Francis gave words of assenting promise to the ear, but broke them to the hope, as much as he decently or safely could. Neither the restoration of goods and chattels, nor the rehabilitation of credit or renown, was complete as Bourbon heart could wish. But there was plenty left of the former, notwithstanding, to make Louis de Bourbon, the Constable's nephew, a very wealthy prince. Louis is said to have come in for not more than one-third of his uncle's revenues; yet even that huge subtraction, of two-thirds at one fell swoop, left him quite enough to feather his nest very comfortably indeed.

The Life and Death of the Constable would have been a telling subject for one of Sir Walter's historical romances. So he appears to have thought himself too; for we read in Mr. Cheney's notes of the great novelist's sojourn in Rome, in May, 1832,—only five months before his death,—that "Sir Walter always showed much curiosity about the Constable Bourbon;" and that when told of a suit of armour belonging to him which was preserved in the Vatican, Scott eagerly asked after the form and construction, and inquired if he wore it on the day of the capture of Rome. "That event had greatly struck his imagination. He told me that he had always had an idea of weaving it into the story of a romance, and of introducing the traitor Constable as an actor."† Alas, it was too late now, by whole years. The story should have been taken up in the days of *Ivanhoe*—not those of Count Robert, and of Castle Dangerous.

* The Deformed Transformed, Act I.

† See the final chapter of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

FEDERALISTS AND CONFEDERATES.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY MRS. BUSHNY.

WAR is a terrible evil even when it occurs between nations foreign to each other, whose inhabitants are dissimilar in feelings, habits, laws, and traditions. But it is still more dreadful when it breaks out among two portions of one people—of a people who have struggled together for their liberty, who have framed together their government and their constitution, who are bound together by the ties of country and of kindred, and closely entwined by the various relations of commercial and domestic life. What a cruel calamity is such a war, bringing misery to the hearts, and ruin to the fortunes, the prospects, the homes of thousands!

Yet, in the lately so peaceful, powerful, and flourishing States of America, such a suicidal and unnatural war is now raging.

Woe to those whose impolite violence of speech, whose selfish ambition, or unbridled passion, have "let loose the dogs of war," and sown the fatal discord, and caused to meet in deadly strife, friend against friend, brother against brother, and father against son!

We are not going to argue the point between the Federals and the Confederates, or to attempt to pronounce which are right and which are wrong; probably there is fault on both sides. The Southerners, perhaps, are hot and hasty in temper, but it must be admitted that they have had their temper a good deal tried by their Northern brethren. The sad and painful subject of slavery has long been a stumbling-block between the North and the South.

It is infinitely to be regretted that the slaveowners of the South have not, of their own accord, devised some plan for the gradual emancipation of their negroes. It would have been a grand act, which would have secured to them the admiration of the world, more especially if the enormous sacrifices they would have had to have made had become generally known. But it was not likely that that desirable, yet extensive and most trying change, would be made at the insolent demand of any of their fellow republicans; and to heap upon them reproach, insult, and contumely, was not the way to gain their good-will, or induce them to take the advice so rudely and injudiciously offered. The clamour of the North grated harshly on the ear of the South. What right had they to interfere? Clearly, none; and, instead of doing good, they did harm.

It is astonishing how trifling a spark will kindle into a great flame. The mendacious volume of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, which was welcomed with such avidity among the ignorant and weak-minded, *high and low*, in this country, doubtless helped to light the torch of discord. It is shocking to think that one woman's greed of gain, or vanity of authorship, should have done so much mischief.

To abuse the South was a fertile theme in the North; it was always at hand for petty writers, and orators, and babblers without number,

until—as a thousand tiny rivulets will swell the brook into a large stream—a deep sensation of dislike has been aroused in the South, which *must* disunite them for ever from the Northern States.

The same “star-spangled banner” will never more float over the Hudson, the Delaware, and the mouths of the Mississippi. Reunion, as one republic, is impossible.

It is a curious fact, that while the inhabitants of the Northern States express so much compassion for, and interest in, the slave population of the South, while they clamour for their freedom, and harangue upon equality and the rights of man, there is no part of the world where black and coloured people are so much despised, and treated with such withering disdain, as in some of these very states themselves. We shall abstain from particularising the states; but if, in the streets of some of their towns, a black man should happen to have got into an empty omnibus, white men will hesitate to enter it, and if they *do* overcome their scruples so far as to go in, they will range themselves on the opposite side from the “tarnation nigger,” avoiding him as if he had been a leper! And again, if a black or coloured man should go to a public-house for a pot of beer, he would be shoved to one side, and obliged to wait until every white man, even the lowest ragamuffin, who came long after himself, were served. These are undeniable truths; and dozens and hundreds of instances might be cited, to prove that the Yankees are more tolerant and more philanthropic in words than in deeds.

On the balcony of a pretty hacienda, or villa residence, in the island of Teneriffe, sat, one charming evening, after the sultry hours of day were past, a lovely young woman, gazing intently at the sea. Her fair hair was braided over a brow as white as alabaster, her coral lips were a little apart, while she heaved a deep sigh, and her delicate features wore an expression of anxiety not in keeping with the almost childish beauty of her countenance. She was lounging on a low Spanish chair, one pretty hand hanging listlessly by her side, while the other played carelessly with a little bouquet of orange-blossoms and myrtle that lay on her lap.

The hacienda where this fairy-looking creature resided was at one extremity of the town of Santa Cruz, the principal seaport of Teneriffe. She would have found the sweet little town of Laguna, once the capital of the island, a more desirable abode, delightfully situated as it is in a small plain, surrounded by gardens, and protected by a hill crowned with laurels and myrtles. The air there is delightfully cool, whereas at Santa Cruz the heat is often oppressive. The houses in the latter-named place are of a dazzling whiteness, with flat roofs; the beach is very narrow, and behind the town arises a wall of perpendicular rock, without any symptoms of vegetation. There are, however, at Santa Cruz, a public walk planted with poplars, and a fine mole built of freestone.

The lady above mentioned had chosen to fix herself at Santa Cruz instead of Laguna, or the still more agreeable Orotava, which is generally the starting-point for the ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe. She had selected Santa Cruz because it was the principal port of the island, and to it her husband's ship came occasionally. He was the captain of an American man-of-war, stationed off the coast of Africa; and he sometimes ran up to Madeira or the Canary Islands, for the benefit of the

health of his crew. It was on account of these flying visits, and that she might have these opportunities of seeing him, that his young wife had left the protection of her father's house at Philadelphia, and the society of her mother and a circle of intimate friends to live, with an elderly lady as a companion, in one of the comparatively solitary islands of the Atlantic Ocean.

Some time had elapsed since Captain Elmore's last visit to Teneriffe, and Lauretta was daily, nay, hourly, expecting to see the proud ship which he commanded, and over whose broad deck waved the flag that bore the stars and stripes of the United States, approaching over the bright blue waves to that shore which lay beneath the shadow of the mighty Peak.

Every sail that she descried on the horizon caused her heart to flutter and her cheek to flush; then came the pang of disappointment, the ships passed on, bearing joy or sorrow to the denizens of other lands, and the young wife would sink back in listless despondency.

She was sitting on a balcony that almost overhung the shelly beach, playing, as we have seen, with some flowers that were lying on her lap.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, throwing the orange-blossoms and myrtle away from her. "Go—go, deceiving flowers! you mark *that* day which seems to promise such a long career of happiness to the trusting young bride—yet often how false the promise! Here have I been married nearly three years. I was seventeen then, and am almost twenty now; yet in all that long period I don't think my dearest Conrad and I have been four months together. We had hardly returned from our wedding tour when he was appointed to a ship, and one going to that dreadful coast of Africa, of all places. Papa and mamma wanted me to stay with them in his absence, but neither he nor I could agree to that. Yet dear Conrad would not let me go to Africa; he was so afraid of the fever and the climate for me, so I came here, that he might, at least, be able to see me now and then. But ah! at what distant intervals! And how very, very short a time he stays when he *does* come! 'Flying visits' he calls them—flashes of light I should say, rather; for when he goes all is gloom and darkness around me. But what is that I see? A sail on the horizon? Yes—yes it is! Oh! if it could be the *Mohawk* bringing my Conrad to me! The *Mohawk*, his noble ship! When I see him walking its broad deck, every one around him obedient to his very glance, I am so proud of him! and he always reminds me of the Vikings of old, of whom we read in the wild tales of Denmark and Norway in ancient times."

She started up, and taking a telescope she looked earnestly in the direction of the distant ship.

"It is too far off!" she exclaimed, in a tone of chagrin. "I cannot even make out yet whether it is a man-of-war or a merchantman. But it seems to be bounding over the waves, and I shall soon know if it is my dearest Conrad's ship. Thank Heaven his term of service will soon be over now, and then we shall be so happy! We shall first go to see papa and mamma, and then down to his beautiful Southern home, which he has so often described to me. I must take some pretty present to his kind old black nurse, of whom he is so fond, and to his foster sister, who used to be his playmate when he was a child."

In an hostelry at the opposite extremity of the town were seated some other Americans round a table, on which stood tumblers and wine-glasses,

decanter and jugs of different sizes. They were a noisy party, for two or three of them roared rather than talked, and, what was worse, they roared together, each trying to make himself alone heard. Among the group, however, there sat one gentleman, for that term could not be applied to the rest; he had placed his chair nearer to an open window than to the "festive board," and there was a sneering smile on his face that showed he had no very elevated opinion of the sense or wit of his companions. This gentleman was from Baltimore; the other persons belonged to New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, &c., and were "reg'lar Yankees."

"I say," cried one of these worthies, "we want some more liquor. Ring the bell, Mr. Zebulon Riggs—you're closest to it."

Mr. Zebulon Riggs was no closer to the bell than the man who ordered him to ring it, but he rose with alacrity to obey, for he was the man's *secretary*, as they pompously called it, *i. e.* amanuensis or clerk. Mr. Frederic Barbarossa Cleaver, the employer of Zebulon, was a travelling wine-merchant. His mother, who was a Bostonian, was *of course* a learned lady; indeed, she had been professor of history and mathematics at a female college in the North; but notwithstanding that (in her own opinion) she could have floored all the mathematical celebrities of the English university of Cambridge, she had failed to drum or drub into her eldest born, Barbarossa, the four first rules of arithmetic; consequently, he had to pay a person to keep his books and make out his accounts. The professoress (to coin a word), though she could not endow her offspring with her talents, had, at any rate, taken care to provide them with grand historical names. Her second son was Homer Virgil. The youngest was Hannibal Canute, though why Hannibal and Canute should have been thus tacked to each other nobody could divine; and her only daughter was Cleopatra Dido, but, grievous to the mother's fastidious ears, she was generally called humble "*Patty*."

Not half a minute had elapsed since Mr. Riggs had "touched the bell," as he himself would have daintily said, than Barbarossa started up and pulled the poor bell furiously, at the same time venting all manner of abuse on the "tarnation nigger," who was so slow in coming.

"Why, if he could get over the ground as swiftly as an antelope or an ostrich," said the Baltimore gentleman, "he could not have come yet. The man will be here time enough."

"Time enough!" repeated the namesake of the German emperor. "Do you think that a 'Merica'n is going to let himself be kept waiting by a fellow with a woolly head?"

At that moment the said woolly head, with a shining black face below it, appeared in the doorway.

"Wha' my massas be pleased to want?" he asked, in his usual cheerful tone.

"Be pleased to want, you black rascal! How dared you be so long of coming when we rang for you?"

"Massa—sar—I come as fast as eber I can."

"Hold your jaw, fellow. If you presume to answer me, or to say another word—do you see that window?—I'll pitch you out of it. I'm not joking; I guess, I'd as lief send you flying out of that window as kill this fly." And Barbarossa smashed with his broad thumb a poor fly that was sipping at a drop of rum that had fallen on the table.

The negro's face had been expanding into a merry grin, as he thought the gentleman was only jesting; but he speedily discovered the cloud of wrath on his knitted brows, and became solemn in a moment. Three or four voices at once ordered him to bring pure rum, swizzle, water, sugar, a punch-bowl, &c. &c. Casting a glance on the window opposite, Mungo refrained from speech, merely scraping his foot, and bowing to each individual. But when the door was closed between him and them, he turned round and shook his fist, exclaiming:

"A parcel of dem vulgar Yankees! Because me black, dey treat I as if me was one cattle. My own pore Vest Ingy massa, dat is dead an' gan, he always say, 'Please, Mungo, do dis or dat,' or 'Be so good, Mungo;' but dem fellows, dey hab no manners. Cha!"

A few minutes afterwards the landlord himself, assisted by a little Spanish boy, brought in the rum, sugar, punch-bowl, and all that had been ordered.

"Is that nigger of yours skulking, that he does not bring these things in?" asked one of the Americans.

"No, sir, he is attending on two English gentlemen in another room," replied the landlord.

"Two English gentlemen!" shouted Barbarossa. "Two English swindlers, I guess, escaped from the hands of justice. Why should you show these scamps a preference over us?"

"I have not shown any preference to them," said the landlord. "I sent the black man to wait on them, and I am attending to your orders myself."

The landlord spoke civilly but without servility, and there was no farther attempt to bully him.

"English gentlemen, forsooth!" sneered the New Yorker; "I guess we know a pretty considerable deal about them runaway gentry. New York's full of them. The English steamers are always bringing out swindlers, as you say, Mr. Cleaver, and fraudulent bankrupts, and confidential clerks, who have been dipping pretty deep into their masters' pockets."

"There's nobody else to emigrate," said Barbarossa. "For why? 'Cause the country's made up of such like. Bonaparte called them a nation of shopkeepers; if he had his head above ground now, he'd call them a nation of thieves and robbers."

"Come, come, that's too bad and too absurd," exclaimed Mr. Hastings, the Baltimore man. His grandfather, though he had left England to settle in America, had been the younger son of a baronet of ancient family, and the grandson did not like to hear "the old country" abused.

"Well, I'm sure," said he of Connecticut, triumphantly, "you can't deny what their own newspapers tell. Is not their very *Times*—that they all swear by—crammed full of cheating directors of public companies, swindling transactions, embezzlements, thefts, and wickedness of all sorts? Are the newspapers of any other country stuffed with such catalogues of villany?"

"No; because the police reports and the reports of what passes in the courts of law are given much more fully in the English newspapers than in those of any other country."

"I calculate," replied Mr. Zebulon Riggs, with a half-frightened glance towards Barbarossa, "I calculate that they would conceal it if they could."

They have not half prisons enough to hold their felons, so they give them tickets-of-leave, as they call 'em, and send them out to rob and murder whom they please."

This sally was greeted by a coarse laugh from all present, except Mr. Hastings.

"Braivo, Zeb!" exclaimed his patron. "That's tarnation true."

"It wouldn't signify a whiff of tobacco how much they plundered and murdered among themselves," said the Connecticut man, "if they did not carry that devil's work to other parts of the world. What right had they to invade India, to turn out and dispoil the nat'ral born princes, and rulers and owners of the land, and to make slaves of the people?

What right had they to go and squat in Australia, and drive the poor savages, as they call them, into the bush? And what right have they now to locate themselves in New Zealand, and fight the New Zealanders because they won't walk into the sea and be drowned, for to give up their lands to them? I say it's all wholesale plunder and murder, though they pretend it's for the sake of spreading Christianity."

"Christianity may go whistle," observed the New Yorker. "It's not that they're thinking of, it's the almighty dollar. It's money, money, that John Bull wants, though he boasts so much of his riches."

"I'll tell you what he wants," roared Barbarossa, thumping the table with all his might, "he wants a jolly good licking, and if he does not look sharp, he'll get it, too, some of these days. 'Merica is not going to stand all his little flea-bites of impudencies. I should just like to see how blue they'd look if we were to level London about their ears."

"Have a war, I calkilate you mean?" replied the New Yorker. "Well, I won't quite go that whole hog. I don't know what Wall-street would say to that."

"Wall-street! That ain't Congress, I guess," sneered Barbarossa. "I should just like to send our *Niagara*, and our *Chesapeake*, and our *San Jacinto* to set fire to their docks, and batter their Tower of London to atoms. And Wilkes is just the man to do it, too. He's a tarnation fine fellow, that he is!"

"Ah, by-the-by," said the New Yorker, "Wilkes has a crow to pick with them. Some of their 'Arctic navigators,' as they call them—one of those lubbers who were always losing ships up in the ice, and getting knighted for it—was very rude to him, and tried to make him out a liar. If ever *he* comes across them Englishers, he'll make them sing small, I'll warrant."

"If only the *San Jacinto* should show herself in Southampton waters, she'd make London feel her guns with a vengeance!" added the sapient Barbarossa, whose learned maternal parent had evidently succeeded in imparting to him no more geographical than arithmetical knowledge.

Mr. Hastings could not help laughing. The New Yorker spat vigorously across the room, as if he were trying to take as long a range as the guns in question. The Connecticut man blew his nose sonorously, and Zebulon Riggs was seized with a violent fit of coughing, that made his face purple.

"Show himself in the *Thames*, I suppose you mean," said Hastings.

"The Armstrong guns, of which we hear so much, would be babies in the cannon way to the great guns you speak of."

"Well, I don't care what it is called," cried Barbarossa, getting angry

"I say that fine fellow Wilkes, of the *San Jacinto*, would lay London in ruins as soon as eat his breakfast."

"No doubt, if he could," replied Mr. Hastings, with so comical a look that none of the party, except Zebulon, were able to keep their countenances.

Barbarossa had a decided objection to ridicule; so, casting a look of fury at the Baltimore man, he rose and strode from the room, followed by the obsequious Mr. Riggs.

"That fellow is no 'Mericayn," he solaced himself by observing to Zebulon, "and if he got his deserts, he would be tarred and feathered, that he would!"

At a late hour that evening, the ship which had attracted Lauretta's attention arrived at Santa Cruz, and proved to be from New York. It had been long since the Americans, then at Teneriffe, had received any tidings from their own country, therefore the news this ship brought was a great surprise to them. For the first time they heard of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency, of the rupture of the Union, of the secession of the Southern States, who sought to separate themselves from their Northern brethren, to cast off the authority of the "White House" and the government at Washington, and to establish a distinct republic under its own president and its own laws. At length the long pent-up animosity between the North and the South had broken out, and while the one asserted its right to the exercise of its free will, the other denounced that assertion as rebellion and treason. They heard at Teneriffe of the gallant defence of Fort Sumter by the brave little band who were shut up in it, of the raising of troops for the Federal army, and the expedients resorted to in order to find the money necessary to enable the government to crush the Southern States. The news was, indeed, as startling as unexpected, for what American ever dreamed that their boasted Union, the wonder of the world, could possibly be dissevered?

Some of the personages who had been assembled in one of the parlours of the little hotel, enjoying their swizzle and punch, had met again next morning near the wharf.

"Here's a pretty to do!" exclaimed the Connecticut man. "I hope Abram Lincoln will do his dooty, and thrash these cursed rebels soundly."

"Thrash them and welcome," replied the New Yorker, "but that won't prevent the mischief this insurrection will do. It will play the deuce with business, send our trade to the devil, and swamp no end of commercial people."

"Pooh-pooh!" cried Mr. Barbarossa Cleaver. "We'll walk through the Southern States in eight days, smash up their bit of an army in no time, hang Jeff Davies and the other leading rebels, and make the negroes all free. Ha, ha, ha! There will be fine work then; not half the whites will ever see Christmas if we set the blacks upon them."

"I wonder what England will do?" remarked the New Yorker.

"Do? Why, what dares she do? She won't venture to meddle with us, for fear of our taking Canada from her."

"Besides," said the sapient Connecticut man, "if England shows her teeth against us, she'll have France down upon her. She can't fight us and France at the same time."

"Of course the president will send an envoy to sound Napoleon," remarked the New Yorker.

"Well, France or no France," cried Barbarossa, "England will soon sing small, I guess, if she interferes with us. What's England compared to 'Merica?"

At the pretty villa before mentioned the news from America was received in a very different spirit. Its poor young mistress was quite overwhelmed with horror and distress.

"Civil war!" she exclaimed to her companion, Mrs. Murphy. "Oh! it cannot be—it cannot be! And yet papa writes me that it is too true."

"It is very shocking," replied Mrs. Murphy, with a stony look.

"Oh, how wrong of Mr. Lincoln to have driven the Southern people to such extremities!"

"I fancy they drove themselves," said the companion, coldly.

"And papa writes me such terrible news," continued poor Lauretta, bursting into tears. "He says Conrad's family have all taken the Confederate side most warmly, that they are furious at the Federals, and that my dearest Conrad must throw up his commission and return to his native home. That will be a sad blow to him; he is so fond of his profession, and so pleased at having the *Mohawk* in such capital order! Oh, what will he do?"

"He must do his best to reach the rebel states in safety," replied Mrs. Murphy. "The great fear for him is, that if they catch him in the United States they will arrest him as a traitor."

"Arrest him as a traitor!" replied the young wife, whose eyes, no longer tearful, flashed fire, while her lips trembled with emotion. "Arrest my Conrad? Impossible! They could not, would not, dare not do it!"

"It is to be hoped he won't fall into their hands, or—or——"

"Or what?" hurriedly demanded Lauretta.

"They might hang him," said the Job's comforter.

Lauretta screamed at the very idea, and hid her face in her hands, to shut out, as it were, the horrible picture presented to her imagination. But presently she said, somewhat calmly:

"He must go to Philadelphia; papa will protect him there. Papa has influence, and won't allow any one to touch a hair of his head."

"I am afraid even General Ashley's influence would not protect him," replied Mrs. Murphy, in the same tone of apathy. "Of course he would be looked upon as a deserter. If your papa and he were to meet in battle, they would have to fight each other."

"Never—never!" cried Lauretta, panting from excitement. "No power on earth would make them lift a hand against each other."

"Others as dear to each other will have to do it," said Mrs. Murphy. "Look at that large Lyttleton family! One half are located in the Northern, and one half in the Southern States; cousin will have to fight against cousin, uncle against nephew, and even brother against brother."

"Ah! the poor Lyttletons. Yes, I am very, very sorry for them; and poor Clara Lyttleton was to have been married, this very month, to her cousin in South Carolina! But as to Conrad and papa, they never can meet as enemies, thank Heaven! the one being a soldier and the other a sailor."

Mrs. Murphy had been backing out gradually during the conversation,

for she took no interest in the young wife's feelings, and she made her escape as soon as she reached the door, leaving poor Lauretta to her own reflections, and sad enough these were.

When Mrs. Murphy gained the privacy of her own apartment, she exclaimed aloud, for she had a habit of talking to herself:

"Well! It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Mr. Cleaver will be in no hurry *now* to return to the States, for he won't like either to fight himself or to pay for other people's fighting. He'll never show his nose there till the rumpus is over, and in the mean time I may catch him if I look sharp. When I marry him he shall drop that odious outlandish name 'Barbarossa,' which he thinks so grand. The idiot has printed on his cards, 'Mr. F. Barbarossa Cleaver.' The wedding cards shall be 'Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Cleaver;' *that* will be a more Christian-like name."

Poor little Lauretta, who had been praying for her husband's speedy return from the coast of Africa, and looking with joy to the time when the *Mohawk* should be paid off, had now entirely changed her wishes, and was only anxious that anything might occur, except fever, to detain him upon the coast. Anything, she thought, rather than run the risk of being hanged—which possible close of his naval career quite preyed upon her mind.

But in a very few weeks the *Mohawk*, with Captain Elmore still as its commander, arrived at Teneriffe, the distressing intelligence from America having reached the officers and men just before they left the coast.

The breaking up of that "glorious republic," which they believed had been the admiration of the world, was a dreadful shock to them all, but no one felt the sad political news so much as Captain Elmore. It was like a death-blow to him; he was not only deeply grieved on public grounds, but he saw his own career in life blasted; he knew that his fair fame would be tarnished as a traitor to the flag under which he had served from his boyhood; he felt that all he had striven for would now be swept like a cobweb away; and yet, could he swear allegiance to the enemies and oppressors of his own country? He was born and bred in the Southern States, all his sympathies were with them; his family had been among the earliest settlers there; they, of course, had embraced the Confederate cause warmly; his elder brother had been elected a member of the government, his father was one of the most prominent leaders, in his own neighbourhood, of the movement—which he could not stigmatise as rebellion—and was *he* to become *their* foe, and perhaps to be sent to carry ruin and devastation into his native home? No! He must resign his command, leave the United States navy, and return as a private individual to South Carolina. But then his young wife—his dear Lauretta—what would *she* not feel at abjuring her country and going among strangers who were opposed to the party with which her father sided? Would she have strength of mind to bear up in so trying a position?

Captain Elmore was oppressed with doubts and anxieties, and for the first time, as the *Mohawk* approached the island, he saw the peak of Teneriffe with no pleasure. Lauretta received him with mingled tears and smiles.

"Oh! this is a frightful business! What will you do, my dearest

Conrad?" she cried, hanging about him, as if she were afraid of losing him.

"I have but one line of conduct," he replied. "I must leave the Federals and go over to the Confederates. But it seems cruel to sever you from your parents, my Laury, and take you among people who are total strangers to you."

She started back. "What am I to understand, Conrad?" she exclaimed, with the hasty jealousy of love. "Is it that because papa is in the Federal service, I shall not be welcome to your family? or is it that I shall be an encumbrance to you?"

"Neither, my little Laury," he said, throwing his arm round her slender waist. "I only thought that the separation from your dear father and mother, with whom you might not even be able to correspond for a long time, would be too depressing to you, and I feared the dangers and hardships you might have to undergo in accompanying me to South Carolina."

"My father's and mother's hearts will always be with us," she answered, putting an emphasis on the *us*, "and nothing can sever their and my mutual affection. In the words of Ruth, I say: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest I will; thy people shall be my people; and where thou diest, I will die.' As to dangers and hardships, what care I for them if I am with you! There is only one danger that I dread."

"And what is that, love?" asked Captain Elmore.

"That they should—should—oh, Conrad! That they should hang you. If they would only hang *me* instead of you!"

Notwithstanding the earnest and pathetic voice in which the poor girl spoke, Captain Elmore could not help laughing heartily.

"What put such a fancy into your head, Laury dear?" he asked, still laughing, notwithstanding her sobs.

"Mrs. Murphy told me they would hang you as a rebel, and—and—a traitor."

"I am much obliged to Mrs. Murphy for the elevation she predicts for me; she is an ill-natured fool to distress you by talking such nonsense."

It was impossible for Captain Elmore to conclude all his arrangements for resigning his command to his first lieutenant under a few days, and during these days he was much engaged on board his ship, leaving it only in the evening for Lauretta's villa, and returning to it immediately after breakfast. His intentions and his movements became very soon known to the Americans at Teneriffe, and the valiant Barbarossa Cleaver took upon himself the office of "serving out" the recreant naval officer. Probably he expected by this act he would gain the applause of his fellow citizens of Boston, and be hailed as a hero over the whole Union. He found out, through Mrs. Murphy, the hour when the captain generally came ashore in the evening, and that he always landed at a little cove, not close to the town, and from whence there was a short cut, through a sequestered path, to the villa where his wife resided.

All this intelligence was very favourable to Barbarossa's views, for he had no intention of attacking the captain openly. He imparted his scheme to none but Zebulon Riggs, who promised his co-operation; and

the next evening, when it was getting towards dark, they set off together, as if for a country walk, but only went as far as the wild path between the beach and the villa which Captain Elmore had to traverse. Here they ensconced themselves behind a large tree, whose broad trunk entirely concealed them from any one passing by, and remained in perfect stillness, watching for their prey. It was not long before they heard at some distance the splashing of oars, and soon after, a quick firm step advancing along the solitary path.

"Now's our time," whispered Barbarossa, poking Zebulon in the side. "We'll start out upon 'em like two tigers, and give the traitor a good sound thrashing. Keep a firm hold of your hickory stick that he may not wrest it from you; he shan't get mine, though he shall *feel* it," he added, with a suppressed laugh.

The captain, at that moment, had just reached that part of the narrow path which was opposite the tree, when Barbarossa sprang upon him, and dealt him a furious blow across the shoulders with his hickory stick. Elmore staggered for a second, then turning sharply round on his assailant, he asked him in Spanish what he meant and what he wanted, adding that, if he did not beat a quick retreat, he would be compelled to use his sword against him. Captain Elmore, of course, concluded that the man who had thus attacked him was some robber of half Spanish breed. Barbarossa, not understanding a word he said, proceeded to inflict another vigorous blow on the Confederate renegade, when, to his great consternation, Conrad seized him by the collar with one hand, and with the other drew his sword, which he held in a threatening attitude before him.

"Zebulon—Zeb, Zeb—come here, I say! Come this moment, or I shall be murdered!" shouted Barbarossa, in a stentorian tone.

"Oh, you are a Yankee, are you?" said the captain, who recognised the nasal twang of the more northern American states. "What induced you to make this cowardly attack on me, fellow? Speak, or——"

The *or* was significant of danger, therefore Mr. Cleaver thought it expedient to answer, and he stammered that he thought he was doing his duty to his country, as Captain Elmore was going over to the rebels.

"Pitiful scoundrel!" cried Conrad. "If your country had many sons like *you*, she would soon be the contempt of the world. Go! you are not worth punishing." And dropping his sword, Conrad seized him with both hands, and flung him on the grass close to the tree from behind which he had so recently emerged. The fall among the tall grass would have done him no harm, but, unluckily, he struck his head against a root of the tree, and for a moment or two he lay stunned. He had just come to himself, when he observed a stout sailor, who was carrying a carpet-bag, approaching him. The man was taking some things to the villa for his captain; he had seen the attack made on him, but could not get up in time to render him any assistance, though he had run most of the way.

The sailor speedily espied Barbarossa, and, rushing towards him, he caught up the man's own hickory stick, and belaboured him soundly with it, while the culprit in vain by turns begged for mercy, and roared for Zebulon. When the sailor thought he had given him enough, he flung down the stick, shouldered the valise, and walked off with the utmost un-

concern, whistling an Irish air, for, though in the American navy, he was a native of the Emerald Isle.

Poor Mr. Cleaver lay in great misery on the grass; he was in pain from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and he fancied that all his bones were broken. He looked up at the stars that were now beginning to shine out in the clear firmament above, and then at the trees and shrubs around, which began to assume fantastic shapes in the increasing gloom.

"I shall be left to lie here all night," he groaned, "and to catch my death from the heavy doo. I wish I were at Salem with Patty, or at Troy with Homer, or—or——Oh! Zebulon Riggs, you false knave! where are you?"

Zebulon approached at that moment, as cautiously as if he had feared to encounter a terrific monster in every blade of grass or twig of tree.

Barbarossa received him with oaths, imprecations, and abusive names, of which he took no notice, but immediately commenced a long-winded defence of his conduct: how he ran for assistance, thinking he saw some labourers passing, &c. &c.; but the truth was, he had crawled away on all fours when he beheld Captain Elmore's sword raised in a threatening attitude against his employer.

Zebulon assisted Barbarossa to rise, and bearing the weight of that somewhat unwieldy worthy, who leant heavily on his arm, the two tottered away towards their abode in the town.

The next morning a report was circulated through Santa Cruz that Mr. Cleaver had been waylaid the night before by some drunken men, and so severely beaten that he was obliged to keep his bed. Mrs. Murphy heard the story with joy; bent on her matrimonial scheme, she asked, and received, leave of absence for a few days from Mrs. Elmore, and she repaired immediately to the invalid's lodgings. At first, he was very restive under the infliction of her presence, for she had constituted herself his sick nurse, but he soon found how useful she was; she smoothed his pillows so nicely, she brought him such tempting little dishes made by herself, she mixed his punch so well; in short, she added so much to his creature-comforts, that, when he found out that she could also keep accounts, and write a good bold hand, he bethought him that by marrying her he would not only be able to take his revenge on the recreant Zebulon, but would secure to himself a capital cook, an attentive sick-nurse in case of need, and a clerk whose interests would be his own, and who would be always ready to assist him.

He proposed, and was joyfully accepted by the wily widow. The Elmores were rather glad of an opportunity of getting rid of her so easily; and nobody was inclined to forbid the banns but poor Zebulon Riggs, who found himself summarily discharged from a situation by no means laborious, and which he had hoped to retain until his return to America.

Captain Elmore, meanwhile, had resigned the command of his ship to his first lieutenant, and had taken leave of the *Mohawk*, and its officers and crew, not, it must be admitted, without deep regret on all sides. He then, with Lauretta, took the earliest opportunity of starting for England; not to reside there in safety, but from thence to proceed in the West India packet to the Havannah.

The ex-naval officer of the United States and his young wife were so fortunate as to reach the island of Cuba in safety. They were not seized and dragged from under the protection of the British flag by that active, self-constituted Yankee policeman of the sea, the gallant commander of the *San Jacinto*, and in a little sloop from the Havannah they contrived to land on the coast of Georgia. The hot, disagreeable voyage from the Havannah, and the journey across Georgia and Savannah, had much fatigued poor Lauretta; but she found a kind welcome, and every comfort and luxury in the handsome and well-appointed country-house of her husband's father and mother, which was situated about twenty miles from Charleston, that beautiful city, a great portion of which has so recently been cruelly destroyed by fire—probably the work of some incendiary, some secret and malignant foe—and whose fine port has been blocked up by the wicked devices of Federal animosity.

Conrad's eldest brother having been elected a member of the government of the Confederate States, consequently resided principally at Richmond. The youngest brother, Robert, overlooked the management of the plantation, one sister, who was married, lived on an estate at no great distance from that of her parents, and the unmarried sister remained, of course, at home.

While her husband was with her, Lauretta was comparatively happy, notwithstanding the barrier that was so unfortunately raised between her and her parents. But this state of calm enjoyment was not to last long. Conrad was appointed to one of the few ships possessed by the Confederates, and he never dreamed of declining to serve, though he knew that his fate would not be an enviable one if he fell into the hands of the Federals.

To Lauretta, his acceptance of the command offered him was like a death-blow. She drooped from that moment; and when the hour of parting came, Conrad was so anxious about her that his distress seemed even greater than hers. But he naturally got over it soonest, for he went among stirring scenes, and he had active and difficult duties to perform, which forcibly engrossed his thoughts, and called forth all the energies of his mind. She remained, sad and lonely in heart, among persons who, however kind, were strangers to her; Conrad gone, all was gloom to her young spirit, which had not been much tried, or hardened to bear sorrow in the furnace of affliction. Her habits and her feelings were different from the habits and feelings of those about her; and even in the one great tie—the affection all bore to Conrad—none but his mother fully sympathised with her, for the rest of the family thought more of the glory he might acquire than the dangers he might encounter.

In vain they all tried to cheer her: she was never clamorous or troublesome with her grief; but it was evident that her always delicate health was giving way under the apprehensions that preyed upon her soul.

One day, a few weeks after Conrad had gone, she was lying on a sofa reading, in a luxuriously furnished drawing-room, the glass doors of which opened upon a terrace where a variety of lovely flowers were blooming. She was quite absorbed in her book, when her brother-in-law, Robert, rushed in, exclaiming:

“Good news—glorious news, dear Susy! Only think——”

He stopped short when he perceived that the occupant of the room was Lauretta, not his sister Susan, as he had supposed.

"What news?" asked Lauretta, laying down her book, and half rising from the sofa. "Anything about Conrad?"

"Yes—yes!" cried Robert, who seemed much excited. "He has taken a valuable prize, and managed to bring her into port in spite of the blockade——"

"Is he well—is he safe?" she inquired, hurriedly, while she fixed her large lustrous eyes anxiously upon him.

"He is both, I hope and believe."

"And not a line to me!" she exclaimed, in a tone of much disappointment.

"The private letters are not come yet; they will be here to-morrow, no doubt. I thought you had gone with my mother to see Emily to-day, Laury, and that I should have found Susan here," he added, feeling that he had got into an awkward dilemma about Conrad's movements, and wishing to change the subject.

"I did not feel very well," she replied, "and your sister kindly went instead of me."

"Well, I am glad that she has at length found some new book to interest you. You were reading very attentively when I came in."

"It is not a new book," said Lauretta. "It is the Bible."

"The Bible! Oh, that certainly is the best of all books," cried Robert, in amazement. "Yet I should have fancied that a lady of your not very ancient years would have been skimming over some new novel, instead of looking for amusement in the Bible."

"I was not looking for amusement, I was seeking consolation. But tell me about Conrad. Will he not be able to come home for a short visit?"

"No, dear Lauretta, he won't. He is off again to sea."

"He will be captured!" she exclaimed, while her cheeks and her very lips grew pale.

"Oh no, don't fancy that. He has already cleverly contrived to elude the Federal man-of-war that was sent in pursuit of him."

"He will not always be able to elude it: he will be taken!—and, oh, Robert! he will be shot—or—hanged!" As she groaned rather than murmured the last words, she fell back on the sofa in a fainting fit.

The young man, in great alarm, ran for the housekeeper and for Lauretta's maid, and expresses were immediately sent off to his mother and sister, and to the family physician. Everything that skill and care could do was done for the poor sufferer, but her hours were numbered, and in the course of that night the absent Conrad became a father and a widower. The infant only lived for a few minutes, and the same grave and the same coffin received it and its young mother, the fragile floweret of the North. She now lies where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest"—lies, one of the earliest among, it is to be feared, the many victims of this unholy war, which is bringing ruin, misery, and desolation on that vast portion of the globe which the genius of Columbus led him to discover, and the talents, virtue, and energy of Washington raised into an independent and powerful republic.

BOOTH'S LETTER-PERFECT SHAKSPEARE.*

It cannot be denied that for more than a score of years, and perhaps a decade in addition, while a limited education has been proceeding with rapidity among the poorer classes, they have approached close in the extent of their acquirements to the limits of a very large part of society which, as respects fortune, is in easy circumstances. The latter has not kept its original distance in advance. It is stationary. Once led by the studious and diligent in acquirement it will be so led no longer, but is equally ready to maintain that old place by prescription which it cannot claim by acquirement. If not really entitled, the conceit of its former advanced position still adheres to it, mistaking length of purse for depth of understanding. The ignorance of the past ages duly respected the enlightenment it wanted, and wished to acquire; that of the present age is disdainful, and affects to undervalue mental labours of depth and ingenuity, because it does not comprehend them. The capacity of this comprehension is still confined to a limited number; thus in literature, out of the walk of fiction, that which attaches to the grand or the serious in nature under any of its phases, no matter how full of truth, is disdained. Effect, excitement, amusement, anything but that which will call up reflection by keeping to the natural order of things, tending to elevate thought, is certain to be admired and taken to the bosom, provided the subject be one, however trivial, belonging to the passing hour—anything but what will instruct, as if the age, and the desire to acquire knowledge, had reached the utmost line of advance. A late caterer for the public amusement made it one of his most painful reflections, that even a word slipped in which conveyed instruction or solid information, unless in the way of a jest, was met with marked coldness.

The decadence of the drama, the decline of poetry, and the mediocrity of the fine arts, show that those great undertakings by which the present day is distinguished, belong almost wholly to the useful, or to undertakings in which any nation possessing equal wealth may follow our example. This is not the order of the arts which confer immortal renown upon a nation. It is not, *sui generis*, that which belongs to a people, and can neither be rivalled, nor copied to be applied for or against the inventor, however it may chance to happen, because it is the result of genius, and not of acquirement. It is doubtless true glory to give a useful invention to the world. Nations are continually exchanging such inventions for practical uses. The balance of advantage is pretty even in this respect among the different people most in advance. But the nation that gave to the world the first dramatic poet that ever existed, banished from its own decayed stage to foreign boards by the prevalent frivolity of the time, as far as his representation by the actor is concerned—the great writer whose marvellous works excite no curiosity in the scene before a native audience—that immortal man is become the admired of the foreigner under all the disadvantages of the manners and language of the time in which he wrote, the difficulty of compre-

* Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623; Lionel Booth, 1862.

hension, by strangers and his peculiar nationality. In Germany what discussions have taken place and volumes been written regarding Shakspeare! How the Schlegels sounded his praises! We had once a discussion regarding him with A. W. von Schlegel, and so profound was his knowledge, and so perfect his acquaintance with the Bard of Avon, that he proved himself right, and showed that we were wrong, native though we were. His translation of Shakspeare was a wonderful performance, naturalising the poet in Germany, occupying, he informed us, seven years of labour. His brother Frederick also contributed to make known the great poet in Vienna, though he had not the knowledge of him that Augustus had acquired. We cannot look back upon the days of Augustus Schlegel without reflecting on the ravages of time. Yet if the works of Schlegel were but vanity to himself, according to the wise man's dictum, they were a treasure to coming generations, and old Father Rhine, as well as the poet's native Avon, may both glory in the fame of the bard. The German is the most extraordinary translation of any poet perhaps ever made, allowing fully for the affinity in the two languages.

Talma, too, notwithstanding Ducis and others, may be said more immediately to have introduced Shakspeare to another stage on the banks of the Seine—Talma, as far as the language, and fully as much the conventional feeling and habitudes of the people would admit, made the great dramatic poet known in France. Talma's personifications were wonderful, and many were original, with a true conception of the author. Master of the terrible, he seemed completely himself in Shakspeare. He certainly struggled with great difficulties, and surmounted them. His sad countenance, fitted for tragic parts alone, we first saw with Ducheinois in "Dido," and had not then the honour of his personal acquaintance. That countenance was a remarkable one in adaptation. He understood Shakspeare as literally as Schlegel, having had the advantage of being brought up in England, but he understood the poet as an actor would do, rather than as a learned critic.

Here, then, are two great nations on whose stages Shakspeare is at home. He is only exiled from his native land, where all the world seems to assent, with the most perfect insouciance, to the existing state of the great bard's neglect. Nor is this wonderful when we find the full strength of personal interest followed out by men who seem incapable of following out an idea or a sentiment when it will not contribute to their sordidness or their vanity. How should Shakspeare be the admired of the "multitude" thus too truly designated? The Anglo-Saxon has a cross of the barbarian in him still. Although the blood of so many nations mingles in his veins, that of the semi-civilised race predominates in moderating his susceptibility in regard to the fine arts: not but that there are some glorious exceptions; for we speak generally.

The present miserable state of the drama in England we cannot wholly ascribe to the change of the dinner-hour among the fashionable, or to the want of actors. The last we have not got because the occasion for them does not exist; and as to the reign of fashion eclipsing the drama, the reflection is only the more mortifying if it be really the case that so large a proportion of the public is only the ape of the mode at best, bowing down to its mind-degrading image so far as to yield to its impulses the dictates of a plain understanding. Here, perhaps, we would

the self-love of some who will argue the matter with us after a fashion, from having acquired a habit of using a species of reasoning, much the same upon all occasions, in advocating existing frivolities, and decrying all which is really grand and serious in social bearing in science and art. Thus we fancy we are living in an epoch of civilisation in which all the nobler emotions of the soul are dissipated, and we have no inclination whatever to "accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind." We are willing to pass our allotted years in "earthiness," and to cease to perfect our minds or leave them to the wheel of fortune, provided they be fully accomplished in their daily pursuits, generation after generation appearing and disappearing in turn, toiling to a mean end, and destined to pass away after the manner of the "beast that perishes!" But it is not thus, save with the masses. The great designs of Heaven are followed amidst all, from one people to another, from realm to realm. All in the history of man is progressive in the great and universal family. The interests of the world are for ever struggling with elevated sentiments and enlarged opinions, in the same way as the arts struggle with mediocrity, the former struggle being the more cosmopolitan of the two. But enough.

The loss sustained by the banishment of Shakspeare from his native stage, we are happy to say, has been compensated at home by the numerous editions of his works. Never were the remains of a poet more diligently sought or more dearly prized. The British literati have done that justice to his great memory and works which the multitude has refused, a "fit audience, though few," has been wont to honour, and thus extend the poet's fame far and wide. Edition after edition, annotation and commentary, have been dealt out in profusion. Frederick Schlegel pronounced Shakspeare infinitely grander than any other dramatic poet, and not only the favourite dramatic poet of the English, but of all the Teutonic nations, or those so originating. Shakspeare's renown has the attribute of eternal youth; his glory is universal. The discriminating at home now study him in the closet, where, after all, the man of letters will best enjoy him. There it will be best seen how he brings forth to-day the deeper secrets of the human heart; how he possesses such a power to affect the soul as no poet ever possessed before; how he penetrates into the darker mysteries of human existence, and so paints life that the faithfulness of his portraiture has never been questioned—so grand and yet so faithful to nature. Still it may be doubted, so true, and full of romance as well, and glowing with the holy fire of poetry as Shakspeare is, whether the existing neglect, or want of feeling for poetry of every kind, in fact the prevalent distaste for the elevated and romantic, the prevailing love of the low and vulgar, of the every-day occurrence, of the ignoble verbiage of the hour, and of mere matter-of-fact and common-place subject, the more familiar the more welcome, may not supply full reason for the neglect of the elevated drama. It is not less genial, perhaps more so, to the feeling of the man of letters to study the poet in the closet than on the stage. On the latter, if some of the characters are well supported, others are the reverse, while in the study all is perfect, and the enjoyment is proportionate. There Shakspeare's genius may be examined in all its depth, and his writings best comprehended, peculiarly adapted as they are to the people of the north, full of vigour, romantic imagination, and, above all, truthful in their beauty.

These observations have been called forth in consequence of a prospectus we have received of a fresh and novel edition of the works of the great dramatist. The reprints of the poet's works are in number almost countless, and in this way of reprint, with or without note or commentary, it seemed as if nothing more could be done. Yet one edition remained to be given, and that was a complete fac-simile, in type, paper, and even errors and broken letters, from the original folio Shakspeare of 1623. The type to be cut and cast on purpose, even the broken letters to be copied, and the whole to be printed in small quarto. Copies in folio also to be published. The letters at the commencement of the chapters and heads to be cut close to the original, and thus the tragedies, histories, and comedies would present in every respect their original appearance, "letter-perfect." The idea was good. It has been well followed out, at a reasonable cost, and does honour to the printer as well as the projector: the typography is unique.

We hail with pleasure a work which addresses the eyes as well as the understanding, as in the present case, being apparently the closing effort to place before his countrymen the works of the great bard, for we do not see what more is now to be done than to proceed with fresh alacrity in the study of that mighty genius on the part of those strange to his wonderful power. It is possible that the crowded theatres, when the plays of Shakspeare were performed forty and fifty years ago, and there was not standing room in the larger theatres, was owing more to the fashion of the time than to Shakspeare, or the inimitable acting of that day, at least as far as the masses were concerned. The higher classes attended the theatres regularly when the pieces of Shakspeare were performed, and those next in rank followed the fashion. The subsequent neglect of the drama, therefore, is accounted for. "*Nos plus belles tragédies en France n'intéressent pas le peuple; sous prétexte d'un goût trop pur et d'un sentiment trop délicat pour supporter de certaines émotions, on divise l'art en deux,*" &c. One of these two divisions, containing affecting situations ill expressed, suited the vulgar, for the pieces on the French stage rarely affected alike the imagination of the people of the two different degrees of intelligence. Shakspeare is above the taste of the English vulgar of the present day. His works are too intellectual for modern audiences who are playgoers. If this be doubted, it is only to observe the low character of the pieces now performed, considered dramatically. All exhibited strikes superficial minds only, which assimilate in calibre to what is presented to them. The managers, who must please to live, find they must descend to the vulgar capacity—they are compelled to do so. The faculty of admiration, where works of true greatness are exhibited, is not common to the multitude; it fills them with ennui. The education, which extends to reading, writing, and arithmetic, will not create a taste for the arts in the people, if that taste extend no further than to impart a preference for the shapely over the misshapen, or for the showy in place of the refined. The possession of the means of acquiring a more pure vision in matters of taste does not imply their application to a purpose to which habit and inclination only invite in rare and exceptional instances, even among the classes whose minds are thus disciplined to comprehend their merit if the power be put forth.

C. R.



GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

ONE OF THE SUMMER DAYS BEFORE THE STORM.

"You look down in the mouth, old boy," said Tom Severn, of the Queen's Bays, to Regalia, at that lavish pleasant affair, a mess-breakfast, which the Guards were giving to us.

"Regalia's in deep for Philaster, and he's going lame," suggested Curly.

"No; he's turned over Julia for La Vivonne, and the inconstancy's weighing on his mind," put in Rushbrooke of Ours.

"Wrong, all of you!" laughed Monckton, who always said an ill-natured thing if he had the opportunity. "Regalia's done for, since Sabretasche has cut in and carried off that handsome Molyneux girl!"

"Regalia's plenty of fellow-sufferers, then," said De Vigne, who, with all his cynicism, always came to anybody's rescue if he thought them ill treated. "I expect there'll be no end of Found Drowned in the Serpentine, since Sabretasche has committed himself—of women for him! of men for her! Violet is positively an injury to the service!"

"Court-martial her!" cried Curly. "She'd look devilish pretty drummed through a regiment!"

"I am sorry," continued De Vigne, pathetically, "that Sabretasche is going to marry. I never dreamed he would. I should as soon have thought of his turning brewer, or writing a book on the Millennium. It is such a pity! He is such a charming fellow as he is! His little dinners are perfection, and I never enjoy lansquenet anywhere so much as at his house."

"Selfish enough, De Vigne, I must say," said I, laughing. "It would be rather hard to deprive poor Sabretasche of his love because you like his lansquenet. But take courage: we shall have him and his card-parties all the same. Violet's not the sort of girl to put a stop to his enjoying life."

"No; I admit Violet is the only woman to whom I could endure to see him sacrificed. En même temps," said De Vigne, with his usual sarcastic fling, which he could no more help than a schoolboy can help shying a stone when he sees a cat, "you know, my dear Arthur, as well as I do, that there is a peculiarly frosty breath in marriage, which chills the sweetest temper, and changes the brightest sunbeams into the hardest icicles!" With which De Vigne sat himself down to écarté with Regalia at five guineas a side.

So we talked over Sabretasche and his fiancée, while they, regardless of the babble going on in all the noisy brooks of gossip that brawled and rippled through the many channels of West-end talk, spent, I have no doubt, days that were entered with a mark of purest gold in the cloudless.

life of each. His old-accustomed bay-window saw comparatively little of him; his mornings were given to Violet in the delicious tête-à-tête of her boudoir; in the Ride and the Ring he was by her side or in her carriage; the whist-tables of the United, the guinea points of the Travellers, the coulisses of the Opera, the lansquenet parties at De Vigne's, saw but very little of him; he was waltzing with her at balls, or singing Italian with her after dinner-parties. The Colonel, for the time being, was lost to us and to "life," which he had lived so recklessly and graced so brilliantly for so many years; and I suppose his new occupation charmed him, for when we did get an hour or two of him, he was certainly more delightful than ever: there was such a joyous ring in his ever-brilliant wit—such gentleness and kindness, to all people and all things, out of the abundance of his own happiness—such a depth of rest and contentment, in lieu of that touching and deep-seated melancholy, which had gone down so far into his character under his gay and fashionable exterior, that it had seemed as if nothing would uproot it. So happily does human life forget its past sorrows in present joy, as the green meadows grow dark or golden, according as the summer sun fades on and off them, that the bitterness so long upon him from his unhappy marriage was entirely dissipated in the beauty of his new existence, and though probably as time rolled on, the past would occasionally rise up, and the pain of the last twenty years leave a certain sadness upon his character, now, in the fulness of his love and the sweetness of his dawning future, Vivian Sabretasche could from his heart say what *some* men go down from their cradles to their graves without knowing even for an hour or a day—that life had given him perfect and cloudless happiness! It was now the first week of June, the season was at its height, and the 10th of July was fixed for Sabretasche's marriage. He had pressed the Molyneux for a shorter engagement than is usual, and pères et mères show no inclination to procrastinate when men offer such splendid settlements as the Colonel, out of pure lavish love for his young bride, voluntarily proposed! So the marriage-day was fixed, and Sabretasche had bought a villa beside Windermere to enjoy a seclusion such as suited his poet's heart and lover's dreams; he said he had no fancy to spoil his golden days in railway carriages and continental hotels, and the Dilcoosha, perfect already, was being refitted, and having its lilies painted and its gold refined to be worthy to shrine his new and dearest idol. All the prosaic details that attend on love in these days of matter-of-fact and almighty dollars (how often to tarnish and corrode it!) caught the soft hues of his own poetic and tender nature, and grew in his hands into the generous gifts of love to love, the outward symbols of the inward worship. So surrounded, and with such a future lying before her, in its brilliant colours and seductive witchery, can you not fancy that our ever-radiant belle looked—*how*, words are not warm enough to tell; it would need a brush of power even diviner than Raphael's to picture to you Violet Molyneux's face as it was then, the incarnation of young, shadowless, tender, brilliant, impassioned life! God help us! when the summer day is at its brightest, closest hovers the brooding storm!

The Derby fell late that year. The day was a brilliant, sunshiny one, as it ought to be, for it is the sole day in our existence when we are excited, and do not, as usual, think it necessary to be bored to death

to save our characters. We confess to a wild anxiety at the magic word "Start!" to which no other sight on earth could rouse us. We watch with thrilling eagerness the horses rounding the corner as we should watch the beauty of no Galatea, however irresistible, and we see the favourite win the distance with enthusiastic joy, to which all the other excitements upon earth could never fire our blood. From my earliest recollection since I rode races with the stable-boys at five years old, and was discovered indulging in that reprehensible pastime by my tutor (a mild and inoffensive Ch. Ch. man, to whom *Bell's Life* was a dead letter, and the chariot-racing at Rome and Elis the only painful reading in the classics), my passion has been for the Turf. No sight is to me more delightful than all those thorough-breds at the Warren, with their body-clothing off, and their firm, slender limbs uncovered; no moment dearer than when the favourite, bearing the hopes and the fears of thousands, skimming the earth like a swallow in its flight, pulls up at the distance, with the ruck straggling behind him, while myriad shouts from the stands and the ropes proclaim him winner of the Derby. The Turf!—there must needs be some strange attraction in our English sport—it has lovers more faithful than women ever win; it has victims, voluntary holocausts upon its altars more numerous than any creed that ever brought men to martyrdom; its iron chains are hugged where other silken fetters have grown wearisome; its fascination lasts, while the taste of the wise may pall and the beauty of feminine grace may satiate. Men are constant to its mystic charms where they tire of love's beguilements; they give with a lavish hand to it what they would deny to any living thing. Olden chivalry, modern ambition, boast no disciples so faithful as the followers of the Turf, and to the Turf men yield up what women whom they love would ask in vain; lands, fortune, years, energies, powers; till their mistress has beggared them of all—even too often robbed them of honour itself!

To the Derby, of course, we went—Curly, I, and some other men, in De Vigne's drag, lunched off Rhenish, and Guinness, and Most, and all the delicacies Fortnum and Mason ever packed in a hamper for Epsom; and drove back to mess along the crowded road. Dropping the others en route, De Vigne drove me on to dine with him at his own house in Grosvenor-place.

"Come into my room first, old fellow," he said, as we passed up the stairs. "I bought my wedding-presents for Sabretasche and his wife that will be, yesterday, and I want to show them to you. Halloo! what the deuce is that fellow Raymond doing?—reading my letters, as I live! I think I am fated to come across rascals! However, as they make up nine-tenths of the world, I suppose I can't be surprised at the constant rencontres!"

From the top of the staircase we saw, though at some distance, straight through into De Vigne's bedroom, the door of which stood open. At the writing-table in the centre sat his head valet, Raymond, so earnestly reading some of the letters upon it, that he never heard or saw us. De Vigne sometimes wrote his letters in his bedroom; he always read those by the first post over his matutinal coffee; and as he was immeasurably careless both with his papers and his money, his servants had always full opportunity to peruse the one and

take the other. If he had seen the man taking ten pounds off his dressing-table, he would have had a fling at human nature, thought it was the way of that class of people, and kept the man on, because he was a useful servant, and no more of a thief, probably, than another would be. But—no matter in what rank—a dishonourable or a sneaky thing, a breach of trust in any way, always irritated him beyond conception; he had been betrayed in greater or minor things so often, and treachery was so utterly foreign to his own frank and impetuous nature, that his impatience at it was very pardonable. I could see his ominous eyebrows contract: he went up, stretched his hand over the man's shoulder, and took the letter quietly out of his grasp.

"Go to Mills for your next month's wages, and leave this evening."

Raymond, sleek, and smooth, and impenetrable as he was, started violently, and changed colour; but his answer was very ready.

"Why, Major? I was merely sorting your papers, sir. You have often ordered me to do that."

"No lies—leave the room!" said his master, briefly, as he turned to me. "Arthur, here are the things I mentioned. Come and look at them."

His valet did not obey his order; he still lingered. He began again, in his soft, purring tone:

"You wouldn't dismiss me like this, Major, if you knew what I could tell you."

"Leave the room, and send Robert to me," said De Vigne, with that stern hauteur that always came up when people teased him. He had had his own way from his infancy, and was totally unaccustomed to being crossed. It is bad training for the world for a man to have been obeyed from his cradle.

"You would give me a good deal, Major, to know what I know. I have a secret in my keeping, sir, that you would pay me handsomely to learn——"

"Silence—and leave the room!" reiterated De Vigne, with an impatient stamp of his foot.

Raymond bowed, with the grace becoming a groom of the chambers.

"Certainly, sir. I hope you will pardon me for having troubled you."

Wherewith he backed out with all the sang-froid imaginable, and De Vigne turned to me:

"Cool fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes; but you might as well have heard what he had to say."

"My dear fellow, why?" cried De Vigne, with his most grandiose and contemptuous smile. "What could that man possibly know that could concern me. It was only a ruse to get money out of me, or twist his low-bred curiosity in spying over my letters into a matter of moment. I was especially annoyed at it, because the letter he was reading is a note from Alma; nothing in it—merely to answer a question I asked her about one of her pictures; but you know the child has an enthusiastic way of expressing herself at all times—means nothing, but sounds a great deal, and the 'Dear Sir Folko,' and 'your ever grateful Little Alma,' and all the rest of it—the days are so long when I don't go to see her, and she envies the women who are in my set and always with

me—and all that—reads rather *I* know how she means it, but a common man like Raymond will put a very different significance upon it."

"Most probably. *I* know how she means it too; still, you know the old saying, *De Vigne*, relative to toying with edged tools?"

"No, *I* don't," said *De Vigne*, curtly; "or at least *I* should say *I* know edged tools, when *I* see them, as well as you do, and am old enough, if *I* did come across them, not to cut myself with them. *I* can't think what has possessed *Sabretasche* and you to try and sermonise to me! Heaven knows you need to lecture yourselves, both of you. *I* don't stand it very well from *him*; but *I'll* be shot if *I* do from you, you young dog, whom *I* patronised in jackets in *Frestonhills*! Get out with you, and let *Robert* take the *Derby* dust off you in the blue-room."

And he threw *Alma's* note into a private drawer (to be kept, *I* wonder?), and pushed me out by the shoulders.

No Cup day ever was so ill-bred as to send dusky English rain-drops on the exquisite toilettes that grace the most aristocratic race in the universe, and we had "Queen's weather" for *Ascot*. We had all betted on *La Violette*, the Colonel's beautiful chesnut, who was the favourite in the betting-rooms at *Tattersall's* as well, and as *Tom Severn* said, he didn't know which looked the loveliest in its own way, *La Violette* with her wild eye, her graceful symmetrical limbs, and her coat like silk, or *Violet* herself, with her *Paris* toilette, her brilliant beauty, and her joyous unrestrained animation of speech and of regard. *La Violette* won the *Ascot* Cup, distancing all the rest of the first flight at an easy swinging gallop, without any apparent effort; and when we had seen the race fairly run, we went up to the *Molyneux* carriage to congratulate the Colonel on his chesnut's triumph: *Sabretasche* being missed from his usual circle of titled betting-men and great turfites, and, for the first time in all his life, watching *Ascot* run, with his attention more given to the face beside him than the course before.

"*I* knew we should win!" cried *Violet*, with the greatest delight in her namesake's triumph. "Did not *I* tell you so, *Major de Vigne*?"

"You did, fair prophetess; and if you will always honour me with your clairvoyant instructions, *I* will always make up my books accordingly."

"The number of bets *I* have made to-day is something frightful," answered *Violet*. "If that darling horse had failed me *I* should have been utterly ruined in gloves."

"As it is, you will have bracelets and negligés enough to fill *Hunt* and *Roskell's*. You are most dangerous to approach, *Miss Molyneux*, in more ways than one," said *Vane Castleton*, who was leaning against the carriage door flirting with her mother.

"Oh! pray don't, *Lord Vane*; you talk as if *I* were some grim and terrible *Thalestris*!" cried *Violet*, with contemptuous impatience, looking at *Sabretasche* with a laugh.

It was pretty to see how, in the midst of her laughter, and chat, and merriment with other men, she turned to him every minute, to meet the gaze of eyes which very rarely left their study of her face. They were both at once too delicate and too high-bred to bring any show or

demonstration of their attachment abroad in society; still the brightness of her regard when it turned on him, the softness of his voice when he addressed her, were silent evidences enough of the sympathy between them.

"Thalestris!" repeated Sabretasche, smiling. "You have but very little of the Amazone about you; not enough, perhaps, if your lines had fallen in hard places."

"Instead of rose-leaves! Yet I think I can fight my own battles?"

"Oh yes!" laughed Sabretasche. "I never meant to hint but what you had, in very great perfection, that prerogative par excellence of woman, that Damascus blade, whose brilliant chasing makes us treat it as a toy, until the point has wounded us—the tongue!"

"If mine is a Damascus blade, yours is an Excalibur itself!" cried Violet, with her air *mocqueur*. "*Le fourgon se moque de la pelle, monsieur!*"

"An English inelegance taking refuge in a foreign idiom. What true feminine diplomacy!" laughed Sabretasche, resting his eyes on her with that deep tenderness for her, for all she did, and said, and thought, which had grown into his life for Violet Molyneux.

She laughed too—that sweet, gay laugh of perfect happiness. There are times when a simple word will woo us easily to laughter, there are others when all the wit in Europe fails to rouse a heart-felt smile.

"Ah! there is her Majesty going off the stand—before Queen Violet goes, too!" she went on. "Do tell me what I had to ask Major de Vigne. I know it was something very important, but I cannot remember, by any exertion of memory, whatever it could be."

"What a happy thing for you that I can remember your affairs as well as my own," smiled Sabretasche. "You wanted to ask him about Miss Tressillian, did you not?"

"Oh yes! Thank you so much. Colonel Sabretasche tells me, Major de Vigne, that you know the artist of that lovely "Louis Dix-sept," and that she is a young lady living at Richmond. May I go and see her?"

"Certainly, if you will be so kind."

De Vigne felt a certain annoyance; why, I doubt if he could have told—a certain selfish desire to keep his little flower blooming unseen, save by his own eyes, acting unconsciously upon him.

"The kindness will be to me. Is she young?"

"Yes."

"How young?"

"Eighteen or nineteen, I believe."

"And very pretty?"

"Really I cannot say; ladies' tastes differ from ours on such points."

"I hope she is," said Violet, plaintively. "I never did like plain people, never could! I dare say it is very wrong, but I think one likes a handsome face as naturally as one prefers a lily to a dandelion; and I am quite certain the artist of that sketch *must* be pretty—she could not help it."

"She is pretty," said Sabretasche; "at least attractive—what you will call so."

"Then will you take me to see her to-morrow, Major de Vigne, and introduce us? Of course you will; no one refuses me anything! You

can come with me, can you not, Vivian? We will all ride down there before luncheon, for once in a while, shall we?"

"Yes, and lunch at the Dilcoosha, if Lady Molyneux permits?"

"Go where? Do what?" asked the Viscountess, languidly, turning reluctantly from her, I presume, interesting conversation with Vane Castleton.

Sabretasche repeated his question.

"To see an artist, and lunch with you? Oh yes, I shall be very happy. I don't think we have any engagements for to-morrow morning," said Lady Molyneux, turning again to Castleton. "Are you going to the Lumleys to-night, Vane?"

The morning after, half a dozen of us rode down out of Lowndes-square. First, the Colonel and his young fiancée; next, the Viscountess and her pet, Vane Castleton; then De Vigne and I—De Vigne, I must confess, in one of his haughtiest, most reserved, and most impatient moods, annoyed, more than he knew, at having to take people to see Alma, whom he had had to himself so long that he seemed to consider any other visit to her as an invasion on his own "vested interests," and besides, he was irritated to be tricked into taking Vane Castleton there, of all men in the world. But Lady Molyneux had asked him; De Vigne knew nothing of his addition to the party until he had reached Lowndes-square, and to make any comment on, or opposition to it, would have been as useless as unwise. The Colonel and Violet led the way. Sabretasche rode with the skill and speed of an Arab; and she never looked to better advantage than en Amazone; she rode, too, with admirable fearlessness and grace, and her dark tight riding-jacket, with its little gold agraffes, and her black felt hat, with its long soft plumes nestling among her bright chestnut hair, showed to full beauty the perfect contour of her slight form, and the aristocratic and delicate loveliness of her face. I could not wonder at Sabretasche's pride in, and tenderness over her, as she turned round her horse's head as they drew near St. Crucis, her eyes gleaming, and her cheeks a little flushed, and waited till we came up to them.

"Are we near the house, Major de Vigne?"

"Within a stone's throw."

"And does Miss Tressillian live there all alone?"

"No. The house is kept by an old nurse of hers."

"An old nurse? Poor girl, how lonely she must be! I am very sorry for her." And Violet contrasted her own perfect joy and golden future with Alma Tressillian's desolate solitude, and confided it to Sabretasche as they cantered on again together.

"I am too happy, Vivian!" she cried, passionately. "Sometimes I lie awake at night, thinking of you, till I grow dizzy with my own delirious joy. What have I done to merit it—or you? Sometimes I almost tremble; I am so afraid it should not last!"

"My darling, I am grieved at that," said Sabretasche, fondly. "I would not have one shadow rest on your life if I could help it. I have had too much shadow on my own not to guard yours from even the most fleeting cloud. The regret and sorrow of twenty years have been banished off my heart in our present joy; no fear or pain must enter yours, so young and bright. While we both live, my dearest, our happiness must

last. Very soon, no power on earth can separate us, and we shall never part even for an hour—a moment. Very soon our lives will be as one, Violet—our happiness must last!”

“Does Miss Tressillian live alone with an old nurse, Major de Vigne?” Lady Molyneux was asking, in that voice which was languor and superciliousness embodied. “How very queer—so young a girl! To be sure, she is only an artist! Artists are queer people, generally. Still, it is very odd!”

“Artists, like other people, must live; and if they have happened to have lost their parents, they cannot live with them, I presume,” responded De Vigne, dryly. The Viscountess had always an irritating effect upon his nerves.

“No, of course not: still, there are plenty of places where a girl can take refuge that are most irreprouchable—a school, for instance. She would be much better, I should fancy, as a teacher, or a——”

“She happens to be a lady,” interrupted De Vigne, quietly, “and nurtured in as much luxury and refinement as your daughter.”

“Indeed!” said the Viscountess, with a nasty sneer and upraised eyebrows. “Pray, is she quite a—quite a *proper* person for Violet to visit?”

De Vigne’s slumbering wrath roused up; every vein glowed with righteous anger and scorn for the pharisaic peerness, of whose own under-currents he knew a story or two not quite so spotless as might have been, and he looked down at her steadily and contemptuously.

“Lady Molyneux, if the ladies your daughter meets in our set at court and drawing-rooms, balls and operas,—if they, the immaculate Cordelias and Lucretias of English matronage, could lay claim to half as pure a life, and half as pure a heart, as the young girl you are so ready to suspect and to condemn, it might be better for them and—for their husbands!”

It was a more outspoken, and, in this case, more personal, speech than is customary to the bland reserve and reticence customary in “good society,” where we may sin, but may not say we do, and where it is only permitted to ridicule or blackguard our friends behind their backs. The Viscountess reddened under her delicate rouge, and turned with a laugh to Vane Castleton. The white gate and dark thatched gables of St. Crucis Farm were now close at hand, and De Vigne rode forward.

“What a picturesque place!” cried Violet, dropping her reins on her mare’s neck. “Oh, Vivian, do look at those little lovely yellow chickens, and that great China rose climbing all over the house with the honey-suckle, and veritable lattice windows, and that splendid black cat in the sunshine! Wouldn’t you like to live here?”

Sabretasche shook his head, and would have crossed himself had he been a Catholic:

“My dear Violet! Heaven forefend! I cannot say I should.”

“Nor she either,” laughed De Vigne. “She will be much more in her element in its neighbour, your luxurious Dilecocha.”

Sabretasche smiled, Violet’s delicate colour deepened, to vie with the China roses she admired, while the Colonel lifted her from her saddle close to the objects of her attachment, the little lovely yellow chickens,

certainly the prettiest of all new-born things, humiliatingly pretty beside the rough ugliness of new-born man, who piques himself on being lord of all created creatures; God knows why, except that he is slowest in development and quickest in evil!

Certainly the old farm-house looked its best that day, the grey stone, the black wooden porch, the dark thatch, with its sombre lichens, that had all appeared so dark and dreary in the dim February light in which we first saw them, were only antiquated and picturesque in the full glow of the June sunlight. The deep cool shadows of the two great chesnut-trees beside it, with their large leaves and snowy pyramidal blossoms, the warm colours of the China roses and the honeysuckles against its walls, of the full-blossomed apple-trees, and the fragrant lilacs—those delicate perfumy boughs that Horace Walpole, the man of wit and gossip, courts and salons, patches and powder, still found time to love—gave it the picturesqueness and brightness which charmed Violet at first sight; for not more different is the view of human life in youth and age than the view of the same place in summer and winter. If our life were but all youth! if our year were but all summer!

Out of the wide, low lattice window of her own room, half shadowed by the great branches of the chesnut-trees, with their mélange of green and white, yet with the full glow of the golden morning sunbeams, and the rose-hued reflex of the China roses upon her, Little Alma was leaning as we alighted. Like her home, she chanced to look her prettiest and most picturesque that day (she was *journalière*—expressive faces that chiefly depend upon animation and refined intelligence always are); she was dressed in what Boughton Tressillian had always liked best to see her, what she had worn in the hot season at Lorave, and still wore in the warm weather here, in something very white and gossamer-like, with blue ribbon round her waist, while her golden hair, without anything on it, or any perceivable means of holding it up, made a sunny framework for her face. She was a pretty picture shrined in the dark chesnut-boughs and the glowing flowers—a picture which we could see, though she could not see us.

"Is that Alma Tressillian? How lovely she is!" cried Violet, enthusiastically.

Sabretasche, thinking of her alone, smiled at her ecstasies. The Viscountess raised her glass with supercilious and hypercritical curiosity. Vane Castleton did the same, with the look in his eyes that he had given the night before to the very superior ankles of a new danseuse. De Vigne caught the look—by George! how his eyes flashed—and he led the way into the house, sorely wrathful within him. Alma's innate high breeding never showed itself more than now when she received her unexpected influx of visitors. The girl had seen no society, had never been "finished," nor taught to "give a reception;" yet her inborn self-possession and tact never deserted her, and if she had been brought up all her days in the salons of the Tuileries or St. James, it would have been impossible to show more calm and winning grace than she did at this sudden inroad on the conventual solitude of her studio. Violet and she fraternised immediately; it was no visit from a fashionable beauty to a friendless artist, for Violet was infinitely too much of a lady not to recognise the intuitive aristocracy which in the Little Tressillian was so thoroughly stamped in

blood and feature, manner and mind, and would have survived all adventitious circumstances or surroundings. There was a certain resemblance which we had often noticed between them in their natures, their vivacity, their perfect freedom from all affectations. Violet's manner, when she chose, was soft and sweet enough to have melted the Medusa into amiability; Alma's vivacity and that sense of power, strong as it is modest, which the sense of genius always confers, especially where, as in her case, it is backed by talent of a high order in many other things, prevented her ever knowing such a thing as shyness, and (now that she had been relieved of all jealousy of her by De Vigne's information that Violet was engaged to the Colonel) she had returned to her old admiration and inclination for the brilliant belle who had picked up her sketches on the pavé of Pall-Mall.

The Viscountess sat down on a low chair in a state of supercilious apathy. She cared nothing for pictures. The parrot's talk, which was certainly very voluble, made her head ache, and Vane Castleton was infinitely too full of admiration of Alma to please her ladyship. De Vigne, when he had done the introductory part of the action, played with Sylvio, only looking up when Alma addressed him, and then answering her more distantly and briefly than his wont. He could have shot Castleton with great pleasure for the free glance of his bold light eyes, and such a murderous frame of mind rather spoils a man for society, however great he may generally be as a conversationalist!

We, however, managed to keep up the ball of talk very gaily, even without him. It was chiefly, of course, upon art—turning on Alma's pictures, which drew warm praises from Violet and Castleton, and, what was much more, from that most fastidious critic and connoisseur, the Colonel, partly, I dare say, to please his fiancée, but partly because they really were wonderfully clever, and he thought them so. We were in no hurry to leave. Castleton evidently thought the chevelure dorée charming; women were all of one class to him—all to be bought; some with higher prices and some with lower, and he drew no distinction between them, except that some were blondes and some brunes. Violet seemed to like leaning against the old oak window-seat scenting the roses, chatting with Alma, and listening to Sabretasche's classic and charming disquisitions upon art, and Alma herself was in her element with these highly-bred and highly-educated people. We were in no hurry to go; but Lady Molyneux was, and was much too bored to stay there long.

"You will come and see me?" said her daughter, holding out her hand to Alma. "Oh yes, you must. Mamma, is not Thursday our next soirée? Miss Tressillian would like to meet some of those célèbres, I am sure; and they would like to see her, for every one has admired her 'Louis Dix-sept' so much. Have you any engagement?"

Of course Alma had none. She gave a glance at De Vigne, to see if he wished her to go, but as he was absorbed in teaching Sylvio to sit on his hind legs and hold his riding-whip on his nose, she found no responsive glance, and had to accept it without consulting him. Violet taking acceptance for granted, and her mamma, who did not care to contradict her before Sabretasche, and intended to reprimand her in private for her ridiculous folly in taking up this little orphan, joining languidly in the

invitation, the Little Tressilian stood booked for the Thursday soir  e in Lowndes-square.

Violet bade her good-by, with that suave warmth which fashionable life could never ice out of her, and the Viscountess swept out of the room, and down the garden, in no very amiable frame of mind. She rather affected patronising artistes of all kinds, and had brought out several prot  g  s, though she unhappily had dropped them as soon as their novelty had worn off; but to patronise an artiste of nineteen, whose face Vane Castleton admired, was a very different matter, for my lady was just now as much in love as she had ever been in love with anything, except herself, and there is no passion more exigent and tenacious than the fancy of a woman *pass  e* herself for a young and handsome man! De Vigne was a little behind the rest as he left the room, and Alma called him back, her face full of the delight that Violet's invitation had given her.

"Oh, Sir Folko! I am so happy. I shall be in your set at last. Was it not kind of Miss Molyneux?"

"Very kind indeed."

"Don't you like me to go?"

"I? What have I to do with it? On the contrary, I think you will enjoy yourself very much."

"You will be there, of course?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

"Oh, you will," cried Alma, plaintively. "You would not spoil all my pleasure, surely? I do so long to see you in your own society. Only mind you don't talk to any one so much as you do to me!"

"Nonsense!" said De Vigne, half laughing *malgr   lui*. "Good-by, petite, I must go."

"But why have you spoken so little to me this morning?" persisted Alma.

"You have had plenty of others to talk to you," said De Vigne, coldly.

"At least, you have seemed very well amused."

"Sir Folko, that is very cruel," cried Alma, vehemently. "You know, as well as I can tell you, that if you are not kind to me, all the world can give me no pleasure. You know that there is no one I care to talk to compared with you."

"Nonsense! Good-by, petite," said De Vigne, hastily, but kindly, for his momentary irritation had passed, as he swung through the garden and threw himself across his horse.

"What a little darling she is, Vivian?" said Violet, as they cantered along the road. "Don't you think so?"

Sabretasche laughed:

"Really, my pet, I did not notice her very much. There is but one 'darling' for me now."

"Deuced nice little thing, that!" said Castleton to me; "uncommonly pretty feet she has; I caught sight of one of them. I suppose she's De Vigne's game, bagged already probably, else, on my honour, I shouldn't mind dethroning Coralie and promoting her. French women have such deuced extravagant ideas."

I believe if De Vigne had heard him he would have knocked Castleton straight off his horse! His cool way of disposing of Alma irritated even

me a little, and I told him, a trifle sharply, that I thought he had better call on his "honour" to remember that Miss Tressillian was a lady by birth and by education, and that she was hardly to be classed with the Coralies of our acquaintance. To which Castleton responded with a shrug of his shoulders and a twist of his blond whiskers:

"Bless your soul, my dear fellow, women are all alike! Never knew either you or De Vigne scrupulous before;" and rode on with the Viscountess, asking me, with a sneer, if I was "the Major's game-keeper."

De Vigne was very quick to act, but he was unwilling to analyse. It always fidgeted him to reason on, to dissect, and to investigate his own feelings; he was not cold enough to sit on a court-martial on his own heart, to cut it up and put it in a microscope, like Gosse over a trog or a dianthis, or to imitate De Quincey's raffiné habit of speculating on his own emotions. He was utterly incapable of laying his own feelings before him, as an anatomist lays a human skeleton, counting the bones, and muscles, and points of ossification, it is true, but missing the flesh, the colouring, the quick flow of blood, the warm moving life which gave to that bare skeleton all its glow and beauty. De Vigne acted, and did not stop to ask himself why he did so nine times out of ten; therefore he never inquired, or thought of inquiring, why he had experienced such unnecessary and unreasonable anger at Castleton and Alma, but only felt remorsefully that he had lacked kindness in not sympathising with the poor child in her very natural delight at her invitation to Lowndes-square. Whenever he thought he had been unkind, if it were to a dog, he was not easy till he had made reparation; and not stopping to remember that unkindness from him might be the greater kindness in the end, he sent her down on Thursday morning as exquisite a bouquet as the pick of Covent-garden could give him, clasped round with two bracelets as delicate in workmanship as they were rare in value, with a line, "Wear them to-night in memory of your grandfather's friendship for 'Sir Folko.'"

Dear old fellow (true heart and loyal friend; my blood always warms when I think of him or write his name!). Granville de Vigne's warm virtues led him as often into temptation as other men's cold selfishness or vice. When he sent that bouquet with his bracelets to the Little Tressillian, despite his passionate nature and his wild life, I am certain he had no deeper motive, no other thought, than to make reparation for his unkindness, and to give her as delicately as he could ornaments he knew that she must need. With him no error was fore-planned and premeditated. He might have slain you in a passion perhaps, but he could never have stilettoed you in cold blood. There was not a taint of malice or design, not a trace of the "serpent nature" in his sweet and generous, frank and placable, though fiery and impatient character. My Orestes has always been very dear to me since the first day I saw our senior pupil at Frestonhills. God bless him! There must be great good in a man, even though the world ostracised and damned him ever so determinedly, who could make another man love him so truly and so well.

ACCLIMATISATION.

NOR the least interesting chapters in M. Esquiros's latest work, "The Dutch at Home," are those devoted to zoological gardens, and the acclimatisation of species now unknown in Europe. The subject is certainly a most important one, and we are glad to notice the increasing attention paid to it by naturalists in this country. In France it has long been under consideration, and the emperor has wisely encouraged the efforts of Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire and others, by material aid. It is certainly very surprising that man should, up to the present, have congregated so few domestic animals about him; even the greatest achievement of later history—the discovery of two continents—has but very slightly increased our dominion over the living produce of the soil, and the rich Fauna of America has, up to the present, only supplied us with three domestic animals—the turkey, the bisamente, and the guinea-pig; the value of the two latter still remaining dubious. From Australia we have only introduced a cockatoo, at present settled in a few aviaries, while no attempt has been made to import really useful animals into Europe. From the days of the flourishing trade between Spain and America, to the present, our domestic animals have not been enriched by a single new species from that country. Surely it is high time for a change to be made.

At the present day we have in Europe thirty-two varieties of domestic animals, some of which, as for instance the canary, are only kept for amusement. The majority of them, in all probability, were derived from Asia; while America, Central and Southern Africa, and the whole of Polynesia, have only supplied us with four varieties. This division appears unjustifiable, though the more remarkable, because these countries must necessarily contain numerous animals which it would be worth while to attempt to tame. It is, therefore, most improper to say that no more has been done, because all that was desirable has been effected; on the contrary, we ought to say that the less has been done during the last three centuries, the more remains to do. One hemisphere has in this respect remained inexhausted, while the other contains many treasures that deserve a better appreciation than they have as yet obtained.

When a purely theoretic truth is in question, it may be permissible to announce it, and then leave the development of the conclusions to the omnipotence of time. In a question, however, which affects not merely science, but also the welfare of coming generations, it is most necessary to set to work practically; and hence the experiments that have been making during the last ten years in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris are deserving of the utmost attention as well as gratitude on the part of naturalists. We cannot yet say positively what effect they may have produced; still, from a mention of the results that have hitherto been attained, we can, at any rate, form a fair opinion. The possibility of acclimatising several animals in the temperate climate of Europe has been proved beyond doubt, and the main point now is the greater or less amount of advantage the introduction of new species promises us. Among the countless animals of the world, the following have been especially recommended for acclimatisation in Europe. Among the mammalia, we have in the class of herbivorous marsupians the kangaroo and the wombat;

among the cloven-footed rodents, the aguti, the paka, and the capybara ; among the pachydermata, the tapir and the peccary ; among the solid angular animals, the jiggetai and the dauw ; among the unhorned ruminants, the camel, the llama, and the alpaca ; and, lastly, among the horned ruminants, antelopes and gazelles, the gayal, the yak, the zabu, and the buffalo.

Europe itself also supplies several animals, whose breed might probably be increased by acclimatisation. We may mention the reindeer, which serves the Lapps as horse and ox, but which has not yet been successfully transferred to moderate zones. Furthermore, we may call attention to the fact, that the ancient Romans fattened marmots, dormice, thrushes, blackbirds, quails, &c., to such an extent, that the meat of larger animals occupied a very subordinate place. We will, in passing, allude to the fattening of dogs and rats by the Chinese, and add that prejudices against eating the meat of sundry animals prevail among civilised nations, which it would be as difficult to account for as to remove. While in Southern Russia and Turkey the hare is a strictly prohibited dish, it is among us a dainty. In the extreme north, the fox, whose flesh we loathe, is eaten with as much satisfaction as a dish of roast mice in Southern France. We might certainly augment the number of our dishes considerably if we liked—that is to say, if habit permitted it. A large number of the animals we have mentioned above would only serve to enrich our table ; but those are, certainly, the least important. There are, however, others among them which man might also render serviceable to his labour.

Cuvier, the founder of later zoology, expressed his opinion that the time would come when the kangaroo and the wombat would become as common in Europe as the hare. This time may still be distant, but the prospect of it must cause every sportsman pleasure. Just imagine a pack of kangaroos bounding over the plain with eighteen-foot leaps, and the delight of fox-hunting will appear inconsiderable when compared with it. New Holland produces two varieties of the kangaroo, the smaller of which is also called the wallaby, in such numbers that hundreds of thousands of their hides come into trade annually. These animals breed very quickly, are remarkably moderate in feeding, and supply very dainty meals. Considerable progress has already been made in their acclimatisation. In the Royal Gardens at Caserta, near Naples, there is a breed of several hundred head almost in a state of perfect freedom, so that they are hunted there. They have long been at home in the Zoological Gardens of London, Paris, Schönbrunn, and Berlin, where they breed freely, and appear becoming gradually used to the climate and food. It is possible that, with time, their progeny may be so hardened that they will be able to endure the cold of our winters, and be transferred to our parks. In addition to their flesh, the hides of these animals might improve in a colder climate, so that the general propagation would prove most profitable. The wombat is smaller than the kangaroo, and its acclimatisation would hence be more difficult, as its extreme sloth might expose it to the attacks of our foxes and other predaceous animals ere it had attained its full growth. In its mode of life it is very like the badger, which it also resembles in appearance, though rather smaller. Its meat is excellent, and the hide useful.

Among the rodents, there are several which it would be advantageous to acclimatise. The aguti is an inhabitant of South America, and a forest animal, living principally on roots and herbs, and breeding very

rapidly. While resembling the rabbit in this, it equally inflicts great injury on plantations. We doubt whether it is worth introducing, for its flesh has a peculiarly musky flavour, and is only eaten by negroes and Indians. Far preferable is the paka, which is a denizen of the marshes on the Orinoko, Marañon, and La Plata rivers. It has a great likeness to a small pig, and its habits are precisely the same as those of that animal. The flesh is streaked with fat, well flavoured, and nourishing, and the skin is tanned. The food of the paka consists of husks, roots, insects, and larva, which it generally seeks during the night. The vicinity of water is indispensable for its existence. The capybara, or Brazilian water-hog, also resembles in every respect the small breed of Chinese pigs, but is an aquatic animal, living as much in the water as on land. These hogs live in large droves, growing very fast and to a considerable size, so that specimens weighing above a hundred-weight are no rarity. The flesh has a remarkable affinity with that of the pig, and is equally fat. As the capybara lives principally on water plants, the inhabitants of marshy districts might make an experiment to acclimatise this useful animal.

The American tapir is the largest native animal of South America, and may be called its hippopotamus. In its habits it resembles the pig: it eats everything it comes across, animal or vegetable, and hence frequently injures the plantations. Living half on land, half in the water, this animal is remarkably timid, but, in spite of that, is frequently tamed and kept as a domestic animal in Brazil. Its very fat meat has certainly a strong flavour, but this would probably wear off if it were domesticated and kept like the pig. It is much larger than the latter animal, and attains a length of six feet, and the weight of several hundred-weights. In spite of its size, it is perfectly inoffensive, and hence there would be no great difficulty in taming it. The attempts hitherto made in London and Paris to acclimatise it have as yet not been very successful, for the tapir has always been affected by cold weather, and has displayed no inclination to breed. Although Saint-Hilaire so strongly recommends the introduction of this animal, experience seems to show that the result would be unfavourable. The peccari, or Bisam hog, whose habitat is also South America, greatly resembles the tapir in its habits. Its meat is far more savoury, but the precaution must be taken of cutting out the bisam-bag immediately after death, else it imparts an unendurable flavour to the meat. This animal is about three feet in length, and lives in large herds in the woody morasses. In spite of its savageness, it is capable of being tamed, and in London and Paris it has bred under treatment exactly like that of the pig. There is a small herd in our Zoological Gardens which have stood several winters, without any especial precautionary measures, and that is a considerable step towards acclimatisation.

Far more important than the above are two closely related animals, the jiggetai and the dauw, both of which could take the place of the horse, although inferior to it in some respects. Buffon and Daubenton, in their day, suggested the introduction of the zebra into Europe, but in spite of several attempts it is only very recently that the zebra has been tamed and has bred in Europe, though with insignificant results. The dauw, which bears a great likeness to the zebra, is a native of Southern Africa, and is often tamed and used as a draught animal at the Cape. In former days it is said that rich Dutchmen used to have their carriages drawn by them in Europe. In the Paris Jardin des Plantes a dauw may be seen

daily, drawing a cart. The herd there, however, is still small, and hence the animals cannot as yet be employed more extensively. On the other hand, this is their fifth generation, and hence their acclimatisation may be regarded as an accomplished fact. Saint-Hilaire tells us that the French dauws lie down on the snow without injuring themselves. The beauty and strength of these animals makes their introduction among man's auxiliaries desirable, but it is not yet known whether they lose their natural cunning through continued taming.

The jiggetai, or hemione, is a native of Hindostan, and is found on those plateaux whose climate differs very slightly from our own. It is an extraordinarily graceful, strong, and active animal, with the body of a horse and the head and tail of a donkey. In size it is between both; and its short smooth hair is of a bright grey or Isabelle colour. This animal was indubitably known to the ancients, and tamed by them, and Herodotus makes mention of it: the more surprising is it, then, that the attention of Europeans has only been directed to it during the last few years. Saint-Hilaire reports about it in the following words: "No animal appears so difficult to tame and render useful as this wild, flying child of the steppes, and yet in none was success so speedy and certain. In 1842 the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes received one colt and two fillies as a present from India. A period of ten years is but short to tame an animal which, like the horse and ass, is in foal for nearly twelve months, and does not attain its full growth till the third year. Up to 1849, however, nine had been reared, and, although three of these died, the other six got on splendidly, and are in no way inferior to individuals born in a wild state." In fact, these animals appear perfectly acclimatised: they breed regularly, they can be ridden or put in harness, and they have even been yoked to the plough. In strength and spirit they are in no way inferior to the horse; and crossing a jiggetai with a she donkey produced a magnificent bastard, whose form, strength, and activity leaves nothing to be desired. As the jiggetai is frequently tamed in Thibet to carry and draw, there seems a very fair prospect of its general introduction into Europe. Whoever has seen the herd at Paris will concede that these animals deserve greater attention being paid them. At the present time, several of them have been lent to French farmers, who are carrying on experiments with them.

Everybody knows that the camel is called the ship of the desert, because no other animal is so well adapted to traverse long desolate tracts of country. Its habitat is Asia, and it has spread therein for great distances. The two-humped camel, it is true, has not advanced beyond Asia Minor, but the one-humped, or dromedary, has spread over the whole of North Africa to the Canary Isles, and it will soon spread farther. It is already being bred in Turkey, and it has also been bred in Dresden and Berlin. There is a large camel-breeding establishment in the vicinity of Pisa, and the animals are employed in agricultural works in the Tuscan Maremma. A similar attempt has also proved successful in the department of the Landes, in France. In the salt-works of Southern France dromedaries are now being extensively substituted for mules as beasts of burden.

Much more valuable, however, would be the introduction of the camel into North America. The nature of the far west country, whose plateaux, with their scanty vegetation and want of water, offer the greatest obstacle to communication, has recently again aroused the attention of the Federal

government. So far back as 1701 camels reached Virginia, and they have since been repeatedly introduced into America, but the attempts at breeding failed, through a lack of energy. When the republic of Bolivia, however, succeeded in introducing the camel in the Cordilleras, a bill was brought into Congress, in 1857, for the introduction of this most useful of animals, as Buffon called it, into North America, at the government expense. This proposal was readily assented to, and perhaps the time is not very distant when the ship of the desert may traverse the pathless plains of Oregon and California.

There are as many varieties of the camel as there are of the horse. General Harlan, who during twenty years' service in India made himself thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of these animals, suggested to Congress that the Bactrian camel, and especially a variety known as the Booghdee, was best adapted for the American plateaux. This variety, produced by a cross between the male camel and the female dromedary, has the one hump of the mother, but in other respects greatly resembles the father. In addition to its value as a beast of burden, the fine wool it supplies is eagerly bought up for the purpose of making the well-known Thibetan shawls.

After the discovery of America, Europeans found in that country only two tamed animals, the Indian hog and the llama, with the exception of the dog, which is probably a domestic animal all over the world. Sixty years later, the useless guinea-pig was naturalised in Europe, but four centuries have since passed away without the introduction of the llama, which is, however, as useful and valuable as the camel. The llama is not only a draught animal, but it supplies a rich and nourishing milk, excellent meat, and, above all, a wool, which is a most valuable product, both through its fineness and its abundance. The llama inhabits the plateaux of the Cordilleras up to an elevation of 16,000 feet, and hence lives in a cold zone : it breathes a very pure and rarefied atmosphere, and lives on plants that grow in no other part of the world. Our climate, atmosphere, and soil do not appear to respond to these conditions ; but although the introduction of the llama into Europe may possess its difficulties, they are surely not insurmountable. Not only do the mountains of Europe offer many localities resembling those of South America, where a first attempt at llama-breeding might be made, but science justifies the assumption that these animals, by regular training, might be brought down to the plains, just like our sheep and goats, whose progenitors were also most decidedly mountaineers. Hence we may be allowed to consider the future spread of the llama over the world as solely dependent on man's wishes and wants.

This expectation is not merely based on theory, for a lengthened experience speaks in its favour. The Spaniards, soon after the conquest of Peru, carried several llamas to Europe ; in 1585 the first reached Holland. But all the attempts at breeding failed, because they were badly managed, but at the present day the experiments have led to very different results. In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there is a small flock of llamas, which have grown from two to ten in number in fourteen years, are perfectly used to the climate, are thoroughly well, and require no special attention. The same result was attained in England. The late Lord Derby, in his collection at Knowsley, had a herd of more than sixty llamas, which had bred there for twenty years, and were so acclimatised that they remained

in the open air through the winter. William II. of Holland, about sixteen years back, also had several llamas and alpacas placed in the palace garden at the Hague, which have now grown to be eighty in number, so that the problem of acclimatising the llama may be regarded as solved. It has been frequently objected that the peculiar plant of the Cordilleras called the icho is absolutely necessary for these animals, but this is an error. The llamas hitherto bred in Europe live during summer on meadow grass, like all other animals, and in winter on hay and a small quantity of oats.

These points being cleared up, all that remains is the value of the llama to man. It is the tamed variety of the wild guanaco. In its native land it is principally employed as a beast of burden, but cannot carry more than 80 lbs. weight, or travel more than fifteen miles a day. In the seventeenth century three hundred thousand llamas were employed in the Potosi mines alone, and four million head annually slaughtered in the country. The alpaca is a variety of the llama, with much finer wool, and stands to it in the same relation as the merino does to the common sheep. This wool forms an important article of trade. During the five years from 1835-1840, 134,832 bales of alpaca wool were imported into Liverpool. It has since tripled in value, and the Peruvian government, through fear of losing this trade, has prohibited the export of living alpacas, without reflecting that they can be obtained from neighbouring states. So far back as 1765, Buffon formed the idea of introducing the llama and its congeners into the Alps and Pyrenees. "I am confident," he said, "that these animals would prove an incalculable gain to Europe, and produce a greater real profit than all the gold of the New World." The Empress Josephine attempted to realise the great naturalist's hopes. A rather large flock was presented to France by Charles IV., King of Spain, but unfortunately the war compelled them to remain in Buenos Ayres for six years. When the nine survivors of the original flock of thirty-six reached Cadiz in 1808, the whole of Spain was in a state of insurrection, so that the poor brutes not only were almost thrown into the sea by the excited populace through hatred of the Prince of Peace, but soon after perished through want of attention. A similar calamity attended an experiment made by the Duc d'Orléans, who wished to establish the llama and alpaca in the atlas range of Algeria. Castelnau, the traveller, was entrusted with the affair, and collected a large flock at Lucia, but as transports had not been provided for their conveyance to England, they were sent back to the mountains after a lengthened period of waiting.

Saint-Hilaire and D'Orbigny published a paper referring to the introduction of the llama and alpaca, in which they say: "With every year alpaca wool becomes more sought after and rises in price. Ought we, however, to obtain from foreigners, and at second-hand, what we can produce superabundantly on our own soil? The only obstacle appears to be in the cost of production, but all the information we have as yet obtained on this point is most favourable. We certainly do not yet know—as only a great experiment can supply the basis of the calculation—in what figures the value of the produce and the cost of production ought to be expressed: but generally the result appears to be indubitable. Would not the services of the llama, as beast of burden, its flesh, its milk, its long wool, repay the expenses of feeding and keeping it, as all

travellers agree that it is a tough and contented animal, which frost and cold do not injure, and finds sufficient food at spots where a sheep would starve? It is true we do not know in what proportions this animal may some day increase our agricultural production, but it may be confidently asserted that llama-breeding is destined to produce wealth in districts which are now utterly unproductive."

Everybody is aware that we have a European variety of the gazelle in the chamois. The attempts hitherto made to tame it were not encouraging, though bastards from it and the goat have repeatedly lived. As, however, the conversion of the chamois into a domestic animal would produce no great advantage, it has never been seriously attempted. Moreover, antelopes and gazelles, which it might be possible to acclimatise, would, at any rate, only possess value as game; but they are very susceptible to cold in our climate: even if they breed, they only drop weak fawns, the majority of which perish before they have attained their full growth. Still, there are exceptions to this: thus, for instance, the North African gazelle has been placed in several parks of Southern and Central France, where it has propagated so rapidly, that it has already become the prey of sportsmen. The flesh of the young bucks that were shot was much more like mutton or goat's flesh than venison. The propagation of the larger antelopes has not yet been sufficiently observed, but there is no reason for assuming that it would be more difficult to acclimatise them than the African antelope, and they would be far more valuable. We may mention here that the climate of the Cape, the habitat of most of the larger antelopes, is not very unlike that of Southern and Central Europe.

Among the horned ruminants, there are several in different parts of the world which would be worth introducing into Europe. In the first rank of these is the gayal, which lives in a wild state in the forests of East India, but is also repeatedly tamed. This animal is about as large as our ox, but much stronger and quicker, so that in this respect it has a closer affinity with the buffalo. In the districts of Chittagong and Tipperah the female gayal is yoked to the plough, and kept as a milking animal: it yields a small quantity of exceedingly rich milk, and sensible breeding would produce great improvements under this head. Up to the present the gayal has not been brought to Europe.

It is different with the yak. In 1854, M. de Martigny brought a herd of this ox of Thibet to Paris, twelve in number. Up to that period the Knowsley specimen had been the only one that ever reached Europe. At the present time this animal may be found in most zoological gardens. The yak—also called the ox with the horse's tail—was recommended for introduction by the Russian traveller Pallas in the last century; and Buffon and Sonnini supported it. It was, however, M. de Martigny, the French consul in China, who had the merit of carrying out this idea. As we have said, he purchased twelve head in Thibet, and had them brought, at a great expense, through China to Shanghai. Himself then accompanied them aboard ship round the Cape, and after a long stay at the Azores to repair damages, the valuable herd reached Paris safely on April 1, 1854. As they were accompanied by four Chinese attendants, they did not suffer excessively on the voyage. During the five months' stay at the Azores, however, a bull died; but a calf was born to make up for it. The herd consisted of five males and

seven females, among the latter being a cross between a zebu bull and a yak cow. Only four of them have horns, much like our oxen, but set on rather higher up, and bent back. Of the eight unhorned yaks, four are black and four white. They are small in stature, especially the cows, and generally do not exceed the height of our smallest herds of cattle. They have a smaller head and limbs, but a rather larger body than our common ox. The hind-quarters are round, and rather like those of a horse; their tail is shorter, but covered from top to bottom with long black hair, while the hair on their hide is shorter than it is usually represented in drawings. The yak is the domestic animal of the Thibetans and Tartars; coarse strong stuffs are woven out of its coat, whence it forms a considerable article of trade in Asia: it resembles that of the Maltese goat. The very young animals have curly coats like Astrakan sheep, so that they might be used as peltry. The flesh of the yak is excellent, as is the milk, which in no way differs from that of the common cow. But the yak is very valuable, too, as a beast of burden: it draws and carries weights with like ease, and is universally employed in its native land as a riding animal. Its movements are as gentle as they are quick and pleasant. It is, therefore, for the Tartars, sheep, cow, and horse at once, and hence its introduction into the mountainous regions of Europe might be advantageous. A beginning has been made: of the twelve animals brought to Paris, the Société Zoologique d'Acclimatisation received five, which it has given to farmers in the mountains of the Doubs and the Jura. They have got on excellently, and have bred several times. A second small herd was placed by the ministry in the valley of Barcelonnette (departement Basses Alpes), and flourishes there so excellently, that we may expect further information about this interesting animal ere long.

The zebu, the common ox of Hindostan, is regarded by many as the original of our cattle. It is remarkable for its hump, which disappears, however, on crossing with other cattle. It has frequently been introduced into Europe, and some thirty years ago a small herd was established on the royal estates in Würtemberg. According to the published reports, the zebu cow at the outset yielded but very little milk, but an amelioration was produced by constant milking, although the yield was never equal to that of the native kine. They easily grew accustomed to the climate, and are very remarkable for their agility and speed, in which they are not inferior to a horse, and indeed surpass that animal in perseverance. In India they are invariably employed for riding and drawing: in the latter respect they are far better than our native cattle. The zebu is now quite acclimatised in Europe.

The buffalo is also a native of Asia, but has spread over a far larger portion of the globe than its relatives to which we have just referred. It followed the ox from the Asiatic plateau, first reached North Africa, and thence proceeded to South-Eastern Europe, where it became perfectly at home. It was introduced into Italy in 595, and has propagated there ever since. From this some idea of its utility may be formed, though in that respect it is inferior to the European ox, as is proved by the fact that during twelve centuries it has not passed the Alps. On the other hand, we must allow that with many nations the buffalo has proved a valuable substitute for the ox, and the reason will generally be found in the locality. While the ox is attacked by dangerous diseases in marshy ground, that

is the first condition of health with the buffalo, and hence we think it might be advantageously introduced into some parts of Northern Europe.

We might refer to a whole series of ruminants whose introduction into Europe might be possible, but, in matters of acclimatisation, those animals must be selected whose value is settled, and easy taming proved. This is not the case with several varieties of the stag family, which Daubenton suggested. The North American bison, which Berthelott and Lamarre Picquot intended introducing into Europe, has been tamed more than once. The Académie des Sciences of Paris has appointed a commission to examine the question whether the acclimatisation of this animal in Europe will be worth the difficulty in doing so.

Turning to birds which would repay acclimatisation, one of the most remarkable is the South American trumpeter bird, or agami, which seems related to the bustard, and hence is frequently counted among the forest birds. Daubenton and Bernardin St. Pierre were the first to direct attention to it, and said, "This bird possesses the instinct and fidelity of a dog. It manages not only flocks of birds, but can drive sheep, and though little greater than the fowl, it always manages to procure obedience. Even dogs fear its clever attacks. In Guiana it is everywhere kept as watcher over the flocks." The observations made in the Jardin des Plantes confirm its usefulness in this respect: it is the ruler of the whole poultry-yard, maintains order, protects the weak against the strong, takes care that the young fowls and ducks have their food, bravely defending them from the attacks of the older birds, and would itself sooner go without than let them run short. There is no animal so easy to tame and feed as this bird. Unfortunately, attempts made to propagate the breed in colder climates have been hitherto unsuccessful, but they might have a better result in Southern Europe.

The crown-pigeon, or goura, which is a native of New Guinea and Southern Asia, and is kept as a domestic animal, is the largest of all pigeons, as it is generally six pounds in weight, and can be fattened to the double. It is splendid eating, the meat surpassing that of all other fowl, and can be most easily tamed. The climate, too, appears to offer no obstacle to its introduction, as it has frequently bred in Paris.

The hocco, strongly recommended by Daubenton, is a South American bird, which can also be easily tamed and fed, and attains the size of a turkey: it lays a large number of eggs, and is delicate eating. It has been thoroughly acclimatised, and may be frequently seen in England, France, and Holland. In France, a M. Barthélemy, at Marseilles, has for several years had a flock of upwards of one hundred hoccos, but in the vicinity of Paris they have hitherto but rarely propagated. At the latter city, M. Pomme obtained better results with the Yaku fowl, or marail, which is also tamed in South America, and like the domestic fowl, his hens lay every fortnight from three to four eggs, of the size of ordinary hen's eggs, but their productiveness can doubtless be increased. Their white meat is much more tender and juicy than that of the common fowl, which they also surpass in size and beauty.

The Himalayan pheasant, which lives in a generally colder climate than that of Central Europe, and is frequently kept as a domestic bird, has never yet reached Europe, as it has always died in the heat of the tropics. So soon as this single obstacle has been overcome, we should have a handsome and valuable addition to our poultry-yards.

Among the different varieties of geese and ducks, the European brent-geese, the Egyptian goose, the Sandwich goose, the Chinese fan-duck, the Carolina duck, and the Australian goose have been recommended for taming and introducing.

The brent-geese is a European bird, but has hitherto been only experimentally tamed. M. de Wagram has bred a very fine flock of them at Grosbois, near Paris, and their down is extremely valuable. The Egyptian goose, Sandwich and Australian goose, have been largely introduced into England and France, where they propagate without difficulty. In the menagerie of the Paris Museum, where their acclimatisation has been regularly carried on since 1839, so many of these geese have been bred, that it was possible to give them away to amateurs. The most successful experiment was with the Egyptian goose, from which a new French breed has been obtained by crossing. Though of a lighter colour, this breed has retained the rich plumage that renders the Egyptian goose one of the handsomest of aquatic birds, but it has simultaneously become much stronger and larger. Another remarkable influence of the new climate is the following: at home, the Egyptian goose begins laying at the new year, owing to the mildness of the winter temperature. The Paris specimens remained faithful to this custom up to 1843, and laid their eggs towards the beginning of January—the worst time in the year for rearing the fledgelings. But the birds and their progeny gradually altered their season for laying: in 1844, it was deferred till February; in 1846, till March; and since then has taken place regularly in April. In this manner the most serious obstacle in the propagation of this beautiful bird has been removed, and a proof afforded how rapidly a real acclimatisation may be obtained, in spite of apparently unfavourable conditions.

The Carolina duck is frequently kept in England and France. Rarer is the Chinese duck, which was only very recently introduced into France, but was formerly reared both in England and Holland. Both breeds are remarkable for their beauty and delicate meat, and will probably prove valuable acquisitions.

The large unwinged birds offer several varieties, whose flesh would supply food as good as it was copious. At the same time their feathers are a valued article of trade, while their large eggs, which they lay in considerable numbers, would form an important article of food. At their head stands the ostrich: but the difficulty in acclimatising it could be hardly overcome. This would be much easier with the South American Nandu, and the New Holland emu, or casuary. With a little care the former soon grows used to our climate, and Lord Derby bred from it several times. The emu is one of the strongest of birds, and stands cold excellently. In England it is frequently kept, and runs about parks, without requiring any special attention either in summer or winter. In Paris, these birds remain at all seasons in the open air; the severest frost, the most tremendous rain, or fiercest sunbeams, can never compel them to seek shelter. Their productiveness in the shape of meat, fat, and eggs is so considerable, that they are always to be found at the markets of New Holland.

A great wealth of animal nature lies totally unused before our eyes and hands. We may mention that, judging from the result of artificial pisciculture, it does not appear at all impossible to bring into our waters

many of the splendid fish of foreign regions. The silkworm was brought from China within historic ages, and recently, unknown varieties of it have been discovered, among them being the *Bombyx cynthia*, which deserves most notice, as it does not live exclusively on the mulberry-leaf like the *Bombyx mori*.

Having thus examined into most of the animals recommended for acclimatisation, let us see briefly what measures have been taken to investigate their merits. In 1854 the first society of this nature was formed in France, under the protection of Prince Napoleon and the Presidency of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire; and in the following year an imperial decree sanctioned it as an undertaking of importance for the public welfare. Its object is the importation, acclimatisation, and taming of useful or handsome animals; the perfecting and propagation of domestic animals, or newly introduced breeds, and the importation of useful plants. The organisation of the society, through the support of the government and many prominent men of science, is as good as it is effective, especially as it strives to attain practical results in the shortest possible period. Sections and permanent committees were formed, and relations entered into with all parts of France, as well as nearly all the nations in the world. In France two sub-societies were formed at Grenoble and Nancy, while most of the agricultural societies gave in their adhesion to the parent society, whose members are now spread over nearly the whole world. Through the support of the war ministry in Algiers, and the French consuls, the society has very valuable resources at its command, and has hence become a centre of action.

In 1855 the Société d'Acclimatisation began its practical agency by introducing an animal from which much is expected—the Angora goat. It received sixteen head of them from Marshal Vaillant, to whom they were presented by Abd-el-Kader, while a second flock of seventy-six head was obtained from Angora itself, through the French consul at Broussa. The great value of the silky skin of this goat is well known, and it is hoped, by its acclimatisation in the poorer parts of France and Algiers, to open up a source of help which promises, from results obtained, to gain great value. Contemporaneously, the importation of the Egyptian goat, whose milk is double as rich in fatty constituents as that of the best cow, and of the Caramanian sheep, with the fat tail, a most healthy and wool-producing herd was undertaken.

By the help of its foreign members, the society obtained Californian and American partridges, which have propagated so rapidly that they promise to become, within a few years, indigenous game. In addition, we find in the report of the society for the year 1856, among the breeds imported, kangaroos (a present of the Queen of Spain), Chinese and English pigs, Egyptian goats, blue-headed guinea-fowls, Bulgarian fowls, Cochin-Chinas, Brahma-pootras, Chinese pheasants, &c.

An acclimatising society has also been recently founded in London, probably emanating from Professor Owen's gallant fight on behalf of the eland; and there is one lately established in Berlin, which has not done much up to the present. We possess no accurate report as to the Russian society, whose head-quarters are at Moscow.

OTAGO,

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED GOLD-DIGGINGS.

OTAGO, to which the general rush of gold-diggers, fortune-hunters, and adventurers is at the present moment directed, is the most southerly settlement in New Zealand, and, including the Bluff, or port of Invercargill, contains a larger quantity of land than any other province in the colony. Rain is more frequent, and the cold greater than elsewhere; and the climate is generally held to be inferior, although comparatively mild and uniform, to that of any of the other settlements.

All vessels of any importance are compelled to anchor within a large but inconvenient harbour, close to the small and until lately unimportant village of Port Chalmers, there not being a sufficient depth of water for them to approach nearer the town of Dunedin, the capital of the province. This town is nine miles from the port, and all goods have to be conveyed thither in small boats or lighters.

Placed at the extreme south of the Middle Island, Otago is washed on three sides by the waters of the Pacific Ocean, while it is bounded on the north by the province of Canterbury. It extends from Foveause Strait to the Wiatangi River, in south latitude 44 deg. 50 min., and from 166 deg. 31 min. to 171 deg. east longitude, and has thus an area of about 300,000 square miles. The whole of the Middle Island is traversed by a chain of lofty mountains, varying in altitude from 4000 to 13,200 feet, and covered with perpetual snow. There are three large lakes in the interior of the province, but their existence and position on the map rest solely on native testimony. Otago is a country abounding in streams of the purest water; seven of the largest rivers in New Zealand flow through its plains. Near Dunedin, on the south, there are three plains, where the early settlers have purchased 40,000 acres of fine level land; while on the north there are extensive tracts of arable land, which have been let as sheep-runs for a period of fourteen years. The southern plains are the largest in the province, and contain land of every description. Men of capital have been attracted to this district, and the surveyors are at present laying off a block of 600,000 acres to meet this class of purchasers.

Otago was founded in 1848 by the New Zealand Company in London and the Otago Association in Edinburgh. The company sent a competent surveyor—Mr. Tuckett, accompanied by Colonel Wakefield—to that part of the Middle Island lying south of Nelson, to select the finest harbour and district they could find for the colony: 400,000 acres were attached to the towns of Port Chalmers* and Dunedin, and the sale and colonisation of them handed over to the Otago Association. The company appointed Captain Largill to be their resident agent—a man well qualified to lead his countrymen in any enterprise—and so universally has he been esteemed by the colonists that they have twice conferred upon

* Port Chalmers was named after the illustrious Dr. Chalmers, and Dunedin is the Gaelic name of Edinburgh.

him the highest civic honours which it is in their power to bestow. Emigration is now carried on by the provincial council through their agents in Great Britain.

The grand feature of the climate of Otago is its mild and uniform temperature. The summers are as far removed from the heat of Australia as the winters are from the cold of Canada. Three causes combine to produce this uniformity, viz. the latitude, prevailing winds, length and breadth of the Middle Island, and its mountains. The latitude and longitude of New Zealand corresponds to that of France and Spain, and the inhabitants of Otago are the antipodes of those who live in the south of France. The town of Dunedin is three degrees nearer the equator than Paris, yet the mean temperature of both places is nearly the same. The absence of the extremes of heat and cold appears to depend upon the size of the island and the prevailing winds. The Middle Island is 500 miles long by 150 broad, and lying as it does in a slanting direction across eight degrees of longitude and six degrees of latitude, the easterly and westerly gales are intercepted, and are bent to the shape of the coasts, and hence north-east and south-west winds are those which prevail, and communicate to the land the equable temperature of the Pacific Ocean. It is a remarkable phenomenon, that when the wind blows from the snowy mountains (north-west), it is always warm, and is the sure fore-runner of a south-wester. The north-west wind blows on an average one day in each month, and is sometimes accompanied by lightning. The mildness of the winter is such that the farmer would prefer more frost to destroy the weeds; but this, again, is counterbalanced by other advantages, such as breaking up new land when the ground is moist, and carrying on all kinds of out-door work as in summer.

The provinces of Otago and Auckland being farthest removed from Cook's Strait, which divides the North and Middle Islands, were not affected by the earthquake that took place on the 23rd January, 1855. These periodic shocks occur but once every seven years, and are not attended with danger to life. For the last twenty years that influence has been chiefly confined to the east corner of Cook's Strait, so that the inhabitants of Otago (who are 400 miles south-west of this point) are no more affected by an earthquake in that quarter than the people of Great Britain are by an eruption of Vesuvius.

There are three harbours on the east coast of the province, named respectively the Otago, the New River, and Bluff harbours. The first of these, which is the principal one for commerce, is that from which the province derives its name, and is about 200 miles from Canterbury. This loch, or arm of the sea, is fourteen miles long, and is a picture of such uncommon beauty that the eye never wearies of looking on it. The hills that surround it are of every shape, densely wooded, and so luxuriant is the vegetation, that the trees never cease growing till they have dipped their branches two or three feet into the salt water. The Otago harbour is divided by two islands into an upper and lower harbour, sand-banks in each of them. The channel in the lower harbour resembles the letter *o* made the wrong way, or on its side. The tide rises six feet, and covers an area of twenty-six square miles. The tidal flow of this volume of water is through a narrow entrance a quarter of a mile broad. The current is equal to three miles an hour, which is of great service to small

vessels working up against the south-west wind. The west coast and its harbours present an aspect altogether different from the eastern. There are twelve magnificent harbours on the west of the province fit for the largest vessels in the world; indeed, it is impossible to imagine a coast line better provided with places of refuge. Beautiful as these harbours are to the eye, they are almost useless to the province from two causes. First, their great depth. Many of them are so deep that no ship's cable could reach to the bottom. The other objection is the greater of the two: the range of mountains which skirts the head of the western harbours prevents all access to the interior of the country, so far as is yet known. Mount Cook, named after one of Britain's most distinguished navigators, almost rivals the Alps of Europe in height, attaining, as it does, nearly 13,000 feet of elevation above the sea. Mount Aspiring forms a magnificent spectacle, not only owing to its great altitude, viz. 9135 feet above the sea, but owing to its bold and symmetrical shape of a steep cone or spire. The mountains in the vicinity of the Wanaka and Hawea lakes are Black Peak, 7328 feet; Pesa, 6426 feet; and Grandview, 4703 feet above the sea. The Wanaka Lake is 1036 feet above the same level. The Eyre Mountains rise 6084 feet, and the Dome 4505 feet above the sea level; Takituna, 4998 feet; Hamilton, 4674 feet; Lingwood, 2602 feet; Ida, 5498 feet; Ryeburn, 5129 feet; Rock and Pillaux, 4675 feet; Benmore, 6111 feet; Totara Peak, 5876 feet; St. Cuthbert, 4962 feet; Mount Cargill is 2297 feet, and Mihinaka 1895 feet above the level of the sea.

The Provincial Council of Otago consists of nineteen members, elected by persons twenty-one years of age, who have been six months resident in the colony. The executive government is vested in the superintendent and three members of council.

In the early days of the settlement all denominations worshipped under the same roof. The Church of Otago was composed of members of the Free Church of Scotland, members of the Church of England, the Established Church of Scotland, the Lutheran Church of Sweden, English and Irish Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, United Presbyterians, and Independents—all worshipped together for five years; and if they had certificates of membership from clergymen, they were, *and still are*, admitted to the same privileges as members of the Free Church of Scotland. In 1853, those in communion with the Church of England were joined by one of their own clergymen, the Rev. J. A. Fenton, and they have sent for another clergyman. There is a Presbytery in Otago, which meets twice a year.

Denominational schools are established at Dunedin, Port Chalmers, and their vicinities, Taieri East, Taieri West, Native Village and Wai-hola, Tokomairi, South of Tokomairi, Waikonsaiti, Goodwood, Moe-raki, and Waitaki. The total number of scholars is 2750. The local government have established a system of provincial education.

Of minerals, gold has long ago been detected in the Maturua, and very generally on the Waiopai plains, also in the Tuapeka and Lindis, but its existence in remunerative quantities had not till recently been made apparent. Coal is very generally distributed, and is found frequently of very fair quality, notwithstanding that surface-coal only has as yet been taken out. Coal and lignite are found on either slope of

the Kurai and Kakanni Mountains and the Horse Range; these are exposed to view in various river-beds. The districts of the lower Taieri, Tokomairiro, Clutha, Pomahawk, and Mataura also possess the stores of subterranean fuel. Limestone is met with abundantly on the Maruwhenna, Waireka, Awamoko, Kakanni, and Shag rivers. It is also found near Dunedin, at the Waiholo Lake, in the Waian, Orinsea, Assarima, and Mataura rivers. Flagstones and roofing slate are found in the Maruwhenna and Kakanni.*

Otago, like all other British colonies, was peopled, previous to the gold exodus, from every quarter of the globe, but its pith and stamina is British blood. Foreigners are not entitled to a vote in public affairs; but if they renounce their own country, and apply to the sheriff to be naturalized, they are admitted to all the privileges of British subjects.

The province of Otago has but recently been adapted to people of agricultural and pastoral pursuits. Of this there are many evidences, the most wonderful of which is the sudden decrease of the aborigines during the last half century. Though once numerous, they have destroyed themselves by the scourge of war. The settler of the Middle Island has nothing to fear from man, beast, or reptile. The Maories, or native population in Otago, amount to 500, and, as there are very few births amongst them, it is to be feared that the race will be extinct before the close of the present century. 16,000 acres were reserved for them when they sold the province to the Crown.

The town of Dunedin is situate at the head of the Otago harbour, from the opposite side of which, although the houses are not numerous, it has even now a fine appearance. In front of the town lies Dunedin Bay, with its boats sailing about, its small craft at anchor. On the other side is seen the dark blue of the Pacific Ocean; and, in the background, Mount Flagstaff is seen towering far above the town and surrounding country, giving it such a picturesque and beautiful appearance that it is looked upon as one of the finest landscapes in New Zealand. The built part of the town has a fine cool brook running through the centre of it, and the surveyed town is bounded on the north-west by a clear stream flowing from Mount Flagstaff, yielding a supply of pure water sufficient for the largest city in Britain.

The land is naturally divided into agricultural and pastoral. That most suitable for agricultural purposes can be purchased, in any part of the province, at the low price of ten shillings per acre. Flax and grass can be got in any quantity, and is the only kind cultivated now; it is cleared at a much less outlay than bush land. Flax land is prepared for the plough at from twenty-five to thirty shillings per acre; grass land at fifteen shillings. The cost of fencing for the last five years has varied according to the vicinity of a wood and the supply of labour, and may be reckoned at from twelve shillings to twenty-one shillings per chain of sixty-six feet. The most common fencing in Otago is a ditch four feet wide, a turf dike, two and a half feet high, and two rails on

* Magnetic iron-sand similar in every respect to that which exists at Taranaki, and which was spoken of so highly by hardware manufacturers in England, has been since discovered on the western side of Blind Bay, between the Riwaki River and Waitapu. It is said that a company is to be formed at Melbourne for working these deposits.

the top. In the town split paling only is used. Wire-fencing has also been introduced.

The soil of the province of Otago is excellent, and well adapted to the cultivation of grain of all kinds. Its depth, however, cannot be judged of by the height of the crops grown, as flax has been found growing ten feet high upon a soil not more than six inches in depth; and luxuriant crops of wheat have been raised from soil five inches deep. The climate of Otago is the real source of its fertility, and when the soil is exposed to its influence for six months it yields a much greater crop. Inch Clutha, Waikonaui, and other localities, have rich soil from two to three feet deep, which yields forty-six bushels per acre, and has a growth of such strength that it is cut three feet above the ground, in order to save the thrashing mill. The heaviest timber in the colony grows upon Inch Clutha, an island seven miles long, in the centre of the Clutha River, with fine natural scenery.

The colony is suitable as well for the man of substance as for the man of small means. Estates of from 2000 to 100,000 acres of land, rich, level, and dry, may be purchased, either for pastoral or agricultural purposes; or, if capital be invested in sheep, a depasturing license may be obtained for any number of sheep not exceeding 25,000, on payment of a deposit of 20*l*. The applications for runs have been far in excess of the extent of country at present available; but as fresh country is opened up, and fresh applicants fail to stock within the time limited, parties on the spot are likely to get suited.

The Merino is the only breed of sheep that is yet reared in Otago. They are usually imported from Sydney or Twofold Bay, and have for some years been landed at Port Chalmers. In 1856 there were 333,314 lbs. wool exported to Britain and elsewhere, the estimated value of which was 19,316*l*. The advantages of sheep-farming are so apparent to persons of small means, that many of them invest in sheep. In 1855, there were 26,000 sheep; and in 1856, 130,000.

For the last few years emigration to Otago has been chiefly carried on by residents in the colony sending for their friends, but the supply has not been equal to the demand, or even to fill up the vacancies for tradesmen, shepherds, and labourers, who have become their own employers.

Large sums have been spent in taking labourers from Melbourne, but along with them went purchasers of land to the extent of 10,000 acres, so that the demand for labourers, instead of being lessened, was rather increased. To remedy this state of things, the provincial council have voted the sum of 20,000*l*. as a permanent fund for emigration, those availing themselves of this fund having to repay the amount of assistance they may receive from it, within a period to be agreed upon for either one, two, or three years.

Five hundred persons in Great Britain have been applied for by their friends in Otago, who have given a guarantee to the provincial government to repay their passage-money, which is 8000*l*. This is one of the strongest proofs of their prosperity, for it is unreasonable to suppose that they would invite their friends to leave home and certainty in Britain for an uncertainty in Otago. Every man without means must, at the outset, be prepared for an extra effort; if he be unwilling for this, he is unfit for any province in New Zealand.

Hitherto the class of emigrants who apply for passages have had to produce unexceptionable certificates of moral character, and their skill required to be of the kind that the settlement requires, viz. shepherds, ploughmen, agricultural labourers, who can ditch, and fence, and reap; female domestic servants and dairy women, sawyers and country mechanics.

A somewhat crotchety writer—a disappointed poet, but successful prose author—according to his own account, who writes concerning the “Rise and Progress of Australasia,” under the anonyme of an “Englishman,” and in a spirit which has probably more of the acerbity than of the sweets of truth, speaking of the social condition of Dunedin, the capital of Otago, says, inquiringly, “To what shall we compare it? In the present civilised state of society the inhabitants of that town puzzle us to find any class in any country with whom to institute a comparison. Of the human kind, we know of no body of a similar character; and for want of a better simile, we will compare the town to a fenced inclosure, or large ring, within which a number of unhappy and spiteful creatures are like so many strange cats, that constantly endeavour to tear out each other’s eyes. To avoid the daily encounter of the antagonists, the few respectable wanderers and peaceable disposed of the group, who might have been unconsciously drawn into the social turmoil, have only one way of escape, viz. to leap the barrier, and fly the province for another; or to go into the interior of their own till something approaching to harmony shall reign in the discontented city. Seriously, the political, theological, and social animosities displayed by the inhabitants of Dunedin towards each other baffle description. Some years since, when the unhappy differences arose in the Scotch Kirk, a tour through Scotland made us unwilling spectators of the agitated state of that part of the United Kingdom. But bad as it was, the virulence of the north was of a mild character compared with that by which the majority of the Otago settlers are at present incited—a virulence that turns the sanctity of their professed Christianity into ridicule, and makes religion a subject of discussion for arousing the worst passions of man, instead of a consecrated medium for conveying evidence of a placid submission to the will of a Superior Being. But a few Scotchmen of contracted minds, possessing little beyond a local knowledge of one part of their own country and less of mankind generally, the province of Otago was selected as a class settlement, i.e. a settlement in which only those of the same country, and holding the same religious faith, as the original settlers, are admitted, or entitled to admittance, on equal terms. But at the outset, and at the foundation of Otago, there was an attempt, as we are informed, to make the exclusive law still more stringent and exclusive; and the natives and immigrants from *one part of Scotland only*, were to be deemed eligible for participation in the imaginary benefits which, in a free country, subject to British rule, a small band of sectarians supposed they had power to confer. On the failure of an undertaking, the projectors frequently attribute the want of success to other than the real cause. In a paper recently published in Otago, with a few statistics, &c., of the province, the authorities state that ‘the object of the original association was not to confine colonisation to any particular religious denomination.’ Unable to effect their desired end, they deny having had any such end to effect,

although their friends and others do not attempt to disguise the matter. Here is the first sentence descriptive of the province by Mr. Earp, whose work was published soon after the foundation of the settlement: 'The Otago settlement, the most southerly of those at present established in New Zealand, is the first of what have been termed "class settlement," i.e. such as are composed, at the commencement at least, of men of the same country, holding the same religious faith, and observing similar social customs.' The failure of the undertaking has only tended to kindle that bitter and unconquerable spirit of ill-will which the old hands invariably display both towards Englishmen and a few liberal-minded Scotch settlers, who, on the principle of religious and commercial freedom, opposed from the first the proceedings of their narrow-minded countrymen. We need not travel far for evidence of the party spirit alluded to, or the length to which it is sometimes carried. On our arrival in Dunedin, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was addressed and forwarded to the superintendent of the province:

"I am at present compiling a work on the rise and progress of New Zealand; for confirmation of this fact, I beg to refer you to his excellency the governor, to whom I have been introduced by a letter from the English government.

"If you will favour me with the name of some gentleman (for your own time will, no doubt, be fully occupied previous to the departure of the steamer) who can furnish me with any information that would be likely to interest the English public, and benefit the province of which you are the head, you will much oblige.'

"Although this epistle was considered sufficiently deferential to merit some sort of notice, it failed to command a reply. The reason is obvious. The writer was an Englishman, and belonged to a country from which an importation of live stock was not deemed desirable, as it would not, as a matter of course, be found to amalgamate with or add to the strength of the dominant party. Had the writer applied for information for a certain class of the Scotch instead of the English public, all the McNeddies, by whom a crotchety superintendent and master—now in his dotage—is surrounded, would have responded to the call. We would indeed be sorry to confound the party spirit of those sectarians who retard the advancement of their province with the more enlightened and liberal policy of other settlers, who are evidently striving for the party liberation and commercial expansion of an extensive and promising settlement. We have no prejudice either for country or creed. Some of our best and dearest friends are Scotchmen, and we consider the Scotch as a people equal in every respect to any other community. But there are certain hypocritical clanish bigots—the settlers in Otago to wit—who merit and receive from the liberal-minded of their own country a more severe and unqualified condemnation than we have, through a sense of duty, been compelled to pronounce.

"Even Otago may boast of its public censors.

"On hearing a gentleman in that province condemn the proceedings of his own countrymen, we politely reminded him that he was himself a Scotchman. 'Yes,' returned our correspondent, 'but, thank God, not an Otago Scotchman!' Enough. Otago, as we previously stated, contains a larger quantity of land than any other settlement in New Zealand:

and although the climate is not so mild and agreeable as the more northern parts of the colony, the province, as an agricultural and pastoral district, cannot eventually fail to become an important one. The following statistics and land regulations, from a paper recently published by the authorities, will furnish the present position of the province, while the succeeding review from the local newspaper will show the progress made by the settlement since its foundation.

"Under the auspices of the Association of Lay Members of the Free Church of Scotland, the foundation has been laid of an orderly and industrious community. The object of the association was not to confine its colonisation to any one particular religious denomination, but to secure a careful selection of emigrants, and to provide for their religious and educational wants at the outset. The success of their efforts will be best understood on reference to the statistics annexed. The colony having now been fairly set a-going, the functions of the association have ceased, as being no longer necessary.

"The province has a surface above 16,000,000 acres, the whole of it acquired from the natives, whose number is only 633 souls (viz. 348 males, and 285 females), and who, in small and widely-separated parties, are in a state of peaceful progression, upon lands that were reserved by themselves when they sold to the crown, and which reserves amount in the whole province to about 16,000 acres.

"Land sales are fixed at the lowest price of 10s. per acre, but with conditions, for the purpose of excluding monopoly. All purchasers, from least to greatest, are on the same footing of right and freedom of choice.

"The low price of 10s. per acre leaving nothing for public improvements, roads will have to be made by means of an adequate land-tax.

"Lands not otherwise required are appropriated for cattle runs, upon leases of fourteen years. The whole administration of land is at the hands of a Waste Land Board, whose proceedings are open to the public. The province is governed according to the New Zealand Constitution Act, by a superintendent and provincial council, all of them elected by the people. The climate is temperate and remarkably healthy, free from draughts or anything like excessive summer heats.

"The following statistics of the province of Otago, New Zealand, are taken from the report of P. Proudfoot, Esq., Commissioner of Crown Lands: 'Area of province from 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 acres. Land sold, about 38,222 acres.

"Runs for depasturing purposes, 124 applications. Licenses granted for depasturage purposes, 73 applications. Estimated extent of country granted under above licenses, 1,190,360 acres."*

From the *Otago Witness*, Dunedin, Saturday, March 29, 1836: "The

* The surveys executed during 1856 and 1857 have extended over 15,407 square miles, and there remain to be surveyed 11,233; the whole area of the province being 26,640 square miles, or 17,049,600 acres. In the surveyed districts the natural divisions consist of forest, 1329 square miles; pasture, 12,516; swamps, 144; barren, 1309. In the unsurveyed districts the natural divisions can only be approximated to; and it is believed that about 2500 square miles of natural pasture will yet be found in them; while the remaining 8733 consist of barren snowy mountains and wooded valleys, with probably untold mineral resources.

eight year of our existence, as a colony, has just closed, and many are the changes we have witnessed. In truth, it does not appear that the world progresses at a railroad pace; and even in this, the most remote portion of the British empire, somewhat of the onward progress begins to be felt. We say begins; for during the first five years of our existence we seemed scarcely to advance at all. At a great distance from the home country, unsupported by government aid, unassisted by powerful private patronage—like our neighbours—almost unknown, neglected—if not despised—our earlier days were days of struggle. For the first two or three years, Dunedin made rapid progress, and it was not unusual to hear exclamations of surprise from those who returned to the settlement after a brief absence. Since that period the town has been almost stationary, and the onward progress has been visible in the rural and pastoral districts. But notwithstanding the fact that the town has not greatly progressed, the amount of business done, and being done, in the town has augmented, and is augmenting, at a rapid pace, giving an unmistakable evidence of the prosperity and extent of productive efforts in the real work of colonisation—the subduing of the wilderness.

“The returns of the migration and emigration for the last year, show a balance of immigration of 223 souls; and for the first quarter of the present year, 275 souls, making an increase of the population from this source of 498 souls.

“From the foregoing statement it will appear that the progress of the province of Otago has been gradually accelerating. The imports have been greatly increased, and the exports have made strides during the last year exceeding the exports of the whole of the previous seven years; and when we take into consideration the amount of land sold, and the great extent of country we have yet for sale, we cannot but feel that there is a glorious future before us.”

The Bluff is a large district in a southerly direction, in the province of Otago. There is an excellent harbour here, and the port, which was named by the governor “Invercargill,” about 120 miles south of Port Chalmers, or the town of Dunedin, the capital of Otago, is said to contain a large tract of excellent land, available both for agricultural and pastoral purposes. When a township shall be formed near the port, and so soon as sheep-owners and farmers become located here, and gather from the soil the periodical riches that await manual labour and commercial enterprise, this will, no doubt, become an important place in the southern part of New Zealand. It matters but little what part of the colony is selected by that immigrant who is determined to keep himself aloof from the political and social broils that agitate certain settlements; and we quite agree with the following closing sentence on the subject from *Chambers's Papers for the People*:

“Whether, therefore, he choose Wellington, Nelson, Otago, Auckland, or Canterbury, as the field of his enterprise, the emigrant will find in New Zealand all the materials which industry can desire to work upon. He will enjoy a fine climate, a ready soil; a land where coal, iron, copper, stone, and wood are in abundance; where sweet, pure, wholesome water is plentiful; where corn, and all other kinds of grain, may easily be raised in splendid crops; where his labour may be well rewarded; where he will have few taxes to pay, and few of the unnatural restraints imposed by our

old society to observe. Shortly, doubtless, he will be admitted to a share in those free institutions which are the peculiar pride of the British people; and thus, with every natural aid to his energies, he may enjoy independence in a region which, of all others on the face of the earth, most nearly resembles his parent country."

The existence of gold in the mountains of Otago, which are meridional, or which run nearly north and south, like the Ural, the Rocky Mountains, the Australian Alps, and the Mountains of the Moon in East Africa, all well known to be auriferous, was, as we have seen, known some time back, but it was not till midsummer of 1861 that the news spread of a gold-field having been discovered, which excited the most sanguine expectations on the part of that very excitable race of people—and who, indeed, may soon be expected to constitute a population within themselves in the Antipodal world—the nomadic race of gold-diggers. The news was confirmed by the mail of September 26th of the same year, and, judging from all accounts received, the discovery was said to promise to be not only an extensive but a successful gold-field, although not so rich as many of the earlier Victorian discoveries; nevertheless, the gold is so thoroughly distributed that all, with few exceptions, are able to earn from 10s. to 10*l.* per diem. The effect already on the colony of Victoria, in Australia, had been great, and during the month some ten thousand diggers had taken their departure. Shipowners were realising immense profits by the rush, the dearth of accommodation being so great, and the rush so extensive, that, taking advantage of the fever, the passage-money has been raised from 5*l.* to 10*l.* per head, and this for a voyage which in all probability will occupy but some two or three weeks. As might be expected, the accounts received are somewhat conflicting, but the old adage that the proof of the pudding is in the eating will hold good here; and if we say that the proof of the gold-field is in the quantity of gold, the Tuapeka gold-field has proved a success. Up to that time something like thirty ounces of gold had been received. "While I now write," continued the same informant, "the departures are continuing with seemingly unabated vigour, and it would not greatly surprise me that between this and the departure of the October mail thirty thousand persons will have left these shores. The fever is more or less seizing on all classes, from the digger who leaves his 'claim,' down to the steady-going shop-keeper and artisan. The word fever is by far the most applicable one to use, and when once a man becomes touched, all the talking in the world would fail to convince him of the folly of throwing up a positive certainty for a problematical and distant chance of fortune. Perhaps the most astonishing circumstance in connexion with the whole affair is, that men sell or otherwise dispose of really paying claims on our own gold-fields to rush off to a distant and, to a certain extent, hypothetical *Dorado*, so certain is it that distance lends enchantment to the view. The effect on this colony must be great, although many who are now leaving will, in every probability, return; nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that, even if the New Zealand gold-fields do not continue their present attractions, considerable numbers will, from one cause or another, remain in that colony. The accounts are, as may easily be conceived, somewhat conflicting; and, as is usual on all gold-fields, some persons have been entirely

unsuccessful. The preponderance of evidence at present received is conclusive that a vast and payable gold-field has been discovered."

The *Melbourne Herald* wrote in the same terms of excitement. "All interest about the war at Taranaki," it said, "and the threatened war in the neighbourhood of Auckland, was sunk in the discovery of gold at Tuapeka. The diggings were opened early in June, and the yield of gold for three months has been about 27,000 ounces."

We make a few extracts from the latest papers, which will give a tolerably correct account both of the state of things as they now are, and of the yield of gold from the commencement. Our first extract is from the *Otago Colonist* of the 13th of September, and has reference to the landing-place of Dunedin, the seaport of Otago, or rather its principal inland town on its only navigable river :

" 'It is a most distracting sight to see the state of matters at our jetty just now. Chaos could not have presented such confusion. Vessels arriving daily, and tumbling their human loads with luggage and lumber on the jetty, to crowd, push, and scramble through goods, trucks, carts, horses, and men, to some goal which they might find out if they can ; lighters discharging, and having the cargo laid out on the narrow jetty to be kicked about and trampled on at the mercy of the passengers, whilst the owners of the lighters dispute among themselves or appeal to the bewildered jetty-keeper as to which of them have a right to the truck for bringing the goods to the end of the jetty ; one solitary landing-waiter, perched on the highest pinnacle of the last truck-load, endeavouring with almost distracted eagerness to keep an exact account of each package as it hurried off in some cart ; the jetty-keeper and his assistant flying from one package to another in the hope of getting their rules laid unto them for the measurement before they disappear in the general rush ; carts pulling off from the confusion with a load, and others backing in to take one, getting their wheels locked in each other, to the annoyance of the drivers, who occasionally burst into a smack of Billingsgate, but more generally try to make the best of it."

From an "extraordinary" of the same journal of the 18th September, we take the following:

"The escort arrived in Dunedin this day, at five o'clock, bringing 11,281 ounces, having left the Tuapeka diggings at one o'clock on Tuesday. The quantity brought in by the last escort was 7759 ounces. The escort was delayed one day in expectation of bringing in all the gold offered, but more was coming in as the escort left. Considerable quantities of gold have also been brought in by private hands ; one party of four men brought to town on Tuesday 1000 ounces. A gully one mile to the left of Round Hill was being worked, and parties making an ounce per diem. The weather was fine, and the roads had improved, and the bridges over two creeks were completed, and had the effect of immediately reducing the price of flour to 8*l.* per 200 lb. bag. 2500 miners' rights and fifty business licences had been issued. All was quiet at the diggings. Upwards of 6000 people were estimated to be at work still, chiefly in Gabriel's Gully and the immediate neighbourhood. Numerous persons were prospecting in various directions, with various success. Gold was said to be discovered almost everywhere that holes

were sunk, but whether in paying quantities is not fully ascertained. A new field has been discovered, sixteen miles nearer Dunedin, in which one party were making an ounce a day. The wildness of a digging population, and the excitement in the province, are such, that the diggers rush from one spot to another without the least tangible ground for so doing."

The *Melbourne Argus* avowed that an exodus had set in from the shores of Victoria towards Dunedin, which had eclipsed all previous events in the history of rushes. The ordinary trading vessels between Melbourne and Otago were early found unequal to the crowds that presented themselves as passengers, and, as the fever spread from gold-field to gold-field, it was found necessary to place additional lines of coaches on to the main roads of the colony, to accommodate the miners hurrying to the new gold-field.

The good people of Sydney took the news with much greater quietude and caution. It was admitted, at the time of the September despatches, that the intercourse with Melbourne had been greatly interrupted by the transfer of the steam-vessels regularly engaged in the Melbourne and Adelaide trade to that which had suddenly arisen between Melbourne and New Zealand. Gold-fields, added the writer, of some promise have been discovered near Otago, and a "rush" from Melbourne of almost unprecedented magnitude has been the result. Whether there is anything in the new discoveries to justify the rush it would as yet be premature to say. The ascertained facts certainly do not justify it, nor has the somewhat inexplicable excitement which they have occasioned in Melbourne as yet affected the population of this colony. The unprofitable experiences of the Snowy River "rush" will probably have a salutary effect in checking any disposition in this colony to rely upon the chances of the new lottery. As is usual in the case of the discovery of new auriferous deposits, different "placers" have since been found almost daily, some at a considerable distance from one another; and as the first discovery is sometimes attended by remarkable success, the news is soon bruited abroad, and is as soon followed by a "rush" of greedy, excited expectants to the new Dorado. In some instances the success is durable; in others, disappointment follows, and the diggers return to their first "placers," but there is infinite uncertainty in these movements, and an abandoned "rush" may as suddenly rise in favour again by the reported successes of a few adventurers. The Chinese are the most remarkable of all gold-seekers: not to get into trouble with the overbearing and impetuous whites, the yellow race are, generally speaking, satisfied with taking the places of the departed, and as they are equally industrious, less extravagant, and more patient and persevering, it is probable that they secure at the end the lion's share of profits. The most remarkable gold-fields (in the south of Otago, discovered up to the present time, seem to be Beaumont River, Waitahuna River, Lambing Flat, Tipperary Gully, the Wombat, Blackguard Gully, Gabriel's Gully, Chance Reef, Kiandra, Braidwood, and Gundagia. A reef is being worked at Adelong with success, a quantity of 62½ tons of quartz having yielded by crushing 356 ounces of retorted gold. This quartz was obtained by eight men in ten weeks. The most favoured spots in the western gold-fields are Ophir, Buller, and the valleys of the Lachlan and Merov Rivers.

One spot in the Upper Merov has got the characteristic name of Fighting Gully. The chief northern gold-fields are on the Rocky River, Sydney Flat, Tenter Field, and Boonoo Boonoo. A fair proportion of gold is wrought in this district from reefs, among which the quartz reef at Foley's Folly, in the Peel River, is most spoken of, sixteen tons of quartz turning out ninety ounces of gold. Other reefs have also been opened by prospectors on the Ironbark, where a ton of quartz yields eight ounces of gold. Several other gullies, as Mansbridges and others, have been opened since the antipodal spring set in, for during winter-time Tuapeka was graphically described as "seventy-five miles of snow all round, and no gold and no wood," and no food might also have been added. It requires a great deal to deter gold-diggers, however, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the season the Tuapeka escort, according to the *Otago Colonist* of September 20, arrived in the evening of the 18th with 11,281 ounces of gold! The advance of summer was expected to greatly reduce prices, the roads being rapidly improved, and cartage, which has hitherto been 112*l.* per ton from Dunedin, would in consequence become less expensive, more especially as the arrivals from Melbourne would produce competition. There is, then, a fine little corner of the globe inviting the enterprising to the Antipodes in 1862. It is healthy and picturesque, with a pleasant climate, and it holds out promises to any hard-working man of earning from the gold scattered on its surface, with industry and economy, at all events sufficient to settle as a prosperous landed proprietor, to devote the rest of his years in the rearing of live stock and tilling his own acres, and to leave an improving estate to his children. It is probably thus that Providence tempts civilised man to the rescue of distant and unproductive lands.

THE GREVAVOE ELOPEMENT.

PART V.

It was a miserable scene when they were all assembled in the *ben end* of Laurence Sweynson's house, the minister in the centre, and all the females shrieking around him, while the men—that is, as many as the place would hold—gravely discussed the affair in "the but end." Poor M'Candle really was quite at a loss what to do; he felt as miserable as anybody (for was not she whom, since his interview with the accepted of the Russian lady of quality, he had begun to look upon almost as his betrothed bride, was not *she* torn from him?); yet he didn't feel inclined, nor did he think it would be at all dignified, to howl, and he felt just then too stupified to "improve the occasion." So he sat and wiped his eyes, and nose, and head, with his big red pocket-handkerchief, and answered the numerous inquiries put to him at random, and in a most unsatisfactory manner, and stared at the tea-tray with the picture of the naval engagement, and the clumsy shepherds and dogs on the mantel-piece, until his eyeballs nearly jumped out of his head. However, by-

and-by he picked up a little, and recollected the position he occupied, and what was naturally expected of him, and the remembrance of David and Gehazzi returned to his mind, and he commenced in a loud, sonorous tone, an address of consolation and exhortation, in which, with a delicate and accurate reference to his own relations with Miss Julia, he compared himself to David weeping for his son Absalom. This, of course, brought out a good deal more tears and moanings from the audience, and they had all reached a fine pitch of woe and wailing misery, when Magnie Smith suddenly stalked into the centre, and requested to know what all this noise was about? Magnie had said little or nothing when Eric Sweynson's body was found, and had offered no remarks when it was rumoured that Miss Tomkins had gone in the Dutch vessel, but had, with praiseworthy self-control, determined to keep his own counsel until he saw whether it was possible for any one to pursue the lovers. He had, therefore, left the rest and strolled southwards, along "the banks," for some miles, watching the weather and deliberating the whole matter over in his own mind. He had at last come to the conclusion that it would be as well to confess the elopement. He saw no one could cross the sound just now; probably if the weather moderated the schooner would have left Scalloway before any pursuer could reach there; besides who was to pursue? not M'Candle, certainly, he thought. And, moreover, where was the matter who pursued them, now that the lieutenant had been removed in this unfortunate manner? No one else would have a right to stop the marriage, and indeed it might be as well, if possible, to follow the lovers and prevent them leaving the country, as there appeared to be no reason now why they should not get married where they were. So Magnie marched back, as we have said, and into the midst of the uproarious group assembled in Laurence Sweynson's "ben end."

"What's a' dis screachin' an' hilleebulloo aboot, I want to kenow?" he said. "Ir ye a' geen oot o' your heads? I waarn, lass" (this sternly, to Kirsty), "it it's fur yon peerie* flunky doo's lamentin' dis wy! Ye needna greet, sir (to M'Candle), and ye needna pretch sae muckle, fur Ebsalom is no' geen da wy ye tink, efter a'."

This interference of Magnie's might have cost him dear, and indeed Mrs. Sweynson, who was, as we have already shown, a lady of a violent and dictatorial temperament, had seriously begun to contemplate a personal attack upon the intruder, and had actually got the naval engagement tray and one of the stoneware club-footed dogs in her eye, as being portable and effective missiles to hurl at Magnie's head, when Magnie silenced them all by offering, hurriedly and briefly, yet very clearly, his explanatory narrative, in which, of course, he was immediately supported by Kirsty, who had pretended all this time to believe firmly in Miss Tomkins's loss, and now made a show of drying up her eyes. The new light thrown upon the affair had, of course, the effect of stopping the crying in a great measure, and increasing the talk and gossip and exclamations of wonder. But poor M'Candle was, as may be supposed, even more knocked down by this intelligence than the former. He seemed literally knocked down, for he stopped in the midst

* Little.

of his discourse and dropped into a chair. And this was the end of his new-born hopes! This was the final reward of his passion! This was the finale to the history of the Russian lady of quality, the Princess Walkemoff, fourth cousin of the czar, and his friend Mortimer, of the — Dragoons. If he hadn't been a divine he would certainly have been very much inclined to give vent to some strong expressions respecting the said Mortimer, of the — Dragoons, who had dared to go and "sell" him in this manner. Oh! the lying and duplicity of some people! And then, to be exposed this way before all his flock, just when he had been giving them to understand that had it not been for the cruel sea, a short time would have given the blooming Julia Tomkins to his arms! He found a little relief, as soon as he could speak, in giving his gravest and sternest rebuke to Magnie Smith for having assisted in this nefarious scheme, and insinuated that he might, without any stretch of ecclesiastical authority, be excommunicated and denied all privileges of the Church; which indirect anathema, however, Magnie took with very great coolness, merely remarking: "Just as you lek, sir!" But just then it was suggested by Kirsty, with an hysterical sob, might not something unpleasant have happened to the schooner from Scalloway, if she had gone to sea? Magnie did not think she could possibly have left Scalloway Bay, but still there was a possibility she might; so all the old women who had been silenced by the recent explanation, not feeling warranted in lamenting very loudly the deaths of Mr. Eric Sweynson, Lieutenant Tomkins, and the footman, and had consequently felt rather crushed for the moment and disappointed, burst out afresh and with renewed vigour. M'Candle also seemed to briskeen up wonderfully at this suggestion. Magnie then volunteered to set off to Scalloway himself, the moment he could cross the sound, and ascertain whether the vessel had left or not, and if not, to convey to Miss Tomkins the mournful intelligence of her father's loss. So next morning he set off for the "toon" from which the lovers had embarked, and after waiting there more than a day he managed to seize a lull in the storm, and got over to the mainland, and on to Scalloway, as we have described.

Captain Mortimer was much startled by the news Magnie brought him, and it was some time before he could make up his mind to carry it to Julia. But he felt it must be done, for he saw with Magnie that the elopement was now unnecessary, and that being so, it should certainly be avoided. So he went on board the *Sea King*, and broke the tidings to Miss Tomkins, who was of course very much shocked and grieved therewith, especially as her parent's loss might almost be said to be caused indirectly by herself. The captain prudently left her alone with Mrs. Halcro for the rest of the day. On the morrow he came back, and proposed that they should return to Grevavoe. It was positively necessary for their interests that they should do so, for there was no doubt that Masters Bob and Nelson would return to Trafalgar Hall immediately, if they had not done so already, and there was no saying what they might do if left alone. At length it was settled that Miss Tomkins should go home under Magnie's escort, while Captain Mortimer proceeded to Lerwick to consult with the late Lieutenant Tomkins's man of business there. So next day they parted for this purpose. They bade a friendly farewell to Captain Halcro and his wife before leaving

them, and Captain Mortimer pressed upon them some slight acknowledgment of their services.

"Well, sir," said Captain Halcro, "since you are so good, I tank you for your nobbie generosity. I'm soary, sir, you should be disappointed in your trifle of a galoppment, but you may command me at any footer time, if you require my preefesninil services. Madam (taking off his hat) you pit me in mind of the risin' sun dessolvin' the cloody mists, or Nobbia smilin' tro' her tairs. I wish you all joy and plaiser, and lots o' small bairns, which I reckon you're sure o' havin'."

Here the captain became quite affected, even to tears, and once more pressing his horny hand, they left him and proceeded on shore. Then Captain Mortimer saw Julia and Magnie Smith depart northwards, and himself proceeded to Lerwick, promising to be at Grevavoe in a few days.

It was a mournful return home for Julia, and she and Kirsty Sweynson did nothing for a day or two but blubber and sob in concert. Then Captain Mortimer came back from Lerwick, bringing with him the lawyer who was the professional adviser of Lieutenant Tomkins. It appeared that the lieutenant had left no will, therefore the bulk of his property went to his two interesting sons, who would be required to appoint curators or guardians until they came of age. The mother's money was, however, entirely the property of Julia. This gentleman at the same time remarked, that as there was no proof positive of the death of Lieutenant Tomkins—although, perhaps, little doubt of the fact—nothing should be interfered with until a reasonable time had elapsed, except, as he roguishly remarked to Captain Mortimer, "Lieutenant Tomkins's daughter, and the sooner that is over the better, for you are to suppose the old fellow is dead until he turns up again, at all events, and it will be easier to do the splicing business now." Captain Mortimer thought so too, for he had ascertained in Lerwick that scandal had already begun to be busy with Miss Tomkins's name, and on talking over the matter with the young lady it was decided the union should take place at once. Then Captain Mortimer was hardy enough to pay another visit to M'Candle, and again succeeded in talking over the poor minister, but this time with a different object. He dwelt principally on the injury done to Miss Tomkins's good name by the elopement, and proving uncontestably that for this (and the other trifling reason that she wouldn't have him), M'Candle could never have the fair one himself, he at last got the minister's consent to do what they required of him. Then did the precentor of the kirk proclaim from his little box below the pulpit that there was "a purpose of marriage between George Mortimer and Julia Tomkins," and the following week the happy pair were united by the Reverend Donald M'Candle, assisted—by nobody at all! Yes, poor M'Candle married them, for he felt it was his duty so to do, but he hurried home immediately afterwards and locked himself in his apartment, refusing for the rest of the evening to see even Master Thomas Sweynson, and looking very red about the eyes next morning. In this straightforward simple way was accomplished what had vainly cost so much intrigue and misery to bring about, and Captain Mortimer might not inappropriately be compared to the renowned Dutchman described by the erudite Diedrich Knickerbocker, who took a run of two miles for

the purpose of jumping over a hill, and then when he got to the bottom sat down, smoked his pipe, and walked quietly over at his leisure!

Many months went by. There appeared no doubt now of Lieutenant Tomkins's loss. Captain George Mortimer and his lady had gone to England, leaving the legal gentleman in Lerwick to look after their interests, and steps were being taken for having curators appointed for the Masters Tomkins, who were in the mean time sowing their puerile wild oats with their usual zeal. M'Candle had preached Lieutenant Tomkins's funeral sermon, a sublime discourse, lasting exactly one hour and three-quarters, in anticipation of which no end of caraway-seeds had been laid in by the old women of his congregation, so that the shops in the neighbourhood (including that of Laurence Sweynson, who had now stepped into his brother's shoes) were quite out of the commodity for a long while; and a beautiful granite slab had been sent from Aberdeen by Mrs. George Mortimer's orders, to be placed in the burial-ground belonging to Lieutenant Tomkins in the churchyard, stating how the said Lieutenant Tomkins had been lost at sea June, 18—, and having engraved beneath a great many texts and beautiful bits of appropriate religious poetry and descriptive prose, showing what a truly estimable individual this distinguished officer had been, "beloved in public life as well as in private society," and hinting that the only consideration on which his friends had been prevailed upon to permit his departure was his being particularly required in a more celestial sphere. And the naval papers published a biography of Lieutenant Nicholas Tomkins, R.N., a very flaming one, giving his age and the place of his birth, and a short account (principally imaginary) of his death, and giving a full narrative of his services, the chief of which seemed to be that he was once in a boat which was sent in the middle of the night to take a fortress, and didn't take it, but got taken itself instead; and that, on another occasion, he did something improper, for which he was nearly broken by court-martial. And Master Bob and Master Horatio Nelson Tomkins carried matters with a very high hand at Grevavoe, and the former told some of his intimate cronies, confidentially, "I say, now pa's hopped and Julia's gone, me and Nelson are going to have stick-ups and tailed-coats!" and Master Nelson added, "Yes, how jolly! and we'll have port and sherry and strawberry-jam always for breakfast. Won't it be prime!"

Matters, we say, had come to this pass, when all of a sudden, one very fine day, there arrived in Grevavoe a small sloop from the town of Bergen, in Norway. She dropped anchor, a boat without delay left her side for the shore; in that boat were two well-dressed individuals as passengers, and these individuals were Lieutenant Nicholas Tomkins, R.N., and Mr. William Dick!

Great was the consternation at Grevavoe. People were astonished, mortified, annoyed. When persons who were not particularly noted as benefactors of the human species have been returned as dead to the satisfaction of everybody, when it has been unanimously decided that there is no chance of their re-appearance, and people have, solely on this account, permitted a mourning tablet to be put up, giving them credit for virtues they never either possessed or pretended to, it is so disgusting to have them come back after all. But still there was Lieutenant Tomkins and

there was Mr. William Dicky, and they had to be received now in a manner befitting respectable, lively flesh and blood. It seemed that the reasons these gentlemen had to urge for their return from the Stygian shore were these. They had not been drowned at all, that our readers will have already surmised. But neither had the Dutch "buss" been capsize. When the squall caught her there had certainly been every prospect of her immediate destruction, and the tumult and hubbub had even broken the seals on the eyes and minds of the drugged sleepers. For some time the peril was great, and it was supposed that Mr. Eric Sweynson must have either fallen overboard by accident during the excitement, or must have in despair entrusted himself unperceived to the mercy of the waves, attached to a plank or spar. By-and-by a craft had borne down to them, which proved to be a large Norwegian vessel, homeward bound. She took on board the crew of the Dutch vessel, the "buss" herself being unavoidably left to the storm, and Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Dicky, along with Mynheer Van Donker and his men, had to go to Bergen. From thence they went to the capital, where Lieutenant Tomkins's uniform procured him the greatest attention and respect. The inhabitants of Christiania were certain he must be a royal duke at least, for they had heard that royal dukes were almost as plentiful in Great Britain as common citizens, and they treated the visitors whom the Fates had cast among them with the highest honour and reverence. Lieutenant Tomkins and his footman for the time being were as happy as crickets during their stay in Scandinavia, and were very sorry indeed when one day they were visited by a personage who announced himself as the master of a Lerwick vessel which had come to Bergen for a cargo of wood and boats, and having heard of the safety of Tomkins and Dicky, had called to offer them a passage to Zetland. Lieutenant Tomkins remarked confidentially to Mr. Dicky thereafter on more than one occasion, "If I had had all right and square, and been sure of my half-pay and my dividends, I'm blowed if I wouldn't have remained dead, my boy, for the rest of my existence. A jolly place that Norway, I can tell you."

Laurence Sweynson, in virtue of his being now a person of importance at Grevavoe, as well as an elder in the kirk, was deputed to break to Lieutenant Tomkins the news of his daughter's nuptials. He kept the elopement affair in the background, but the Masters Tomkins nullified this bit of diplomacy very shortly, for they informed their parent of the whole circumstances, and showed him for the first time—for Van Donker had, of course, lied through thick and thin to the last—to whom he owed his little sea-trip. The lieutenant was tremendously wroth. First he expressed his intention of reporting M'Candle's abominable conduct in uniting the couple to the General Assembly of the Kirk in Edinburgh—a step which he assured the divine would inevitably procure his dismissal from the Christian ministry as an unworthy labourer therein. But this revenge being remote, and something more tangible being necessary, he gave vent to his boiling passions by thrashing Master Bob and Master Nelson with zest and energy on the very next day, which happened to be a Sunday, the result of which was, that the young gentlemen, who had grown more rebellious lately from their sister's example and their temporary taste of liberty, fled to Lerwick on Monday, and "bund," or bound, as apprentices in the merchant service, and before their parent

could follow them had proceeded to Shields to enter upon their new life. The lieutenant calmed down after this. He began to be actually amiable, and he went and called for and made friends with M'Candle, thereby evaporating the fears of that unfortunate gentleman, who had been quaking terribly in his shoes since that threat of the General Assembly had reached his ears. Finally, Lieutenant Tomkins decided that, as the thing was over, and as no effort or exertion on his part could bring back the past or improve and alter the affair in the very slightest degree, he would even make the best of it and let it alone, a course of conduct most commendable, and precisely similar to that for which philosophers from the earliest ages have received applause and gained immortality. So he wrote his daughter, giving her his forgiveness, and, moreover, went to England and visited her; during which visit, however, he did more than his dear Julia bargained for, for, falling in with a very enchanting young person about eighteen years of age, and finding he was not wholly obnoxious to her, he married her, and took her home to Grevavoe, and he had exactly ten children by her before he finally and in a *bonâ fide* manner quitted the world at a good old age.

Mrs. Mortimer's marriage turned out much better in a worldly point of view than had been anticipated; for the captain's father and brothers being removed from the world very suddenly and unexpectedly, the gallant officer became Sir George Mortimer, Bart. He then left the army, and went into parliament as became him. And had you moved in fashionable society at the period to which we allude, you would have often met Lady Mortimer and two or three sickly, fair-haired daughters in Mayfair drawing-rooms, and at Bath and Brighton, and other favourite resorts of the *beau monde* of that day. She had then begun to rouge, and was very fond of whist, and (some people whispered) snuffed. They said she looked not over happy. Perhaps she sometimes thought with fond regret of old Grevavoe, and the wild scenes of her romantic maidenhood; perhaps she only, like most of us, sighed for youth, that priceless, irrecoverable gem, so contemned when it gleams on our forehead, so mourned when it has for ever eluded our grasp;—but we certainly think she was not very happy in her marriage. Marriages, say some people, are made in heaven, others, cynically, have found a very different parentage for these ceremonies. But whether they are blessed by angelic or cursed by Satanic patronage, as a general rule, marriages certainly do appear, in very many cases, to have been much influenced by that mysterious power which, according to Mr. Alfred Jingle, always puts the short coats on the long policemen and the long coats on the short ones, and has of late years become so noted for placing the square pins in the round holes, and the wrong men in the right places. Now, had Miss Tomkins married M'Candle, we dare say she would soon have got accustomed to his oddities, and we are certain that he would have made a most devoted husband, while we know that Sir George Mortimer, Bart., did not, within five years of their union, care twopence for her, and had that wise regulation of our forefathers still prevailed which enabled men to sell their wives by public auction to the highest bidder, he would have written to his agent to take the proper steps for the sale just as readily and as carelessly as he gave directions for the disposal of his commission and his stud of horses.

Mr. William Dicky remained with Sir George to the end of his existence. For many years he was to be seen sunning himself in the doorway of the Portman-square mansion during "the season," or hobbling about—for he got very obese and puffy latterly—at the place in Norfolk when the world was out of town. Feeling age coming upon him, and having saved a little property, he resolved to go into the lodging line, taking to himself a wife, at the same time, in the shape of the house-keeper in Norfolk, who had also saved a little property. Unhappily, just two days before the marriage was to have been solemnised, he was found dead in his bed—of "apoplexy," his fellow-servants said.

M'Candle ended his days in the manse. He did not die a bachelor, for the foolish fellow was ultimately caught by the attractions of "the lass" who had been his tablemaid, who was a good deal broader than long, and whose countenance was like a fiery furnace, and he made her Mrs. M'Candle, much to the disgust of his cook, old Kitty, who remarked, "Bairns, da body, if he wiz gaen ta marry a wumman might ha' uptyned a raysonable faymale instead o' a skildren,* freevalous divit lek yon." However, "the lass" made M'Candle a very useful wife, and they got on very well together. He determined on educating her, and was on the point of instructing her in the rudiments of the Greek language, when he ascertained that those of the English, her mother tongue, were still almost wholly unfamiliar to her. He then, in all his spare moments, devoted himself to making her acquainted with these essential matters, and was just beginning to have a faint prospect of success, when, after forty years of wedded bliss, she was taken from him at the age of sixty. M'Candle went on with his old style of preaching to the last, and was always particularly hard upon David and Gehazi, after the elopement affair, which was really ungrateful conduct on his part, seeing that these persons had been the foundation of his pulpit reputation. He kept Tammie Sweynson with him for some years, and the latter made such progress in his studies, that his father, by M'Candle's advice, sent him to King's College, Aberdeen, to study for the Kirk. The whole family looked forward with great expectation to the time when Mr. Thomas should "wag his pow in a poopit;" but they were destined to be in a great measure disappointed, for the young man, falling in with some dissenting publications which opened upon him new religious lights, came at last to the deliberate and highly liberal conclusion that all persons belonging to any Church connected with the State in any manner, were on the high road to perdition. So he became a member of the Wesleyan Methodists, and went out as a missionary to the Feejee Islands, where he is probably still living and converting the natives, if these delicate-stomached individuals have not long ago converted him into a meat-pie.

Considerable obscurity rested for a long period on the fate of the Masters Tomkins. The lieutenant bought them off from their sea-apprenticeship, and obtained for them employment in different offices in succession, with the view of making them merchants or lawyers, but a tendency for doing nothing except imbibing beer and spirits, and knocking down those placed in authority over them on slight provocation, or none at all, invariably procured for them dismissal from these situations.

* Skildren—addicted to shrill, idiotic laughter.

They borrowed and begged from their sister until she was forced, by her husband's orders, to turn the cold shoulder on them; then they quarrelled with one another, and severally disappeared for many years. It has recently been ascertained, however, that Master Bob is now an inhabitant of the Great Salt Lake City of Utah. He is an elder, has at present fourteen wives, and being well to do, is still looked upon as a most eligible match by Mormon mammas, and is altogether a highly respected and promising member of that very respectable community. Several years have elapsed since Mr. Horatio Nelson Tomkins was last seen by a person who had known him in better days. He was on board a steam-boat plying between London-bridge and Woolwich, and he was attired in a very small tight blue jacket, faced with red, his very long, thin legs were encased in trousers of the same colours, and he was sucking a very little cane. He was then understood to be a full private in the Royal Artillery.

Lieutenant Tomkins left his means to his new wife and family, and when he died they buried him in the old kirkyard, and put over him that same granite slab which had been provided for him long before, and which Mrs. Lieutenant Tomkins thought too good to be made no use of. So if you walked among the tombstones not knowing all these particulars, and read the inscription, you would be led to the conclusion that the gallant officer was drowned at sea twenty years before he actually died comfortably in his own bed. Laurence Sweynson and his gudewife also lie in that old kirkyard, and so do most of the generation who knew Sir George and Lady Mortimer, Mr. William Dicky, and the Reverend Donald M'Candle when they were young people. But Magnie Smith and his wife Kirsty still live at Grevavoe, a jolly, hearty old couple, with grown-up grandchildren. They occupy Laurence Sweynson's old house, and Kirsty's brother Joahnnie has the "Ha'" and shop of Mr. Eric. And often in the winter evenings, when the lads and lasses are congregated round Magnie's warm fireplace, helping his family to "wind summonds,"* or assisting in some other essential piece of workmanship, and the door and windows are snugly secured against the fierce blasts, and the peats burn up brightly, and the pot boils rapidly for supper, does Kirsty narrate to her wondering, admiring listeners these stirring events of her youth.

Except for the change of people, Grevavoe is much the same as of old. There are still fierce, stormy days in winter, and lovely, peaceful summer evenings, and the burn murmurs along as composedly as ever. And there are wrecks and drownings, courtings and jealousies, marryings and "givings in marriage," as in days of yore, but to the best of our knowledge there has never been another Grevavoe Elopement.

* Twist straw-ropes.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

IV.—FOREIGN TROOPS IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

IF we may believe a manuscript quoted by Père Daniel, and entitled "Plaintes des Gardes Ecossaïses au Roi Louis XIII.," the Scotch were the first foreigners who shed their blood in defence of the kings of France. Judging from the prerogatives described in this complaint, the Scotch Guards proudly boasted of having served France from time immemorial, and Charles V. raised to seventy-six the number of French archers, originally established by Charles le Gros at twenty-four. The standard of the Scottish company bore a greyhound coursing over a plain, with the motto: *In omne modo fidelis*. The Scotch proved themselves worthy of this device. Those who went to France in the reign of Charles VII., and formed the first of the fifteen orderly companies, proved of great assistance in expelling the English, and the Connétable Stuart, their chief, was killed at the battle of Rouvray, in 1429. Beneath the walls of Liege the Scottish Guard gave fresh proof of their devotion, "by serving as rampart and buckler to Louis XI., who was preserved by them from the daggers of the Liegeois." They kept such good guard that the king did not know the danger he had run until it was past. According to the Memoirs of the Marquis de Fleuranges, the Scottish archers routed at Ravenna the gendarmerie of the Viceroy of Naples, and took prisoners a large body of Spanish officers. Lastly, at Pavia, the company of Scottish Guards let themselves be cut to pieces before they allowed the king's person to be approached.

During the civil wars that preceded the accession of Henri IV. to the throne, the Scots had several occasions to sacrifice their lives to preserve that of the king. They arrested the daggers of the "Sixteen," so constantly raised against him; they surrounded the victor of Ivry when, on going to reconnoitre the Duke of Parma's army, he fell in with the enemy's vanguard, and was only able to escape, thanks to the devotion of his guards. The Scottish gendarmes always had precedence of the French, and were for a long time commanded by sons of the kings of Scotland. Those among them called "Gardes du Corps" had a chief who bore the title of "the first man-at-arms in France." Charles VII., not satisfied with having only this company to guard his person, formed another, entirely French. Louis XI. created one on the same model, and granted letters of naturalisation to the whole Scotch nation.

The remains of those bands of adventurers who composed the French army almost exclusively prior to Charles VII., the Italians, were at first comprised among the foreign troops dismissed by the king in 1453. They reappeared in the reign of Louis XI., and were appreciated owing to the contempt the lords still professed for the infantry and projectiles. A few years later they became very numerous. The victorious march of Charles VIII. through their country induced a great number of them to enlist in his army. The Condottiere Trivulzio was the first to pass over to the French, in 1495, at the battle of Garigliano, and the bands he commanded were enrolled in the French army four years later. 2000 Italians were brought to Francis I. in 1521, followed the next year by 3000 under Medici, who became celebrated as the Italian black bands.

From 1523 to 1535 France received 32,000 new Italian troops, and nine years later 10,000 more were raised in the Roman Campaign. Corsica also furnished France with a military contingent, counted among the Italian troops, until the annexation took place. San Pietro de Bastelica, in 1524, led a band of 1000 Corsicans to join the army of Italy. These soldiers, who were "very active, well-drilled, and curious in their duty," served through the sixteenth century. Catherine and Marie de Medicis summoned to France Italians, who served the royal cause during the religious wars, and they were eventually formed into regiments by Cardinal de Richelieu.

So far back as 1284, Philip the Bold called Germans into France, when he wished to secure the kingdom of Aragon for the second of his sons. The infantry were called lansquenets, and the cavalry reiters. The former word is a corruption of the German *lands-knecht*, or villain, and they were originally serfs who served in the suite of the cavaliers or reiters, armed with a poor pike. Each reiter had two lansquenets as horsemen, but after a while they were formed into two separate corps. The lansquenets, emancipated by soldiering and greedy of plunder, sold their blood, after the fashion of the Swiss, to any one willing to buy it. Though stronger and taller than the sons of Helvetia, they were, however, less to be depended on in action, but they cost less. Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. enlisted lansquenets, and at the battle of Ivry they fought on both sides. Charles VIII., at the outset, took 3000 lansquenets into his pay, which number he quadrupled on his entrance into Italy. Louis XII., after his quarrel with the Swiss cantons, again increased their number, and he had nearly 15,000 at the battle of Novara. The lansquenets were entrusted with the guard of the artillery, which was the post of honour in action, and had hitherto been held by the Swiss. Hence, at Novara and Marignano, the Swiss directed all their efforts against the French artillery, "to prove that they were the only men capable of guarding it." They succeeded perfectly at Novara, and would probably have done the same at Marignano, had not Francis I. himself marched, pike in hand, at the head of the lansquenets, who, animated by the king's intrepidity, regained their courage and repulsed their obstinate foes. The lansquenets, however, did not justify the exaggerated opinion formed of them in Europe. Their insubordination and love of plunder caused the French frequent disasters. They constantly mutinied, refused to fight unless their pay was increased, and generally wound up the campaign by deserting. The lansquenets were divided into companies of gunners, pikemen, halberdiers, and two-handed swordsmen, and went into action to the sound of the tambourine and flute. Although in every way inferior to the Swiss, the lansquenets created a great sensation in France. Their number increasing daily, they formed nearly an army when Louis XII. placed the *Maréchal de Fleuranges* at their head. This general tells us in his memoirs that, having been sent by the king to recruit his German soldiers, he enrolled a black band of lansquenets, who soon formed an effective strength of 10,000 men. These were organised in two corps d'armée, one to enter Guyenne, the other Italy. In the army of Navarre there were 7000 lansquenets under the command of the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duke of Suffolk joined that army with a fresh band of lansquenets called the *Blanche Rose*. Louis XII., at the same time, gave *Fleuranges* 3000

more Germans, at whose head he crossed the Alps. They behaved badly under the walls of Novara, in spite of the bravery of their general, who received forty-six wounds, but fought much better at Margnano. Francis I., in giving his mother an account of this action, writes: "The battle was a long one, and lasted from three o'clock yesterday afternoon to two o'clock this day, without knowing who had lost or won, fighting incessantly, and firing the artillery day and night, and I assure you, madam, that I saw lansquenets measuring pikes with the Swiss, and lances with the gendarmes." It was, doubtless, this praise which obtained the black bands their reputation for bravery. Thus Francis I. wrote again when about to invade Italy: "If there be more lansquenets in the emperor's army than in mine, this inferiority in numbers is made up for by the valour, courage, and experience of my black bands."

In spite of all this praise, no great confidence could be placed in these adventurers, who several times behaved with the most cowardly treachery. At the siege of Fleuranges they sold their general, the Sire de Jametz, to the Count of Nassau for a small sum, and surrendered the fortress. At the moment when 500 villains committed this odious act, the King of France had no less than 18,000 troops in his camp at Attigny.

During the Italian war, and often in the moment of action, these men committed fatal acts of defection; but such was the strength of prejudices, that the Kings of France dared not entrust the honour of the nation to Frenchmen, and an army was valued the more the more Swiss or German troops it had in its ranks.

The reiters, as the name indicates, were horsemen mounted on ponies without armour or caparison. They had long beards, and wore a coat of mail painted black, a strong cuirass, and a long sword: they marched to the sound of the attabals, small drums tapped with a single stick. Brantôme says that "they were armed to the teeth and well pistoled"—in fact, they rendered the use of the pistol general, and hence were also called pistoleers. They were also called "black devils," because accustomed to blacken their faces before going into action, to frighten the enemy. Generally, the reiters were Saxons, Brunswickers, or Germans of Deux Ponts, who professed Lutheranism, and went to the aid of their French co-religionists. Still they were seen at times in the opposed camps, but the Kings of France had few of them during the religious wars, and those who remained faithful to the royal cause were transferred to the regiments of German cavalry in the service of France.

The Swiss come next to these corps in the order of admission into the French army. Never had the kings such devoted defenders; never did a nation shed their blood so prodigally to defend a foreign cause. Why are we forced to add that never did mercenaries demand so high a price for their hired devotion. A minister of Louis XIV. said to that king, in the presence of Peter Stuppa, colonel of the Swiss Guards, that a road might be paved from Paris to Basle with the gold and silver the Swiss had received from the Kings of France. "That may be true, sire," the colonel retorted, "but if all the blood my countrymen have shed on behalf of your majesty and your predecessors could be collected, there would be enough to fill a canal from Basle to Paris." This was true, for these soldiers frequently gave the French troops the example of the most sublime devotion. Francis I., on crossing the battle-field of Pavia, and seeing the spot where the Swiss had fought all covered with corpses,

exclaimed, with a sorrowful feeling of gratitude, "Had all my soldiers done their duty like these foreigners, the fate of this day would have been different!" And when in 1830 the bullets of the Parisians broke the fleur-de-lysed crown of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and effaced a name from the list of kings, the last defenders of the throne were the Swiss. It is a curious fact, by the way, that the Kings of France always selected from foreigners, and notably from the Swiss, the men-at-arms to whom they confided the guard of their persons. This tendency is explicable in suspicious Louis XI., but the others, by following his example, seem to justify the data of the modern revolutionists, who assert that monarchy was tottering even in those days.

At the period when the Swiss began to be talked about, that is to say, towards the end of the reign of Charles VII., an extraordinary drama, whose conclusion struck everyone with stupor, was being performed at the gates of France. A small people, hitherto all but unknown, living democratically in its mountains, dared alone to face the fury of Charles the Rash, the most powerful prince in Europe, and in less than a year Charles was beaten at Granson, ruined at Morat, and miserably killed at Nancy. Louis XI. was probably the only man in the world who had foreseen so strange a result. It was he who got up the quarrel between the Swiss and the Duke of Burgundy; it was he who encouraged the former in resistance by lending them his moral support; and it was he, too, who would gain the most by their victory. The truth was, Louis XI. knew the Swiss, and had seen them close at the battle of St. Jacques, in 1444. He had then seen 1200 citizens, or peasants, repeating the prodigy of Thermopylæ, and resisting, without a backward glance, an army of 50,000 warriors. Eleven hundred and ninety fell, but, before biting the dust, they had killed 1100 horsemen and 8000 infantry. This grand spectacle had produced a deep impression on the mind of Louis XI., who was naturally prone to distrust the nobility and seek support from the masses. Louis XI., still the Dauphin, formed a treaty with the Swiss after a sanguinary battle fought near Basle. Charles VII. ratified this treaty in 1453, and it is the oldest one which the Swiss, regarded as a nation, formed with a foreign power. The Swiss, at first, did not observe this treaty strictly, for their troops took part in the league of the Bien Public. There resulted from this a delay of some years in the enrolment which Louis XI. wished to carry out, but the king was too crafty to lose his end even if it cost him heavily. The first Swiss who joined the French were those whom John of Anjou led to Louis XI. in 1464: they numbered 500, and were attached to the free archers established by Charles VII. But the king wanted more: three great battles had just produced heroes whom he resolved to buy up. By a new treaty, the number of Swiss enlisted for France could not be below 6000 or exceed 16,000.

In August, 1480, 6000 of these men started from Berne for France, and Charles VIII. created in 1496 a private guard, called the Company of the Hundred Swiss, which company still formed part of the Royal Guards at the Revolution. Under this king's reign, more than 25,000 Swiss served in the French ranks. They crossed the Alps during the first Italian war, met the king at Asti, and followed him on his triumphal march to Naples. Two thousand of them, led by Louis of Luxemburg, took by storm Ostia: they entered the ancient capital of the Cæsars as

well as Naples, and when Charles wished to return to France, the Swiss cleared the way for him across the Alps. During the difficult march, in which the king lost one-half his army, the Swiss displayed sublime devotion: the people had risen to close the passage, in order to realise an old prophecy of the time of Charlemagne, which asserted that Italy would be "the tomb of the French." It was in this campaign that Charles VIII. gave the Swiss the guard of his guns, which he had been on the point of abandoning, and they remained holders of that honour till their rupture with Louis XII.

Francis I., even while subduing "these subduers of kings," as Brantôme called them, was struck with admiration on seeing them leave the battlefield of Marignano so dearly conquered, defiling as if on parade in front of the French army, which dared not oppose their retreat. He was their admirer, and determined to be their friend. Being compelled to augment his army, which circumstances had allowed to be reduced during the previous reign, he renewed the treaties of alliance with the Swiss, promised to give them even greater privileges, and to support all invalids who had served in his army. He also restored them the Guard of the Artillery, which they retained up to the formation of the Royal Artillery regiment by Louis XIV. Henri II. and Charles IX. also formed treaties with the Swiss, and in 1576 those troops in the service of France consisted of 13 companies, amounting to 6000 men, officers included. In 1571 the recruiting increased, and their importance was so great that Charles IX. created a colonel-general of the Swiss in Damville de Montmorency.

In the religious wars that so long desolated France, the Swiss were the firmest supporters of monarchy. While the Swiss, however, served both on the Protestant and the Catholic side, only the latter enlisted according to the capitulations, and were acknowledged by the Cantons. If there be any glorious epoch in the military history of the Swiss, it was the period of the French civil wars. When royalty had to contend against as many armies as there were parties, and the national troops, weakened by death or desertion, were reduced to a few thousand men, the Swiss became its sole hope, and that, at any rate, did not bewray them. We find them at the siege of Rouen widening the breach by which the king, the queen-mother, and the parliament enter the city. At the battle of Dreux, they ensure the victory, which would have slipped from the grasp of the royal army without them; and, to quote the admiring language of a contemporary historian, "they carry away the glory of having fought better on this day than the Roman legions in the 425 battles they gained." On the road from Meaux to Paris they form a rampart for Charles IX. and the whole court by placing them in the centre of a hollow square, which all the efforts of the Protestant cavalry are unable to break. At St. Denis, Jarnac, Moncontour, everywhere, in short, they display their intrepidity. At the battle of Arques they protect the artillery of Henri IV., and at Ivry, where they fight on both sides, the generous Béarnais respects the retreat of Mayenne's Swiss to do homage to their bravery.

Such as the Swiss were since the fifteenth century we find them at a later date—brave, devoted, indefatigable; combining, in a word, all the qualities that constitute a soldier. Still they insisted on being regularly paid. Montluc, who appreciated their qualities, severely condemned them for this. "The Swiss fight well," he said, "but there must be no short-

ness of money, for they will not accept words in payment." With them the theft of a fowl was punished with death, and we may believe that, had they shown themselves more disinterested, it would only have been at the expense of discipline. Take it altogether, the Kings of France had no cause to regret the sacrifices they made for these troops: if they at times bestowed bounties on them, they shed their blood in return. Besides, we must do justice to the Swiss: they were the real creators of infantry; they served as a model to all the nations of Europe through their military training, and, from the camp at the Pont de l'Arche up to Ivry, they gave the French troops lessons and examples to which the latter owed more than one victory. In conclusion, we will mention that the Swiss only enlisted for a determined number of years—generally four. When this time had elapsed, the accounts were settled: the colonel received a gold collar as a mark of satisfaction, and the regiment returned to the Cantons, whence another marched to take its place. The regiment of Gardes Suisses was the first attached permanently to the French army.

Some military authors have thought that the absence of light cavalry in the French armies was the cause of foreign troops of that arm being enrolled. Though the bravely-armed gendarmerie for a long time were the chief cavalry strength, the French always had a few light cavalry troops. The historian of Philip Augustus, in describing the battle of Bouvines, mentions cavalry whom he calls *levis armaturæ equites*. But the real value of this cavalry was not comprehended till some centuries later, when the real principles of the arm were formed in the school of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. During the interval between Charles VII. and Francis I., the light cavalry were composed of adventurers, grooms, and fighting men, enlisted for a single campaign: they were the mediæval Cossacks of the French army. The chivalrous expeditions of the successors of Louis XI. caused an increase in the numbers of these partisans, who were very useful in completing the rout of the gendarmerie, after their line had been broken, or in pursuing infantry after a defeat. It was then that Greece supplied France with horsemen known by the name of Stradiots. Their more usual denomination, however, was Greek or Albanian cavalry. Bussy Rabutin refers the origin of this cavalry to Charles VIII., who, during his expedition to Naples, had in his army a corps of four hundred men, called Stradiots. But we must prefer to his authority that of Brantôme and Philippe de Comines, who were contemporaries, and who, in speaking of the conquest of Naples, assert that the French army saw for the first time a species of Greek horsemen, who harassed them greatly before action, and during the retreat. They were first added to the French army in the reign of Louis XII., and he had two thousand of them when he went into Italy on the revolt of Genoa. It appears that the morals of these horsemen were not very estimable, for a decree of Francis I., in 1523, seems to be a justification on the part of the king for having been constrained to employ men "who were wicked, flagitious, abandoned to every vice, rogues, murderers, incendiaries, and violaters of women and maidens." Philippe de Comines also describes the impression they made on the French at their first meeting: "The Stradiots killed a French gentleman of the name of Lebeuf, and cut off his head, which they hung to the pennant of a lance and carried it to their providateur to get a ducat for it. Stradiots," he adds, "are all men like the Genetaires (Spanish horse-

men), dressed from head to foot like Turks—excepting the head, on which they do not wear that cloth called a turban—and they are hardy fellows, sleeping in the open air with their horses. They were Greeks, and came from places which the Venetians hold; some from Napoli, Roumania, and the Morea; others from Albania, toward Duras, and their horses are good and all Turkish.” The impression was so great that for a long time these adventurers enjoyed a reputation in France for fighting in a manner much after that of the Algerian Kabyles. According to Montgomery, “they were armed like the modern *cheval-légers*, except that, instead of gauntlets, they had sleeves and gloves of mail, a broad sword by their side, a mace at the saddle-bow, and the *zagayi* in their hand, which was a sort of lance ten to twelve feet in length, and shod at both ends.” In the “Book of Military Discipline,” we find that they dismounted and formed close column, like pikemen, to resist cavalry.

Such were the principal foreign troops that served France up to the end of the sixteenth century. The second period of their history we will now proceed to run through from the reign of Louis XIII. up to the Revolution. Louis XIII. formed the Swiss into a complete regiment under the name of *Gardes Suisses*, but the death of Concini, by which Louis sullied his youthful years, deprived France of an army of seven thousand men, whom the Florentine was raising at his own expense to defend the authority of the King of France against the malcontents. Richelieu, in his jealousy of the nobles, increased the number of the foreign troops; and Henry von Schomberg raised a corps of four thousand *lansquenets*, which was disbanded on the death of the *Maréchal d'Ancre*. From 1634-1641, five regiments of German infantry and four of cavalry were successively raised. In addition to this, Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar and his regiments passed over to the French service by the treaty of October 26, 1635, and on the death of the duke, four years later, Reinhold von Rosen, one of his generals, induced all his troops to remain in the service of Louis XIII.

Among the Swiss regiments raised on behalf of Louis XIII., the most distinguished was Molondin's, which was raised in 1635, and not disbanded till 1654. The Irish also formed two regiments during this king's reign, while a Scotch regiment, raised by John Hepburn in 1633, most bravely fought until 1677. Other regiments were also raised among the Hungarians, Swedes, Hungarians, and Croats. All the foreign regiments existing at the death of Louis XIII. continued to serve during the regency, and so soon as Louis XIV. got the power into his own hands, he determined to attach Swiss regiments permanently to his army. In 1671 he sent Peter Stuppa, captain of the Swiss Guards, to negotiate with the Cantons, and raise four regiments. This was effected: the regiments arrived in France in 1672, and took rank according to seniority, with the exception of the Guards, in which all the officers and soldiers must be Swiss; the regiments of the Cantons, old and new, were allowed to enlist Germans, Poles, Swedes, and Danes. The English revolution of 1648 sent a multitude of emigrants to France, who formed regiments, and their number was largely increased after the execution of Charles I. During the same year a Walloon regiment was raised, owing to the defection of the Low Countries from Spain, while, in 1646, a Polish regiment came in. Lastly, in

1657, a Catalan regiment joined, and thus every nationality of Europe was represented in the army of Louis XIV.

During the Dutch war, ended in 1768 by the peace of Nimeguen, Louis XIV. added several regiments, mostly foreign, to his army; but, in 1691, the French army received a more effective reinforcement than that of the Swiss and the lately called-out militia. The revolution in England and the disasters of James II. brought to France 25,000 Irish, who fought in the French ranks against King William's English, with the courage of hatred and despair, and eventually formed regiments, which were kept in the French service.

The first Hussars in the French army were Hungarians, who deserted from the imperialists and created quite a sensation. The name is derived from the Hungarian *husz*, or twenty, because the levy of this sort of troops was at the rate of one in twenty of the population. A different light cavalry was introduced by Maurice of Saxony, under the name of Uhlans, or Lancers. They were recruited from Hungarians, Poles, Germans, Turks, Tartars, and a considerable number of Alsatians. If we except the Swiss, however, who had their particular rules, the foreign corps, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, differed but little from the national troops. They accepted Frenchmen, it is true, into their ranks, but these were generally selected from the Rhenish provinces. Thus Kellermann, born at Strasbourg, was first cadet in Lowendahl's; then ensign in the Royal Bavière. Macdonald, descended from a Scotch family of that name, and Clarke, whose father was an Irishman, served, the first in Dillon's, the other in Berwick's. Whatever tendency these regiments had to become Gallicised, the word of command was given in the language indicated by the title. During peace their effective strength was above that of the French regiments, owing to the difficulty of recruiting for them during war, and the obligation felt to retain men whom other nations would not have failed to employ. The foreign troops, moreover, were subjected to the same organisation and discipline as the French. They generally served very well, because the *esprit de corps* was strongly marked, old soldiers were numerous, and the officers were born and died in the regiment. Moreover, they were the object of constant care on the part of the king, who had in them his strongest support. They represented a great force in the army, though their effective strength was subject to frequent variations. In 1741 it rose to 51,815 men; in 1788, to 41,063; and three years later, to 23,667. As for the Swiss, they only served as allies and permanent auxiliaries, without ceasing to be Swiss, or to be acknowledged by the Cantons. They had their own jurisdiction, and were tried by their officers, from whose sentence there was no appeal.

When the knell of monarchy sounded in France, the foreign regiments were the only ones that faithfully defended the royal cause. The National Assembly saw that by dismissing the Swiss it would deprive itself of excellent allies, who, if restored to liberty, would not fail to be enrolled among the enemies of France. It strove to retain them in the army by inviting them to enter the battalions of light infantry forming at the time. A large number of officers and soldiers consented to this incorporation. As for the other foreign regiments in the service of France, they only consisted of a small body of troops, whom we come

across serving under Lafayette and Custine. We may say that the last hour struck for the foreign troops at the same time as for the monarchy, for those who remained in existence in 1793 were turned over to the infantry demi-brigades, in which they were entirely absorbed. A month previously, in January 21, Louis XVI. had ascended to heaven, to quote the expression of the Abbé Edgworth. "The corpse," as we read in the *Moniteur* of that date, "was at once transported to the church of the Madeleine, where it was buried between the persons who perished on the day of his marriage, and the Swiss who were massacred on August 10." The Convention proposed to offer a fresh insult to majesty, by casting on it the ignominy of the common grave; but it forgot that the heroes who succumbed at the Tuileries for the cause of the son of St. Louis were also martyrs through the grandeur of their devotion.

The principles proclaimed by the Revolution too directly assailed the interests of the sovereigns of Europe for France not to be placed at once in a state of proscription in the midst of the other monarchies, which, suddenly forgetting their disputes, only saw one enemy—republican France. It seemed, therefore, as if the iron circle which begirt her must infallibly crush her. But even before the coalition convoked all the kings, France had called to her all the peoples in the declaration of war of April, 1792. "The French nation," we read in it, "adopts beforehand all strangers who, abjuring the cause of her enemies, come to range themselves beneath her banners, and consecrate their efforts for the defence of her liberty." She had renewed this appeal in a proclamation that boldly replied to the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, and each word of which echoed beyond the frontiers like the tocsin on days of disaster.

Strangers replied in shoals to this appeal, probably much less seduced by the dreams of independence with which the National Assembly encouraged, even glorified, desertion, than by the advantages and rewards it promised them in the name of the endangered country. It was soon found necessary to moderate an order that was becoming as embarrassing as it was onerous, and the Convention formed the resolution of only accepting those volunteers who had not abandoned the flag of another nation. The first efforts of revolutionary France were directed against Austria, which, of all European powers, displayed the greatest ardour in arming on behalf of the monarchical principle. Hence the opportunity could not have been better for beginning the struggle. Belgium, at that time enclosed in the Austrian Netherlands, had just shaken off the imperial yoke, and expelled the troops of Joseph II.: a republic had been proclaimed, and the protection of France claimed, which was enthusiastically granted. This sympathy brought all the Belgian troops to regard the French army favourably, and it soon received four regiments and ten battalions of Chasseurs, two Liégeois legions and five battalions, as well as two regiments of cavalry and a battalion of artillery.

At the same time, as the National Assembly made its appeal to strangers, it created a new corps to receive them, under the name of the Franco-foreign legion. It was to be composed of troops of all arms, and was principally made up of Dutchmen. Two Batavian legions were created in 1790. Like the Belgians and the Dutch, these corps were admitted into the French regiments on the annexation of the Netherlands. There was also a battalion of Bavarians, which always marched with the

above corps. Formed at Brussels in 1792, it was disbanded in the following year.

The Germanic legion, formed by a law of September 14, 1792, at the request of the representative Anarcharis Clootz, Prussian baron, and "orator of the human race," was to be composed of Germans, Prussians, Dutch, and doubtless of Frenchmen, too, as Augereau, who became a marshal of France, was an officer in it. Troops of all arms were admitted to it. This legion, suppressed in 1793, was re-formed in 1799 under the title of Legion of the Northern Franks. According to the decree, it was to be composed of the inhabitants of the countries situated between the Meuse and the Rhine, and the Rhine and Moselle, in order to take advantage of their devotion and courage. During the Piedmontese revolution of 1798, a part of Brendt's German regiment, in the pay of the King of Sardinia, sought refuge among the French troops. This regiment served in Italy up to 1800, when it was disbanded at Dijon. Lastly, on May 14, 1800, four departments having been formed of the territory in which the legions of the Northern Franks had been raised, they gave over their military contingent to the army on the following 23rd of September.

As the King of Sardinia was one of the first to enter the coalition against the Republic, the greater portion of his states was promptly conquered and united to France. The two departments which Savoy formed soon raised battalions, and the free company of the anti-Barbets, formed part of the national troops called out by the law of requisition. Then to this the National Assembly, wishing to respond to the sympathies of the inhabitants of these countries, had decreed, on August 13, 1798, the levy of a Franco-Allobrogian legion. According to the terms of the law, Savoyards were alone to be admitted, but it is fair to say that the legion borrowed nearly all its strength from the departments of Dauphiny. It was, however, soon converted into a French corps. On Dec. 10, 1798, Charles Emmanuel made over to the French republic all his claims to Piedmont, and the relics of seven regiments were formed into the first Piedmontese demi-brigade of the line. A second demi-brigade, raised among the patriots of Geneva and Civa, became, on the same day, a French brigade. A certain number of volunteers, drawn from the departments of Piedmont, formed on August 20, 1803, the Piedmontese expeditionary battalion, which assumed the title of *tirailleurs* of the Po shortly after. The Piedmontese hussars, organised in August, 1800, passed into the pay of France in the following year, as did the Piedmontese dragoons. The Piedmontese artillery was incorporated with the French in 1801.

The other states of Italy, the continual scene of war, could not remain aloof from the political changes which a portion of Europe was already undergoing. They were divided into an infinity of republics, Cisalpine, Ligurian, Roman, Parthenopean, Lucchese, which, at a later date, were, metamorphosed into allied though independent kingdoms, or formed new French departments. The troops of the Cisalpine republic being compelled to seek a home while the Austrians occupied their territory, were in the pay of France for a year. On September 8, 1799, a law was promulgated which created an Italian legion exactly like the Northern Franks. It was composed of Cisalpines, Piedmontese, Romans, and Neapolitans, and its effective strength attained to 80,000 men.

The attempt made by the émigrés at Quiberon, which was favoured by England, excited to the highest degree the resentment of republican France against that nation. General Hoche, desiring in his turn to deal a deadly blow at the British government, formed the plan of an expedition to Ireland. Authorised by the Directory to take some battalions of the Army of the Ocean to the aid of the Irish rebels, he formed five regiments, known as the foreign brigade, not so much because a great number of Irish enlisted as through the origin of the commanding officers. Hoche's enterprise, and that of General Humbert, which followed it, not having been crowned with success, the regiments were disbanded on February 21, 1729. At the same time a number of Irish emigrated to France to escape persecution, and most of them served in the Irish battalion formed on August 31, 1803.

A few relics of the Swiss regiments, disbanded in 1792, at first composed a Franco-Genevese company, and one of Swiss chasseurs, which were soon attached to the army. From 1793 to 1798 the departments of the Mont Terrible and Leman furnished their volunteers, but, properly speaking, the first troops derived from the cantons were handed over to France by the King of Sardinia on his abdication. They consisted of a company of Cent Suisses, and five regiments organised into two Helvetic Legions on November 6, 1798. By a capitulation of December 19 of the same year, the Helvetic republic made a levy in favour of the French republic of 18,000 men, who formed six demi-brigades of infantry.

Poland, at the close of the eighteenth century, was only the shade of its ancient splendour. In spite of the heroic efforts of Kosciusko, it was finally effaced from the map of Europe in 1795. From that time a life of misery and exile began for the Poles: they everywhere sought a new country, and asked for a sword to try and reconquer their own. They formed in France, under the patronage of Bonaparte, a first Polish legion, called that of Italy, which consisted of 6508 infantry and artillery. A second Polish legion was formed under the name of the Legion of the Danube. After numerous vicissitudes of organisation and disbandment, the Poles reappeared in France, to acquire immortal glory, under the name of the 7th Regiment of Cheval-légers lancers.

Bonaparte, on starting for Egypt, did not blind himself as to the difficulty of establishing communications between France and the seat of war, nor to the impossibility of receiving reinforcements. His first care was to seize on all the forces he might meet with on his passage. At Malta he disbanded the regiments of the "vessels of Malta" and the "grand-master's guard," and sent them to Egypt, where they were formed into one corps, called the Maltese Legion. This body of 1500 men was unable to make up the daily losses of the French army, decimated beneath a burning sky by plague and war. The general-in-chief, by one of those inspirations so common to his genius, did not hesitate to ask of the very nations he had come to fight those reinforcements refused him by the republic. Turks, either volunteers or prisoners taken at the Pyramids, formed a company, and the Greek and Coptic Legions and the Mameluke corps were next organised.

The Copts were Christians, and, for this reason, more exposed than the other tribes to the persecutions of the Mussulmans. Kleber had no difficulty in persuading them that it was to their interest to join the French, in order to repulse the Turkish and Arab bands, and co-operate in the

defence of the territory against any foreign invasion. The Greek and Coptic legions afterwards formed the battalion of Chasseurs of the East, which was not disbanded till September 24, 1814, after garrisoning Toulon, Dalmatia, Corfu, Naples, and Ancona.

Negroes also entered the French army under Kleber's military administration. The Ethiopian caravans brought many black slaves into Egypt, whom the general-in-chief bought up in large numbers. These men, who were free from Mussulman prejudices, in a short time contracted the habits of the French soldier, and fought very bravely at Heliopolis. The Mamelukes originally came from the Caucasus: they formed excellent cavalry, which it required the talent of Murat, Leclercq, and Lasalle to defeat. Napoleon did all in his power to attach to himself a squadron, which he retained even in his Guard. But there was a great difficulty in keeping it at the full strength, and a good many Mamelukes of the Seine were mingled with those from the banks of the Nile.

Such were the foreigners who served the Republic. With the exception of those corps whose organisation, discipline, pay, and promotion were the object of special arrangement, all were subjected to a decree of February 21, 1793, relating to the general organisation of the army. Most of them, moreover, having been incorporated with the national troops, it was natural that the same military legislation should be applicable to them. If we consider for a moment the causes that called foreigners under the republican banner, we perceive that the most powerful of all was the sympathy of continental nations with the French revolution. A nation that was fighting for the abolition of privileges, which was arming, in the name of liberty, against all Europe, must naturally meet with allies among those who claimed the same rights, or the most sacred of all rights, that of having a country. It was for these motives that the Belgians and Batavians first came to her: from the same cause that Irish and Poles held out their hand to her. The renewed capitulations in the old monarchical style gave her Swiss battalions, while finally she obtained from her conquests the troops of the departments united to her territory, and for some years even those of Italy and the East.

We need not dwell on the foreign troops whom Napoleon called out in succession, for they represent nearly every European country. Still it is but right to correct the erroneous idea that Napoleon employed foreigners to save his Frenchmen, for the largest foreign force he ever had at one time—namely, from 1812 to 1814—was only 100,000 men, while the national army amounted in that time to more than one million of armed men. When he returned from Elba to try his final fall with Europe, eight foreign regiments were formed of Piedmontese, Swiss, Germans, Belgians, Spaniards, Irishmen, and those Poles whom the Restoration had placed, a few days previously, at the disposal of the Czar. They, before all, nobly did their duty at Ligny and Waterloo.

If the Restoration, imbued with old prejudices, and keeping up a ridiculous respect for old customs, recalled the Swiss to the army, and formed again with these foreigners a royal household on the basis established by the monarch, it was one fault more to add to so many others. They were useless, and their presence insulted a national spirit, which had greatly changed since the Revolution. However, the devotion of the mercenaries was the same, and the Swiss of the days of July yielded in nothing to the heroes of August 10.

At the present day France still maintains a legion formed of two foreign regiments, which have had some splendid pages in the annals of Africa, and have opened their ranks to French officers, the majority of whom have become military celebrities—relics of that legion which the Restoration sent to Spain. These two corps are for some an asylum offered to noble misfortunes; for the majority they are the refuge accorded to those whom civil discords compel to quit their country—a refuge opened by France to all unhappy men, and sometimes to culprits. Both ought to show themselves grateful to the noble institution by the means of which they are enabled either to forget their misfortunes or compensate their faults. An attempt at foreign recruiting was made during the Crimean war on the Swiss frontiers. The result expected not having been obtained, the few hundred men enrolled were placed in the old regiments of the legion stationed in Africa.

We have thus completed our task: we have attempted, to the best of our ability, to show how the French army has grown up. During the Restoration and the July government, the army did not exceed the proper limits of a great country, but it has gradually swollen to its present exaggerated dimensions, which have produced a financial embarrassment, which all the skill of M. Fould will be unable to avert, unless the army be brought back to its normal proportions. In 1842, the army stood in the official returns as 342,000 men; in 1854, it had grown to 530,000, at which tremendous standard it has since remained. The proportion of the army to the population of France is now, in a period of peace, 1.04, or the same as it was during the period when Louis XIV. was waging his most terrible wars. Surely there must be something radically wrong in this; and while we fully recognise the merits of that magnificent army, we feel that there is nothing in the present position of France which can create any embarrassment. At the same time, this enormous army is a standing menace to Europe, and the disarmament which all the European states are so anxious to set about, is necessarily retarded, because Napoleon has not the moral courage to destroy his own splendid but costly machinery. As we have shown, we hope, the French army possesses annals inferior to none in the world; it has acquired sufficient glory, during the last decade, to satisfy even a Napoleon: and there is no reason why it might not be reduced to more satisfactory proportions. If not, financial reform in France is hopeless; for, however much Napoleon may wish to save, the time must arrive when the army will require fresh glory, and all the savings will be expended. Even as it is, the expeditions to Cochinchina and Mexico are an awful drain, and it seems as if the emperor is compelled to seize the slightest opportunity in which to employ the troublesome spirits of his army. He has now a grand opportunity for retrenching gracefully: he has expressed his desire to make up for past extravagance, and every sensible man says that the only permanent relief will be by getting rid of 250,000 of his troops. If he will only do so, he will disarm his enemies; if not, the old miserable suspicions of his integrity will be rife. His conduct throughout the *Trent* affair was manly and straightforward to England, and has raised him immensely in the eyes of the nation; and if he will now offer a material guarantee of peace, by the reduction of his army, it will be a graceful introduction to the opening of that Great Exhibition in whose halls all nations are to meet in a friendly and honourable rivalry.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LOWER CANADA.

Comparative Aptitude of the British and French in Colonisation—Hilly Ranges between the State of Maine and Lower Canada—Necessity for two Strongholds on this Line—District of the Three Rivers—The Great Cleft of the Hudson and the Chambly—"The Mouth or Gate of the Country"—Military Antecedents—Aspects of the North—The Cataract, or Upper St. Lawrence—Montreal—The Middle St. Lawrence—Quebec.

THAT part of British North America which is known as Canada differs in its present boundaries from Canada or the province of Quebec in its former dimensions, and both are different from the extensive country which was denominated Canada by the French. Discovered by Sebastian Cabot, under a commission from Henry VII. of England, the first fishing and fur settlements were made by the French, who were involved in continual wars with the Indians, until the whole territory was ceded to the British in 1763. The population at that epoch amounted to seventy-one thousand souls, but the extensive province of Upper Canada, now so much preferred on account of the superiority of its climate and soil, was not then inhabited by Europeans.

Canada in the present day comprises 270,000 square miles out of 537,000 contained in the basin of the St. Lawrence, the remaining 149,000 square miles being water, and 98,000 appertaining to the Yankees. And what a difference does this vast region present to what it did when subject to the laws or "customs" of Paris, as they were called. The descendants of the French Acadians (more correctly Arcadians) are almost solely confined to Lower Canada; a hardy, enterprising, and active race of British settlers have sprung up in Western Canada; while the Indians have receded to the most remote Lake Districts. From Quebec to Montreal, a distance by river of one hundred and eighty miles, may now be called one long village. On either shore of the St. Lawrence, at this point about a mile in width, is a stripe of land seldom exceeding a mile in breadth, bordered by aboriginal forests, and thickly studded by low-browed farm-houses, whitewashed from top to bottom, to which a long barn and stables are attached, and commonly a neat plot of garden ground.

It is more curious to mark the different aptitude in colonisation of the British and the French than it is easy to explain it. A well-known and clever French writer—Volney—who may be considered, at all events, as impartial, traces the circumstance to the habits and manners of the two races. The British settler, he says, is cold and phlegmatic, steady, industrious, and indefatigable. The Frenchman, on the contrary, is impelled by a troublesome and restless activity; he harasses his mind with

doubts and fears, he consults his wife, argues, opposes, and disputes, is irritated or disheartened, and gives up the struggle. In Volney's own words, "the Frenchman, with his perpetual domestic chattering, evaporates his ideas, submits them to contradiction, excites around him the tattling of women, backbiting, and quarrels with his neighbours, and finds, at length, he has squandered away his time without any benefit to himself or his family." It is to be remembered that Volney was an Oriental as well as a Western traveller, and may in the former country have imbibed peculiar ideas as to the advantages of leaving the wife to her own domestic duties. The Acadians have acknowledgedly improved under free institutions. The British, by liberating them from an antiquated yoke extremely unfavourable to progress, founded a new era for Canada, and raised sixty thousand poor colonists to a million of prosperous artisans; but still the French would never have carried out the great public works, or have established such comfortable and luxurious dwellings in the midst of the Canadian woods, if the English had not shown them the way. The old French manoirs, in which some of the seigneurs still live, bear the same relation to them that the old-fashioned "bateaux" do to the luxurious steamers of the Anglo-Saxons.

To start from the eastward and south of the river St. Lawrence, the St. John's River, to which we have before adverted in connexion with the lower part of its course, is, in its upper portion, known as the Walloostock, and, after running for a great distance in a north-east direction parallel to the St. Lawrence, and between thirty and forty miles from it through the State of Maine, it declines to the east before entering British America, and is, at the same time, joined by three large rivers—the Allagash, running from the south, and the St. Francis and Madawaska, both descending from the north. After its confluence with the Madawaska it turns to the south-east, and, after having entered the British province of New Brunswick, it runs for more than two hundred and thirty miles within that province. Though descending from an elevated country, this river is more navigable than those which drain Canada, always excepting the St. Lawrence. The upper part of its course, though not very deep, and in many parts rapid, is not broken by falls or rapids. Near the mouth of the Madawaska are the Little Falls, and at its entrance into New Brunswick the Great Falls. Between them the navigation is easy and practicable for steam-boats.

A mountain range, hilly and wooded, starts from the green hills of Vermont, and stretches more or less uninterruptedly to Gaspé Point, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This chain separates the flow of waters to the St. Francis, the Chaudière, and other great rivers of Lower Canada, from those of the Connecticut, the Kennebeck, the western tributaries of the Penobscot, and other rivers of New England. A southerly and easterly prolongation of the same range towards Mass Hill separates the sources of the river St. John from the eastern tributaries of the Penobscot. This range of hilly country, as thus marked out, constituted the old boundary line between British America and New England, and it still constitutes the natural line of demarcation, for it is an impolitic and unnatural treaty that cuts off from the country holding the basin of a river its upper tributaries, especially when those upper streams are separated from another country by a mountain barrier.

The chain in question, after running in an east-north-east direction to the origin of the St. John's River, divides into two chains: one, running nearly due east, divides the waters falling into St. John's River from those flowing into the Kennebec and Penobscot, in Maine, and terminates, at a short distance from the banks of the St. John's River, with Mars Hill. This was the old and natural boundary. The other ridge runs nearly due north till it approaches the St. Lawrence River within about twenty miles. It then turns north-east, and continues in that direction parallel to the river, its rocky heights often advancing to the very edge of the water. Its width, up to 69 degrees west longitude, may be about twenty miles, but to the east of Lake Temiscouata it grows wider, till it occupies nearly the whole of the peninsula of Gaspé, to its termination in the capes Rozière and Gaspé.*

By these mountain ranges the country is divided into three regions, one lying to the west of the mountain range which runs north, and which comprises part of the district of the Three Rivers, the second forming the narrow tract along the St. Lawrence, and the third comprehending the upper basin of the St. John's River. Although British settlements had been formed on both banks of the St. John's, up to its confluence with the Madawaska, and along the banks of the last-mentioned river, and of the Lake of Temiscouata, which is the largest in this portion of British America, extending in length twenty-two miles, and varying in breadth from one-half to two and a half miles, the third of these divisions, that which comprehends the upper basin of the St. John's, was ceded by the Ashburton compromise to the Yankees, while their territory being prolonged by the eastern chain to above the St. Lawrence, they were thus placed in a strategic position to separate Canada and New Brunswick, and, indeed, to command the two; and that although the road by which Canada communicates with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the only winter line of communication with the seaboard, passes through the before-mentioned settlements.

The country along the St. Lawrence below the mouth of the Chaudière

* It is interesting to observe, with regard to this remote point of Lower Canada, that the so-called peninsula of Gaspé, extending between the mouth of the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Chaleurs, was till quite recently thought to be traversed in the middle by a range of mountains terminating at Cape Rozière; but it has been found to contain an elevated valley, skirted by two ranges of high hills, which extend at a short distance from the St. Lawrence and the Ristigouche River and the Bay of Chaleurs. There is a series of lakes in this valley which send out rivers that cut the ranges and fall into the St. Lawrence or the Bay of Chaleurs. At the mouth of the valley is an inlet known as Gaspé Basin, which, like the Bay of Chaleurs, is rapidly rising in importance. Mr. Seward, in a recent report on consular appointments, says that the government of the Federal States, having ascertained that efforts were making to introduce arms into the Southern ports, by shipping them from England to the West Indies and the British provinces, for reshipment to the South, and certain Canadian ports having become notorious as ports of arrival and departure of rebels from Europe, and the intercourse with the rebel states having been systematically carried on through Canada, paid consuls have been appointed at Quebec and Gaspé Basin, who, in addition to their regular consular duties, will act as confidential agents (spies) of the government at those places. Gaspé Basin, till within the last few years tenanted by a few inhabitants who gained a hardy livelihood by fishing and cultivating a few rare spots, has been thus suddenly raised to the dignity of a port, with a foreign consular residence.

rises from the banks of the river in irregular ridges, with generally a steep ascent, and attains a considerable elevation at the distance of ten, fifteen, and twenty miles from the river. This is now the Yankee frontier, from which it descends gently, in a sort of table-land, towards the river St. John. The high banks of the St. Lawrence continue east of Point Lewis, or Levy, but they soon begin to lower, and for some extent are of moderate elevation.

At St. Anne, which is, instead of the Mars Hill of olden time, the present northern point of the Yankee boundary, the banks of the St. Lawrence begin to rise in isolated cliffs of considerable height, and continue so to Kamouraska and St. Andrew's. The strategic importance of this physical configuration will be felt at once. A fort at St. Anne's would intercept all communication between Canada and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Farther down, there is, close to the river, a steep ascent, varying between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet, and this elevation is still considerably increased opposite Bic Island. From this part to Cape Rozière the coast maintains nearly the same height and character, except at a few places, where the rivers descend from the adjacent mountains. It has been supposed by some that the Spaniards, who are known to have visited the St. Lawrence before the English and French, on observing the high banks between which the St. Lawrence rolls its waters to the ocean, may in their astonishment have compared it with a chasm or ravine, and hence called it Canada.

Such, then, is the actual position of things in Lower Canada and New Brunswick, and it is difficult to imagine any remedy except a rectification of the frontier line, or, if that is impossible, it will be necessary for the protection of the present exposed line to establish strong places, in well-selected and commanding positions, at the head of the river partition, as before described, and at or near St. Anne's. Without such, and with an extensive open frontier, commanded by heights in every direction, it would be utterly impossible to hold the *cis-Lawrentian* provinces, unless the enemy were, which is not likely, to accept a general engagement, and, being defeated, be routed out of the whole length of their advantageous positions. It would be ultimately the least costly plan to construct the proposed strong places, not forts or citadels, but fortified towns or strongholds, capable of holding out a length of time, and securing the frontier line till forces could be brought to their relief from the interior. Pending the construction of such, strongholds, defended by earthworks and guns, might be established at the same points, above all, at or near St. Anne's. The precise position of such must, however, naturally be determined by the local peculiarities of the soil, and in the latter case by the exigencies of the projected Halifax and Quebec railway, which would run past the same place.

The western districts of the first region, or that of the Three Rivers, form an almost level plain, on which a few isolated mountains rise above the surface, but at considerable distances from one another. One of these, called Rouville Hill, is eleven hundred feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. This flat country extends almost to the river St. Francis. But towards the south the surface begins to swell gradually into ridges, becomes progressively more hilly, till it assumes a mountainous character towards the Lakes Memphramagog and St. Francis. The districts east

of the St. Francis have a hilly and broken surface of moderate elevation. The banks of the St. Lawrence are low, and partly marshy, especially so on the shores of Lake St. Peter; but lower down they gradually begin to rise, and at the mouth of the Chaudière they are high and bold, and continue so to Point Lewis, or Levy, opposite Quebec, and where it is supposed an enemy might, with the improved artillery of modern times, effectively shell that hitherto redoubtable fortress. Such an eventuality might, to a certain degree, be anticipated by defences on the spot.

The surrounding country is well deserving of consideration and some outlay. These western districts have the best soil in Lower Canada, and much wheat is exported from thence to Great Britain. They are probably the most populous and best cultivated part of British North America, and yet they lie in a kind of bight, not only utterly unprotected, but cut off from succour by the St. Lawrence, and commanded by the mountain barrier of Yankee-land. We do not use this term in a contemptuous sense. It has long been a reproach to the inhabitants of the United States that they have no name. To call themselves Americans is an absurdity; they are not so much so as the Red Indians or Patagonians, and no more so than the Canadians, Mexicans, or Brazilians. They are not even United Statesmen. The distinction into Federalists and Confederates has a convenience that is only of a temporary kind, and cannot be expected to last. Hence it is that we are obliged to fall back upon the term Yankee and Yankee-land as a matter of necessity, and by no means intending disrespect.* The Federals, Confederates, and the men of the West, and of the Upper Mississippi, will one day find a name for themselves, or, as in Yankee-land, one will arise out of the force of circumstances.

Between the St. Francis and the Chaudière the soil varies very much in fertility, and large portions of it are still covered with forests. The course of the rivers which drain this country is less broken and rapid than on the north side of the St. Lawrence, and most of them may be navigated by boats and canoes, though in several of them the navigation is interrupted by rapids. The most important are the Chambly, St. Francis, and Chaudière.

The Chambly, also called Richelieu, St. John's, St. Louis, and Sorel, is the largest of the rivers of Lower Canada which fall into the St. Lawrence from the south. It rises, however, in Lake George, in New York, and this lake is further united by a short passage to Lake Champlain. Lake George is renowned for its picturesque beauty, its trout and basse fishery, its hunts and rattlesnakes, and its military associations. Its Indian name is Horicon, a musical and appropriate word, signifying "pure water," and it is to be regretted that this was exchanged for the more common-place name which it now bears. It is thirty-four miles long, from two to four wide, and reflects upwards of three hundred islands on its clear bosom. It is completely surrounded by elevations, the most prominent of which are Black and Tongue Mountains, famous for their dens of rattlesnakes. French Mountain, which rises picturesquely at the south extremity, is memorable as having been the camping-ground of the French during the revolutionary war. The shores of Lake George

* Mr. Trail, who derives Yankee from the Indian for English, says it is a mistake to suppose that the epithet is offensive.

abound with interesting localities in connexion with the struggle for dominion in the New World between the English and French, amongst which are the remains of Fort George and Fort William Henry, celebrated as the scene of the terrible massacre of the English army by the Indians in 1757. The admirers of Cooper will not forget that the scene of "The Last of the Mohicans" is laid here and in the immediate neighbourhood. A recent tourist quoted a few lines from the *Hotel Album*, in reference to the surrounding mountain scenery, that are truly characteristic:

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead!
Scale them certainly you can:
Let them proudly dare the skies,
What are mountains to a man?
Go ahead!

Proneness to exaggeration and bombast, although a moral and intellectual phenomenon, is just as much a physical attribute of the Yankee, originating in climate and other circumstances, as are the peculiar drawl and nasal twang, the loss of fat, tissue, and teeth, the elongation of the frame, and early decrepitude. Moral and intellectual deterioration march in expatriated races side by side with physical decline. In the mean time, Lake St. George, the battle-ground of the English and the French, belongs now to neither, but to the bold and enterprising Yankee. A corduroy road leads from the lake to Ticonderoga, or Old Ty, as it is called, on Lake Champlain, and whence steam-boats ply to Rouse's Point, at the north end of the lake. Here are the extensive ruins of a fortress, built by the French in 1756, and called Carillon. The Indian name was Cheonderoga, signifying "sounding water," on account of the rushing waters at the outlet of Lake George at the Falls. The place is identified with the most deadly strife between the English and the French, and subsequently between the former and the Americans. The ruins are situated on a peninsula comprising about five hundred acres, and are at an elevation of about one hundred feet above Lake Champlain. They attest to the existence of a very strong place, and the numerous relics of war, in the form of bullets and arrow-heads, which are still found, show how fiercely battles must have raged about its walls.

Lake Champlain is, with the Hudson, the principal channel of communication, on the line four hundred miles long, between New York and Montreal. It offers a hundred miles of water navigable for the largest ships; but unfortunately its outlet, the Chambly, is impeded by rocks and rapids. There remained, therefore, an isthmus between the northern extremity of the lake and the St. Lawrence, as between the southern and the Hudson; but canals and railways have now removed this difficulty, and made of it a single uninterrupted line.

The land of the "Green Mountains" (Vermont) and that of the Adirondag chain, in the northern part of the state of New York, present remarkable differences. The long cleft of the Champlain, and its continuation to the St. Lawrence, establishes a striking distinction in the animals, plants, and other natural phenomena, and an entirely different fauna and flora is found on the western side from that of the eastern. In the former are the species of both known on the great lakes—the Ontario,

Erie, &c.; but Vermont, belongs, in an ethnographical point of view, as well as in its natural history, to the same great province of New England States, just as the basin of Lakes George and Champlain, the Adirondack chain, and the extensive table-land, almost three thousand feet high, and its numerous lakes, belong to the Great Lake district, the St. Lawrence, and to Canada. The flow of waters always determine these questions geographically, ethnographically, and zoologically: they should also do so politically, if any permanence is sought for in human institutions.

The valley of this far-stretching lake is at the same time, to a certain extent, a continuation of that of the Hudson from south to north, and both together form a deep channel, through which southern life flows northward. Every year a very elegant kind of humming-bird (*Colibri*) finds its way up this route. It proceeds by this hollow to the St. Lawrence, and even to North Canada, and builds its nest in the woods near Hudson's Bay, as well as on the other side of the river, as far as Nova Scotia.

It is supposed that in early—that is, pre-historic—times there was a period when the whole line was filled with water, and an arm of the sea passed from the St. Lawrence through Lake Champlain and the Hudson, round New England, and made an island of it and the British provinces. The discovery of the skeleton of a whale on the shore of the lake puts it beyond a doubt that the lake was once connected with the sea, and contained sea-water as well as a kind of whale, which at the present day is found in the neighbouring seas.

Sea-shells and brackish water reach on the one side as far up as Albany, and seals come up on the other, on the path of the whales of old times, as far as to Lake Champlain. They come through the mighty St. Lawrence, and wriggle their way among the rocks and cataracts of the Chambly to the land-locked water, where in winter they are often killed on the ice. It has even been remarked that there is still much of the islander in the character of the New England-men. It is more narrow, compact, and solid, than that of the people of the other States.

The Frenchman Champlain was the first man who ever fired a gun upon these waters. In 1609, when he came here from Canada, he had but three musketeers with him, but with these he struck terror into the country, and gained many victories over the wild tribes round what is so appropriately called, in the language of one of the tribes, the *Comaderi guarante*, or "mouth or gate of the country." The lake, with its continuation, the river Chambly, is indeed the only natural entrance to the wide mountain district around it. It is doubtless an old Indian road, and in the time of the French dominion in Canada, it was the mouth through which hostile nations, the French and English, spoke to one another continually with musket and cannon-thunder. For a period of more than a century, regularly every year, the Canadians marched southward through the valley of the lake to attack the British possessions, and lay waste their settlements, and just as often did the British burst out through the gate to the north, at the head of the wild Iroquois, and exercise retaliation on the French. Even in the subsequent contest between England and her colonies, Lake Champlain still retained the strategic significance marked by its Indian appellation; and although for now nigh half a century past this mouth happily no longer pours forth armed soldiers and

ferocious Indians, guns, and blood, and scalps, but steamers, and locomotives, and peaceful traders, and bales of goods from New York and Montreal—between which two great marts it forms the chief, if not the only, direct connexion—still, should war break out, it would, in spite of the Grand Trunk Railway, claim all its ancient military importance as the chief approach to Lower Canada, and as being the point of union of the New York and Vermont railways.

Fort Montgomery was built by the Yankees, far away to the north of the old boundary, and within British territory, so as to command the inlet of the Chambly Canal, connecting Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, to protect the bridge which unites the Northern New York Railway with the network of railways to Troy, New York, and Boston, and to defend the entrance of the important pass before described. When after the disputed boundary question had been submitted to the King of the Netherlands, and Mr. Preble had so frantically protested against "the royal arbiter," the mission of Lord Ashburton was undertaken in 1842 for the special purpose of negotiating a settlement of the boundary question. The upper portion of Lake Champlain and Fort Montgomery, the key to the great pass that leads from Yankee-land to Lower Canada, and commanding all communications between the two, were, with three-fifths of the territory in dispute, ceded to Yankee arrogance! Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan dwells with great gusto, in his recently published and very entertaining work, "*Beaten Paths*," on the fact of his having been one of the first to have fully exposed "the disgraceful proceedings," as he terms them, and in which he took an official part that characterised the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty at Washington in 1842.*

Congress, aware of the importance of this strong place, has recently voted 150,000 dollars for additional fortifications, while some fifteen thousand men have been stationed between Rouse's Point and Ogdensburg, and twenty-five thousand on the frontier line beyond and to the westward. There would be no alternative with the line of the St. John exposed, the narrow band at St. Anne's undefended, the pass of the Champlain in the hands of the enemy, and the approaches to Montreal by the Grand Trunk Railway, those to Prescott by Ogdensburg, and to Kingston by Clayton, Cape Vincent, Sackett's Harbour, Oswego, and Rochester open; but in case of war to act on the offensive, and by the reduction of Fort Montgomery to once more hold possession of the great natural highway between the two countries—never, it is to be hoped, to commit so fatal, and what may yet be so costly, a blunder again. Congress has lately voted large sums of money for additional defences of two more of the points here noticed—namely, Sackett's Harbour and Oswego.

It only remains to notice, in connexion with the southern portion of the Three Rivers district, that the St. Francis rises in the lake of the same name, which is about eighteen or twenty miles long, and very irregular in breadth. The river issues from its west side, and runs about seventy miles south-west, when it turns to the north-west, and soon afterwards unites with the river Magog, flowing from Lake Memphramagog. It

* See *Civilised America*, Second Edition, vol. i. chap. xxi.; and *Beaten Paths, and Those who Trod Them*, by Thomas Colley Grattan, vol. ii. p. 226. Chapman and Hall.

continues its course north-west to its junction with the St. Lawrence, a distance of nearly eighty miles. The number of rapids and falls render the navigation of this river difficult and laborious, yet the trade upon it is considerable.

The Chaudière rises in the lake of Megantic, north-east of the sources of the Connecticut, and flows about half its course north, and the other half north-north-west. It is not navigable, owing to the rapids and falls following one another in quick succession. About four miles from its mouth are the celebrated Chaudière Falls, which are one hundred and thirty feet high, the breadth of the river not being more than as many feet. Few falls can be compared with these for picturesque beauty. The course of the river amounts to more than one hundred miles.

On the north side of the St. Lawrence, between the mouth of the Ottawa and Cape Torment, the banks are low, or of very moderate elevation, as far as Richelieu Rapid, fifty-two miles below Three Rivers; but from this point they begin to rise and assume a bold character, which continues increasing to Cape Diamond, on which Quebec stands, and still more towards Cape Torment, in the neighbourhood of which a mountain rises to the height of eighteen hundred and ninety feet above the sea. Where the banks are low, the adjacent country from five to fifteen miles inland is level, or rises gradually to slightly elevated terraces. Beyond this level the country rises in moderate hills with gentle slopes; the width of this tract varies as the range of hills behind it approaches nearer or recedes farther. This range, known as the Laurentides, begins on the banks of the Ottawa, near Grenville, and runs nearly parallel to the St. Lawrence in a north-east direction, leaving between it and the banks of the St. Lawrence a tract of from twenty to forty miles wide. In the parallel of Quebec it turns east, and covers the country about that town with numerous hills, which are divided from one another by fine valleys. Thus, the country assumes a different aspect in those districts where the banks of the river begin to be high and bold. The soil of this tract along the river is generally good, but there are some districts where it is of inferior quality, especially in the neighbourhood of Three Rivers. It is said, however, that it improves farther inland, and of late years settlements have been formed at greater distances from the banks of the St. Lawrence. This country, though comparatively thinly inhabited, is more populous than Upper Canada. The country north of the Laurentides contains very few tracts fit for agriculture, and these only in the narrow river valleys, and the country extending north-east from Cape Torment has, with the exception of the valley of the Saguenay, a forbidding appearance, the ridge continuing unbroken except by the beds of rivers and rivulets; and after sinking somewhat at the Bergeronnes and at Port Neuf, about forty miles below the mouth of the Saguenay, it rises again at Pointe des Monts, and continues at a great elevation to the boundary of Labrador. The interior of this remote north-easterly region is only known by the information obtained from the natives, who describe it as consisting of rocky cliffs and rugged hills of inconsiderable elevation, dispersed over barren plains, and with thick forests studded with crooked and stunted pines, birch, firs, and cedars. Small lakes and swamps abound over the whole tract.

The river St. Lawrence is not properly so called until below Montreal.

From that city to where it issues from Lake Ontario, by the two channels which surround Wolfe Island, it is more correctly called Cataragui. The part of the river immediately below Wolfe Island has the appearance of a lake from two to ten miles wide, with a very gentle current. It is studded with a multitude of small islands varying greatly in extent, shape, and appearance, whence it is called the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The number of these islands is estimated by some at sixteen hundred and ninety-two, but Kohl justly remarks that the number can only be guessed at, some making them fifteen hundred and some as many as three thousand, as they perhaps may, if they bestow the name of island on every bit of rock that sticks out of the water, or every reef or sand-bank that lies just under it.

Half of these islands lie along the American shore, the rest nearer to Canada, and the frontier-line has been drawn between the two; the channel for the steamers keeps pretty closely to this line. The whole scene is renowned as interesting and picturesque both in Yankee-land and in Canada, and parties of pleasure, pic-nics, and sporting excursions, are made to it both from Kingston and Brockville. People hire one of the elegant yachts or boats built at Kingston, and sail about with their friends from island to island, dine, camp under the trees, shoot the water-fowl, fish, and amuse themselves in many ways. Some remain for days together, for the tours among these almost countless islands have something of the charm of voyages of discovery.

This lake-like character of the Cataragui extends to about forty miles from Lake Ontario, when the channel gradually becomes narrower and the current imperceptibly increases, but continues gentle down to Fort Wellington. Some miles below this a series of rapids commences, which is almost uninterrupted to the head of Lake St. Francis. The greatest impediments to navigation occur between Johnston and Cornwall, where the river falls seventy-five feet in thirty-nine miles, and very violent rapids are formed by the heavy volume of the waters. It is, however, navigated by boats of from six to fifteen tons, and many thousand tons used to be employed in this navigation. The Rideau Canal to the north, and the Cornwall Canal to the south, the latter extending from Cornwall to Dickenson's landing, to avoid what is known as the "Long Sault," have carried this navigation into other channels. There are also short detached canals at Farrand's Point, the Platte Iroquois and Galop's rapids. The tall, wide, three-storied river steamers which ply between Ontario and Montreal go up these canals every day; and up these canals, too, the gun-boats, sloops, and corvettes could pass to protect the shores and trade of Upper or Western Canada. This is not the place to enter upon the portion of the question which affects the Lake districts; we shall treat of them in a future article; but it is a remarkable fact that these lakes are known by general consent as the "Canadian" Lakes. They have been so designated from the time of their first discovery; their chief affluents are from the north or north-west, and their outpour is through Canada. Michigan may be said to belong to the Western States—the future Confederation on the Upper Mississippi—but the lakes are not more naturally Canadian than they are so strategically. They must always belong to the nation that holds the sea or the river St. Lawrence. The Yankees may, despite of existing treaties, go on voting

sums of money for the enlargement of old, and the foundation of new, navy-yards, and the construction of gun-boats and corvettes. A nation holding the river can pour its hundreds of war vessels, at any moment except when frost renders the canals unavailable, into the lakes, and can always hold command of that great and important district. The Yankees, having no water communication with the lakes save by the Erie and Ohio canals, neither of which are available for war-ships, remain as isolated dwellers upon their southern shores.

All the locks in the canals of the Cataraqui are built to pass vessels 186 feet long, $44\frac{1}{2}$ feet beam, and 9 feet draught. The defences of the Cataraqui and of its canals have not, however, been sufficiently taken into consideration. War vessels passing to and fro might suffice for their own defence under existing circumstances, so long as they were not obliged to be lightened in order to draw less water, but it would appear that one or two forts on the Thousand Islands would be highly advisable. It has been found necessary to throw up earthworks hastily for the defence of the important Welland Canal, between Lakes Erie and Ontario; it would be better to be beforehand on the Cataraqui.* Should, however, any of these canals fall into the hands of the enemy, there is still the Rideau Canal available for gun-boats. This is the longest canal in Canada, running from Montreal, by the Ottawa, to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. The locks on this canal accommodate vessels of 100 feet long, 19 feet beam, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet draught. It is entirely within British territory. It is also interesting to observe, in connexion with the defensive power given to the British in Canada by the possession of the St. Lawrence, that gun-boats can go up the Chambly, or Richelieu River, from Sorel, about twenty miles below Montreal, and through the St. Ours' Lock and the Chambly Canal, direct on to the head of Lake Champlain. The locks on this canal admit ships of 113 feet long, $22\frac{1}{2}$ beam, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ draught. By this route, then, any number of gun-boats might be sent, with an armed force, to obtain possession of "the mouth or gate of the country." That renowned pass in possession of the British, Wellington Fort defending the approach of Ogdensburg, Kingston taking charge of the outlet of the St. Lawrence, and the Laurentian provinces defended by two adequate strongholds, Lower Canada would stand in a very different position to the Northern States. It would become then a matter of great indifference that the Cornwall Canal should be commanded by islands in the St. Lawrence, properly belonging to Canada, but "surrendered to the claims of the Yankees with that total carelessness of consequences which has marked British diplomacy in all boundary questions with America," that the Beauharnais Canal, which, to avoid the Cedar Falls and the cascades, passes from Beauharnais to Hungry Bay, should be on the right, or American bank of the Cataraqui, or that the Grand Trunk Railway should be so near the shore between Lake Ontario and Lancaster, that trains must run the gauntlet of

* The islands are said by Kohl to be granitic, and, therefore, well adapted for such defensive works. Another tourist, Mr. Weld, says of them: "Looking into the future, which in this part of Canada unfolds visions of boundless prosperity, I thought the time probably not far distant when these islands will be the summer-homes of merchant-princes, whose fleets will cover the St. Lawrence"—a far more inviting prospect!

artillery fire from the American side. It has always been found that where the boundaries of nations that are at war are contiguous, the details of possible annoyances are soon absorbed in the more important movements of the field, and although the Americans, who on both sides scour the seas to plunder, burn, and sink unarmed and helpless merchant ships, against all possible principles of international humanity, would, more than any other people, avoid general engagements; still, the very features of the country, the relation of the eastern railways to the Canadian Grand Trunk and to the Chambly valley, and of the western railways, to Lake Ontario and the Cataraqui, we mean eastern and western as regards the great central cleft, "the gate or mouth of the country," point out, unmistakably the point to which the main operations, either offensive or defensive, would be directed, in as far as Lower Canada is concerned. Rouse's Point is, indeed, the key to the whole system.

A recent tourist, Mr. Weld, speaking of St. Lawrence, or Cataraqui, at this part of its course, says: "The contrast between the American and Canadian shores of this mighty river is very remarkable. On the left bank, extensive farms, rivalling those in the old country, are of frequent occurrence, while the right bank is clothed by the unbroken primeval forest, which comes down to the water's edge."

The same traveller describes the shooting of the falls in the descent of the river. "A short distance below Prescott," he says, "the current, which above that town flows with majestic smoothness, becomes broken, affording evidence of the vicinity of the rapids. Happily, the day was most propitious, for sunshine is essential to the enjoyment of the wonderful spectacle. Presently a long line of foam-crested waves appeared on the water horizon, and dashing on—for our speed was now excessive—we were soon battling with the first rapid. The might and majesty of the lordly St. Lawrence is deeply impressed on the mind by the rushing waters; which, however, neither here nor at the next two rapids, attain the fulness of their strength; for, grand as they are, the "Cedars" far surpasses them in sublimity. Here, the river, confined between islands, seems to gather strength for its mightiest effort. The huge breakers, roaring madly over the rocks, the delicious green tint of the water, crested by snow-white foam, the surging tide dashing evermore against the shore, form a picture, set in a frame of magnificent cedars clothing the banks, alike unequalled and wonderful. How the steamer lives in the strife is amazing. Standing at the bow, I saw and felt her plunge into the boiling caldron, amidst rocks, collision with which would involve instant destruction; then bounding upwards, she rushed with reeling motion down for miles. The excitement is considerably enhanced by a sense of risk which cannot be cast off.

"At the lower extremity of Lake St. Francis—a magnificent expanse of the river, forty miles long—a stone monument marks the boundary between Upper and Lower Canada. The neat houses of the French Canadians, with their red roofs and trim gardens, occupy both banks of the river. After running more formidable rapids, we arrived at the mouth of the magnificent Ottawa, whose dark tide rolls on, unmixed with the clear waters of the St. Lawrence. Here is the scene of Moore's undying 'Canadian Boat Song,' which he wrote on the fifth day of his descent of the St. Lawrence from Kingston. Now the passage is made in one

day; but the romance of the voyage is in a great measure destroyed by the mode of transport being a puffing steamer instead of a bark canoe."

Lake St. Louis, which is formed by the junction of the Ottawa river with the Cataragui, is twelve miles long and six broad at its greatest width. Between lie the Cascades, where the great volume of water is impetuously pushed towards some rocks, and repelled by them, so that large round waves are formed, which produce an agitation in the waters resembling that of the most furious tempest. To avoid this dangerous place, a small canal has been made across a point of land near Le Buisson, five hundred yards long, and furnished with the necessary locks: it is called the Military Canal.

La Chine, the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the point from whence the voyageurs start in spring up the Ottawa to the Company's hunting-grounds, is the most dangerous of all the rapids, and an Indian pilot, whose business it is to navigate the steamer to Montreal, is generally received on board. The excitement and danger in shooting this tremendous rapid consists in its tortuous channel, about eight feet deep, and avoiding a terrible black rock in the midst of the raging waters. La Chine derives its name from a curious circumstance, related by Charlevoix. The unfortunate De Sales, who was murdered by his countrymen, was firmly persuaded a passage to China existed by the St. Lawrence; but having been arrested in his progress at this place, his companions gave it the name which it retains. Our descendants will live to see his idea carried out, and the Great Western Railway of Canada possibly carried to the Pacific. A canal, bearing the same name, has been cut through the south-east part of the island of Montreal, which is rather more than eight miles long, and extends from the village of Upper Chine to Montreal. This canal, called La Chine, is forty-eight feet wide at the surface, twenty-eight feet at the bottom, and five feet deep. There are four considerable islands at the junction of the Ottawa and Lake St. Louis, formed by the different channels of the river—Montreal, Isle Jesus, Bizarre, and Perrot—of which the first and largest contains the town of same name. The principal channel of the river runs between the island of Montreal and the south bank, and where it turns to the north there is a beautiful rapid called Sault St. Louis, which is very dangerous, and almost impassable for boats and vessels on account of the great rapidity of the current. But though Montreal is five hundred and eighty miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, vessels of six hundred tons get up to it with very little difficulty.

The Yankees regard Montreal and Quebec much as we do Memphis or Thebes, as places of the highest antiquity, and go thither if they desire to see something very Old World and European. And it is so to a certain extent. It is now some three hundred and twenty-seven years since Jacques Cartier first beheld the magnificent prospect disclosed from that elevation, to which he gave the name of Mont Royal, in honour of his royal master. At that period (1535), the Indian metropolis of Hochelaga stood on the site of Montreal. A century after the discovery of this little Indian capital, the French, with much solemnity, founded a city on the site, to which they gave the name Ville Marie; and, although in common with all other French settlements in North America, it subsequently came into possession of Great Britain, the original French

features remain singularly unaltered. The streets in the old parts of the city retain their ancient saintly names; French is heard in all quarters, particularly in the markets; and the vast Roman Catholic cathedral, calculated to contain ten thousand persons, with its convents, nunneries, and other ecclesiastical establishments, attest the former sway of the French, and the abiding influence of the Roman Catholic religion.

Montreal is admittedly the largest and most thriving town in America, northward of New York and Boston. In trade, wealth, and population, it is in advance of all other towns in British North America, and it has become the chief mart and metropolis of the life of the St. Lawrence; with its eighty thousand inhabitants, it may be considered a great city, and this number will, before long, be immensely increased. The advantages of its geographical position, situated as it is at the junction of two mighty rivers at the extremity of the gate, or mouth of the south and of the north, and at the point where the St. Lawrence ceases to be navigable, are such as to ensure its advance. Marine animals, and even whales, sometimes come up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, which, therefore, though four hundred miles from the sea, may be regarded as a seaport.

Montreal occupies a position which constitutes it the meeting-point and centre of four great natural high roads tending to various directions—that from the ocean of the north-east by the great stream of the St. Lawrence, of the upper river and the lakes, of the river Ottawa, and of Lake Champlain, which is the main link between Lower Canada and the United States. When, favoured so far by nature, social life has thus been fairly kindled, and burns so strongly at one point, that capital and enterprise will soon open that which alone remains to be accomplished—a winter railway communication with the seaboard, Halifax and St. John's, New Brunswick—in British territory, and which will have a most powerful influence upon its future.

The commercial advantages with which Montreal has been thus endowed both by nature and art, have called forth a vigorous life in the city, at which the traveller is really astonished. At every step he meets with a building, or an institution just begun or just completed; and not only in the streets, but far and wide over the country round, he might think himself in a newly-founded city rather than in one of two hundred years old. The colossal Montreal of the future, Kohl justly remarks, is now in the period of its infancy, and the small old Montreal of the present and the past is opening wide its arms, and making all possible room for the reception of its great progeny.

Everything new is constructed on a scale that far exceeds present wants, and every effort is made to enlarge and extend what is old. In the long, narrow, old French main street, for instance, the Rue Notre-Dame, the new houses are being placed many yards farther back on either side, so as to make a regular Broadway like that of New York; and at the same time another main street, of the grandest proportions, such as become the capital of the St. Lawrence, is in course of construction. This is the broad handsome St. James's-street, which now wants only some additional length, and will soon stretch itself out like a pine-tree, the emblem of the country. The public buildings, the bank, the post-office, and others that already adorn this street, cannot readily be

equalled for taste and solidity, and the new court-house is like a Greek temple, only larger and more massive than ever Greek temple was. The ground where, thirty years ago, snipes and partridges were shot in bush and swamp, is now covered with comfortable dwellings and churches of various denominations. Even the old French Catholics, who were formerly content with little dark chapels, have now, under British rule, attained to greater opulence, and been kindled by British enterprise to build themselves the new and stately cathedral before alluded to.

A new spirit seems to have been breathed into these long-stagnant Canadian-French, and the great majority of them have frankly associated themselves with their English fellow-subjects, have cordially joined in all their speculations and industrial undertakings, contribute zealously to industrial exhibitions, take an active part in committees and companies, and are equally zealous in volunteering in the defence of the country. The vast and solid quays of freestone which have been carried along the bank of the river are grand and useful public works, for the like of which London itself sighs in vain. Three million of pounds sterling have passed for these improvements into the hands of architects, engineers, labourers, builders, and speculators, who are continually bringing some beautiful and useful work to a conclusion, and two millions' worth of stone has been thrown into the great river, to make that viaduct—the magnificent Victoria bridge—which has not its equal in the world, a fetter wherewith to bind the wildest and most gigantic of river gods. With another million the Canadians are hollowing out a terrace of the Montreal hill, above the town, for the basin of a magnificent reservoir, to receive the water brought from the Ottawa, for the supply of the whole city. The great Market Hall is another of the marvels exhibited to strangers as not having its equal in America, and there are many other things which have not their like on the whole American continent.

According to the custom of London and New York, and generally of all Anglo-Saxon cities, labour and pleasure occupy different quarters at Montreal. Business is carried on near the river, and the handsome half-rural residences of the merchants are in the suburbs. The business quarter contains only warehouses and counting-houses, with the addition, recently, of some large manufactories, for the city possesses in the St. Lawrence Falls an admirable water-power, which is now applied to machinery, and will possibly one day be so all the way to Prescott. The suburban villas encircle the whole town, extending to the foot of the mountain, where they have often very lovely positions. The kernel of all these fine and spacious new buildings is, however, formed by the old French town, with its narrow streets, which cannot be entirely remodelled, and its little old-fashioned houses, very like those in smaller continental towns, and some suburbs consist entirely of old wooden houses and sheds, built close to and almost one upon the other, and which seem expressly arranged to be burnt down all together in the first fire. The other houses that are built of freestone, with handsome elevation, are all covered with sheet-iron or tin plates—hence a common epithet of "Silver Town" bestowed upon the city. Tin preserves its white brightness a long time without rusting, and when the moon or setting sun plays on the roofs and cupolas, they produce an effect that

Canaletti or Quaglio, or any other painter of cities and houses, would be enchanted with. One thing is certain, that Montreal with its vast commerce, its lively industry, its wealth, its population, and marked public spirit, would fall no easy prey to a ruthless blustering invader.

Below Montreal the width of the river varies from three to four miles, till it expands into Lake St. Peter, which is twenty-five miles long, and above nine miles wide. Groups of islands cover about nine miles of its surface at its upper end, and farther down shoals stretch from both banks, which are low into the lake, so that only a narrow passage, from twelve to eighteen feet deep, is left in the middle. About ten miles from the lower end of this lake, the St. Lawrence is joined by the river St. Maurice, near the town of Three Rivers, where the tides are sometimes perceptible, though they are generally not much felt for several miles farther down.

Richelieu Rapid, the last in the St. Lawrence, occurs fifty-two miles below Three Rivers. The bed of the river is here so much contracted and obstructed by rocks, that it leaves only a very narrow channel, in which at ebb-tide a rapid is formed that cannot be passed without great care. But when the ocean swell is at its height the rapid disappears, as the tides rise here from fifteen to twenty feet. At Quebec the river is only 1314 yards wide, but it soon expands considerably, and continues increasing in breadth till it enters the Gulf. At the mouth of the river Saguenay it is eighteen miles across, and at Cape des Monts, or Mont Pelée, twenty-five miles; but here the north bank trends suddenly to the north, so that at the Seven Islands both banks are seventy-three miles apart. The distance between Cape Rozière and Mingan settlement, on the Labrador shore, is very nearly 105 miles. This may be considered as the embouchure of the St. Lawrence. Its waters begin to be brackish twenty-one miles below Quebec, and they are perfectly salt at Kamouraska, seventy-five miles lower down.

The distance by water from Montreal to Quebec (180 miles) is almost annihilated by the great comfort and elegance of the mode of transit. Large steam-boats leave Montreal every evening at seven o'clock, and arrive at Quebec at the same hour the following morning. So the traveller can spend one day in the one city, the next in the other. It is essential, however, to secure a state-cabin. Immediately above the city are the remarkable narrows of Cape Rouge. It is here with the St. Lawrence as with the Hudson at West Point, the river is hemmed in by heights, which it has probably broken through. Quebec, which derives its name from an Indian word signifying "narrow part of a river," lies, therefore, at the end of the Middle and the beginning of the Lower St. Lawrence.

The view from the river on approaching this renowned stronghold from Montreal is striking in the highest degree, the mighty stream being hemmed in by long curved walls and masses of rock, with only a very narrow level strip of shore near the water's edge, and that strip covered by houses. There are, indeed, as before said, houses all along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and a stranger might imagine on seeing these endless lines that Lower Canada was one of the most populous countries on the face of the earth. Of the three millions of inhabitants of all Canada, at least nine hundred thousand live on the banks of the river, but they are more concentrated at Cape Rouge and Quebec than elsewhere.

The whole St. Lawrence round the rocky heights of Quebec, and several miles above it, as far as Cape Rouge, has indeed been described as being one harbour, and on the rocky shore are several deep bays, called *Coves*. These small bays, which are surrounded by rocks and forests, are filled by enormous stores of wood, and the rafts which come down from Ottawa and Montreal, the trade in timber forming the principal commerce of Quebec. The animation imparted by shipping so bulky an article, gives a lively and busy aspect to the environs of the city for miles. Just before the navigation closes for the season is the most stirring time, and Quebec has then nearly half as many inhabitants again as usual—namely, one hundred thousand instead of sixty thousand—in consequence of the flocking thither of wood-dealers of all kinds, sailors, and others. As the river below is adorned by ships and rocks, so is the lofty terrace above it by handsome villas, which appear among groves and woods, pleasantly looking down on the river below. Amongst them is the celebrated Spenser Wood, the residence of the Governor-General of Canada.

The remarkable rock that serves as the foundation of Quebec has, it has been remarked by Kohl, been appropriately called Cape Diamond. Standing on the extreme point of the promontory occupied by the renowned citadel, and looking round, the visitor cannot fail to feel that he has at his feet the real gem of the country—the Koh-i-nur of Canada, admirably set in grand ranges of mountains, far-stretching plains, and long bright streams, which issue from it like rays.

This diamond, to continue the metaphor, is cut on one side by the Great St. Lawrence, which washes its cliffs on the south, and unfortunately sometimes washes them off. In quite recent times, a whole wall of rock fell, burying houses, men, and ships in its ruin. On the east side, the setting is formed by the river St. Charles, which turns at a right angle from the St. Lawrence, and has worked out a similarly steep and lofty wall from the rocks. It forms at its mouth a wide valley, or level, of more than eight miles broad, which is covered by houses and villages.

The rocky headland itself rises into a bold and lofty promontory of three hundred feet high, and presents a most imposing appearance to any one approaching it from the sea; and Champlain must have been blinder than the old Byzantines who overlooked the Golden Horn, if he had failed to notice the Stadacona of the Algonquins, than which few places have so fair a cradle, and to perceive that it was the true site for the capital of the Lower St. Lawrence. Here was a natural harbour, a natural fortress, and immediate connexion between the ocean and the interior, and, moreover, an abundance of most fertile soil, concentrated into one focus.

The circuit of the fortifications enclosing the upper town is two miles and three-quarters; the total circumference, outside the ditches and space reserved by government, on which no house can be built on the west side, is about three miles. The upper town may be said to be entirely surrounded by a lofty and strong wall of hewn stone. The castellated appearance produced by the battlements, ditches, embrasures, round towers and gates, adds much to the grand and imposing effect of the place. But although the fortifications, with all their complicated war machinery, are exceedingly interesting, the view from the flagstaff-tower, three hundred and sixty feet above the river, is the great feature that leaves an indelible impression upon the visitor.

The prospect is by some declared to be the finest in the world; all agree that it is unequalled of its kind. Below is the remarkable old town, with its houses covering two sides of the mountain, gathered here and there upon level masses of rock, adapted for markets or other public places, and connected with one another by crooked ascending streets. Sometimes the houses run in streets at various heights round the mountain, and sometimes drop down to the level of the river, and form narrow lines between it and the rocks. Finally, they climb up to the brow of the cape, and there spread out to the very walls of the citadel.

The river, which has been considerably narrowed from Cape Rouge, opens out again widely after passing Cape Diamond, and forms in sight of the town two great arms, which clasp the Isle of Orleans, like the Island of Montreal, one of the paradises of the St. Lawrence. It is extremely fertile, well peopled, and adorned by several pretty, quiet villages. At the earliest period the French called it the Isle of Bacchus, because they found its woods full of wild grapes.

To the right of Cape Diamond, opposite, on the other side of the narrow, lies its twin brother, Cape Point Lewis, also covered with houses, churches, and country-houses, which together constitute a sort of suburb to the capital. It looks like Quebec reflected in a mirror, and beyond it appear long ranges of hills and mountains one above another, which form the boundary between Canada and the United States, the last summits being those which rise from the forest of Maine. This is the point to which we have called attention as essential to be fortified for the protection of Quebec itself; for, with modern artillery, a range of some fourteen hundred yards would no longer preserve city or citadel from being shelled with more or less impunity, if a proper position was taken up.

To the left, instead of frowning rocks, lies a pleasant lowland covered with farms and villages—the mouth of the St. Charles—and behind it, again, mountains—the wild Laurentides—as in the south.

The citadel of Quebec is renowned as one of the greatest fortifications of the New World. It has been enlarged and improved down to the most recent period. "When," says Kohl—an authority independent of British, of Canadian, and of Yankee influences alike—"you contemplate these massive formidable walls of freestone, and wander through the elaborately and systematically complicated labyrinth they form, fancy them well manned by stout Englishmen, and notice the heavy cannon commanding every point of the mountain and valley of the St. Lawrence, you feel induced to think very little of all the talk you hear about the indifference of England to her Canadian possessions, and her perfect willingness to leave the provinces to themselves, and allow them either to establish an independent state or to join the American republic, as they may think proper. On the contrary, you seem to see here a bit of the paws of the lion, which has his teeth and claws perfectly ready, and, in case of need, could give a good account of any one who offered to meddle with his property."

The so-called "Plains of Abraham," where the promontory stretches out into a wide level surface, is the only spot where an ascent of the position, an assault, or a battle are practicable, and hence, also, has it been the scene of more than one sanguinary engagement. These plains extend from the very walls of the citadel, like the high field before Prague, in which Frederick the Great and others fought the "Battles of

the White Mountains." Among the chronicles of warriors who have died in the arms of victory, there is none, perhaps, to which an Englishman clings with greater interest than the story of Wolfe's brilliant career and immortal end. The configuration of the battle-field is not much altered to the present day, and the principal points of the memorable engagement of the 13th September, 1759, may still be recognised. The little wooded river-bay by which the British general landed with the main body of his army in the night between the 12th and 13th, is one of the small coves before described, and now called Wolfe's Cove. The shores are here not quite so steep as at some other places, and whoever climbs them finds himself at once before the fortifications to the rear of the citadel. General Wolfe, who had long had his head-quarters in the plains below Cape Diamond, where his ships were anchored, had, by a skillfully-masked manoeuvre, succeeded in surrounding the cape and the whole peninsula of Quebec, and in throwing a part of his army in ships into the waters above the town. The French general commanding in the city and fortress believed this to be only a small detached corps, and had his attention specially directed to the points below Quebec, whilst Wolfe had crept round the promontory with the main body of his army, and landed at the little wooded bay, whence he ascended the heights, surprised the French outpost, and suddenly appeared in full force on the "Plains of Abraham."

Besides that little bay, which can never be effaced by human hands, with its historical interest, we find on the field itself a lasting memorial of the conflict in a natural hollow or trench, where the young commander, when he had received his mortal wound, was brought to die.

Montcalm, still under the idea that the attacking force could not be the main army of the English, had advanced from the citadel with half his troops, and thoughtlessly began the battle, which soon turned in favour of his enemies, but which, at the same time, removed their chief for ever.

Wolfe was leading his grenadiers to a bayonet charge, when he received a shot in the breast, and fell. The spot where this happened is not exactly known, but his friends carried him a little to the rear—to the above-mentioned hollow—and here occurred the memorable incident imperfectly rendered on the canvas by West, for the artist has drawn on his fancy for the scenery and background of his picture.

The whole spot, up to the walls of Quebec, offers much the same aspect that it must have done in the year 1759. It is a desolate, houseless, treeless spot, full of holes and inequalities, and here and there of the remains of the old French batteries.

Probably it was near one of these, says the historian of Canada, Professor Garneau, that the French leader, Montcalm, met his death a few moments later than the fall of Wolfe. Like Wolfe, he had before been slightly wounded, and, like him, was shot in the body while fighting bravely, and thrown down under his horse; and his men, cursing the mischance, carried him from the field into the town. The fallen heroes, opposed to each other in mortal conflict during their lives, have been reconciled in death, for while the spot where Wolfe died is marked by a column surmounted by a helmet and sword, a common monument has been erected to both heroes on Cape Diamond.

Quebec has been often enough shot at from the water, set on fire and destroyed; but only once has an attempt been made to storm the rock

itself and the whole position from the water, and then it was by a daring officer, who, knowing the insufficiency of the force at his disposal, was obliged to attempt some extraordinary exploit. This was General Montgomery, who found himself, with a small body of thirteen hundred men, in the year 1774, during the time of the American Revolution, when the troops of the new-born republic had revolutionised almost all Canada, and the country appeared just as much lost to England as the rest of her North American colonies, before Quebec, at that time almost the only spot remaining to the royalists in all Canada. The small number of his troops made it impossible for him to attempt a regular siege, or an attack on the strong fortifications and bastions towards the "Plains of Abraham," and he was induced to try something desperate. He determined to surprise the fortress in the night, by climbing up the precipitous rocks, where an attack could be least expected; but his enterprise failed. The small bodies of men whom he had sent to different points for a feint were cut off or beaten back, after they had advanced a little way; and Montgomery himself, who led the main assault, met a speedy death. He had not advanced far upon a rocky path covered with ice and snow, when he suddenly discovered a masked and well-placed battery of the English, which immediately opened fire upon him, and stretched the greater part of the little band, himself included, in their blood upon the snow. The death of Montgomery, who was as much esteemed for his humanity and moderation as for his energy and valour, put an end to the whole attempt upon Quebec, and was the beginning of a turn in the tide of affairs, by which the Americans finally lost all their positions in Canada. How and in what way the military recollections of Quebec have been now renewed, it scarcely boots to inquire. The frantic menaces of the Americans force them upon us most unwillingly, for Quebec is, and ever will be, the great prize of the St. Lawrence.

We observe with unfeigned pleasure, in concluding this portion of our subject, that a British American Association has been inaugurated, not only to draw the relations of the two countries closer, but also to enlarge our information with regard to the topography and resources of the country. It is sufficient to know that the greater part of New Brunswick is as yet the hunting and fishing ground of Indians, that till quite recently Gaspé was deemed to be a mere rocky headland, and that it was in total ignorance of the boundaries effected by nature that the treaty of 1842 was ratified, without being told by Mr. van Koughet that when he was endeavouring to point out the dangers to which Canada would be exposed in the event of a war, he was gravely asked by a person who was deeply responsible for the entirety of the empire, whether Buffalo was in Canada or the United States, to awaken an overwhelming sense of the necessity of a better acquaintance with the countries in question. We feel perfectly convinced that it is just as purely from want of adequate information, that a winter communication has not yet been established, except through the States, with the seaboard of British America; that Montreal and the cis-Laurentian provinces of Canada have been left undefended; that Rupert's Land has not been recognised as a colony; that the valley of the Columbia was ceded to the Yankees; and that a whole host of minor mistakes have been perpetuated, as it was from the same gross ignorance that the sacrifice of "the mouth or gate of the country" was effected by the "Ashburton compromise."

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE SIXTH.

I.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Godolphin. That is not the question."

"Not the question!" reiterated Lady Godolphin. "I say that it is the question. The question is, whether Sir George is better and safer here than he would be at Prior's Ash. And of course he is so."

"I think not," replied Thomas Godolphin, quietly. "He would be equally well at Prior's Ash: equally safe, as I believe and trust. And the anxiety to be there, which has taken hold of his mind, has grown too strong to be repressed. The detaining him here, against his wish, would make him ill, Lady Godolphin. Not the return to his home."

"Prior's Ash is an unhealthy place just now."

"Its unhealthiness has passed. The last to be attacked was—was Ethel. And you are aware that the time, since then, may be counted by weeks."

"Sir George is partially childish," pursued Lady Godolphin. "You may see for yourself that he is. It would be most unreasonable, it would be ridiculous to take notice of his whims. Look at his starting out of the house to-night, with nothing on, and roaming a mile or two away in the dark! Is that a proof of sanity?"

"It is a proof how fixedly his mind is bent upon returning home," replied Thomas Godolphin. "He was endeavouring, as I have already informed you, Lady Godolphin, to make his way to the railway station."

"I shall have him watched in future," said she.

"Lady Godolphin," he resumed, speaking in the calmly quiet tone which characterised him, unmistakably firm now, in the midst of its courteousness, "I am here by the desire of my father to accompany him back to Prior's Ash. I may almost say, to convey him back: for I fear he can no longer boast much power of his own, in any way. The last words I said to him, before entering, were, that he should start, if it pleased him, with morning light. I must keep my promise."

"Do you defy me, Thomas Godolphin?"

"I have no wish to do so. I have no wish to abate a particle of the respect and consideration due to you as my father's wife. At the same time, my duty to him is paramount: I hold it more sacred, Lady Godolphin, than any earthly thing. He has charged me, by my duty, to see him back to Ashly—to Prior's Ash: and I shall do so."

"You would see him back, I suppose, if Prior's Ash were full of snakes and scorpions?" returned my lady, somewhat losing her temper.

"It is full of neither. Nothing is there, so far as I am aware, that

can harm Sir George. Can you urge a single good reason why he should not return to it, Lady Godolphin?"

The delicate bloom on my lady's cheeks was surely heightened—or did Thomas Godolphin fancy it? "But, what if I say he shall *not* return?" she asked, her voice slightly raised.

"I think you will not say it, Lady Godolphin," he replied. "It is Sir George's wish to go to Prior's Ash, and it is my province to see that wish carried out—as he has requested me. Much as I desire to respect your feelings, and any plans you may have formed, they cannot weigh with me in this case. There is no necessity whatever for your returning home, Lady Godolphin, unless you choose to do so: but Sir George will leave for it to-morrow."

"And you boast that you do not defy me!" uttered Lady Godolphin, with a short laugh. "I would use force to keep him in this house, rather than he should go out of it against my will."

"Force?" repeated Thomas Godolphin, looking at her for an explanation. "What sort of force?"

"Physical force," she answered, putting on a degree of fair suavity. "I would command the servants to bar his egress."

A faint smile crossed Thomas Godolphin's lips. "Do not try that, Lady Godolphin," he replied, in the respectful manner of one who tender earnest advice. "I should be sorry indeed to oppose publicly my authority to yours. You know the servants have, most of them, grown old in our service: and that may be their excuse: but there is not one of them but would be obedient to the lifting of my finger, in the cause of their master."

Lady Godolphin was foiled. Lady Godolphin had been long aware that she should be foiled, if it ever came to an encounter—strength against strength—between her and Thomas Godolphin. Easy George she could manage, the Miss Godolphins she could put down, Sir George was, now, as a very reed in her hands. But Thomas?—he was different. None of them had been so uniformly respectful and courteous to her as Thomas: and yet she had known that he, of all the rest, would not bend to her authority, were any cause to arrive why he should not.

She sat biting—as far as she dared—her rose-tinted lips, she lifted one hand and toyed with her perfumed ringlets, she opened a fan which lay at her side, and gently fanned herself, she glanced at the still countenance of Thomas Godolphin, and knew that she must give up the game. To give it up with a good grace was essential to her future rule: and, that, she was now making up her mind to do. It would never do, either, for her to stand in the hall on the morrow morning, call the servants around her, and say, "It is my pleasure that Sir George does not leave this place for Prior's Ash: keep him in. Hold him in; lock the door; use any means necessary," while there was Thomas Godolphin at hand, to lift—as he had phrased it—his finger, and say, "It is my pleasure that my father does go to Prior's Ash. Stand back while he passes." Lady Godolphin was no simpleton, and she could hazard a shrewd guess as to which of the two would be obeyed. So she sat, bringing her mind to make a virtue of necessity, and throw up the plea. In point of fact, she had no cause of objection

to Sir George's returning to Prior's Ash, save that she did not care to return to it herself. For two reasons: one was, that she liked Broom-head best: the other, that she could not subdue yet her fears of the fever. She bent her head, as if examining the chaste devices on her fan, and spoke indifferently:

"You must be aware that my wish to keep Sir George here arises solely from the state of Prior's Ash. It always has been our custom to spend Christmas there, amongst you all, and I should have had no other thought for this Christmas, but for the sickness which arose. Will you guarantee that it is safe for him?"

"Nay, Lady Godolphin. To 'guarantee' an assurance of the sort would be impossible at the best of times. I believe that any fears you may entertain now of the fever will prove but a bugbear."

"The fever has not been much of a bugbear to you," she exclaimed, acidity in her tone.

"No," he sadly answered.

He drew his chair from the table, where he had been sitting to take some refreshment after his journey, and at that moment the hall clock struck two.

"I am keeping you up very late, Lady Godolphin."

"It is a pleasant change," she answered. "The life here, with Sir George in his sick state, is so excessively monotonous, that a few nights of sitting up and days of bed, might prove an agreeable variety. Did I understand you rightly—that you intend to start in the morning?"

"If Sir George shall then wish to do so as anxiously as he appears to wish it to-night. Otherwise, I will not object to delay it until the following one. I cannot remain longer: business demands my presence at home. And," he added, dropping his voice, "I fear that speed is necessary for my father's sake. If he does not go pretty soon, he may not be able to go at all. It is more than likely we shall start to-morrow."

"You cannot expect me to be ready in that space of time."

"Certainly not. Just as you please, Lady Godolphin."

Thomas Godolphin was shown to his room. Margery waylaid him in the corridor and entered it with him. "Did you get my epistle, Mr. Thomas?"

"It was that which brought me here now, Margery. Otherwise, I should not have come until the end of the week."

"Then you would have come too late, sir. Yes, Mr. Thomas, I mean what I say," added the woman, dropping her voice to a solemn tone. "By dreams and signs and tokens, which I have had——"

"Stay, Margery. You know I am never very tolerant of your dreams and signs. Let them rest."

"It's true you are not," answered Margery, without the least appearance of discomfiture, "and many's the argument I would have liked to hold with you over it. But you'd never let me. When you were a young man, you'd laugh and joke it down—just as Mr. George might now, were I so foolish as to waste such words upon him—and since you got older and steadier you have just put me off as you are doing at this moment. Mr. Thomas, gifts are different. They are not sent upon all alike: and the Scriptures says so. One man'll see what another can't. Isn't one able to play the most beautiful music, and make up the tunes

himself so as to keep a whole playhouse on the listen, while another can't tell one tune from another, and couldn't write one if it was to save his neck? Don't one man have a head for steam-engines and telegraphs and put 'em together in it, as if he had got a workshop inside of him; and another, his own cousin, maybe, can't tell a ingen when he sees it—the gaby!—and couldn't work one out himself if he lived to be a hundred years old? And so with other things.”

“Well?” responded Thomas Godolphin: for Margery came to a pause, as if waiting for an answer.

“And do you suppose, Mr. Thomas, that it's not the same with signs and warnings? It is not given to all to see or understand them. It is not given, as I take it, for many to see or understand 'em. But it is given to a few: and those few know that it is, and they can no more be talked out of knowing that it's truth, than they can be talked out of their own life, or of the skies above 'em. And, Mr. Thomas, it's not only that those who have not the gift can't see or believe for themselves, but they can't be brought to believe that others may: and so they laugh at and ridicule it. Many a time, sir, you have laughed at me.”

“You see so many, you know, Margery,” said Thomas Godolphin, with a slight smile.

Margery looked at him. “Sometimes I have thought, sir, that you are not quite as unbelieving as you seem. But I know it does not do for a gentleman, as is high and educated and looked up to in his town, to say he puts faith in such. So I'll not trouble you, Mr. Thomas, with the tokens I have had. I'll not tell you that only last night that ever was, I heard the footsteps of——”

“But you are telling me, Margery.”

“That's just how you take me up, Mr. Thomas! Well, sir, I say I'll not bring forward them things, but I'll speak of what you may think a surer sign—and that's Sir George's state of health.”

“Ay, come! I can follow you there.”

“If ever death was writ in anybody's face, it is writ in his. And that's another thing, Mr. Thomas, that everybody can't see—death in the face. Every goose can see it when it comes, like they can see a table that's afore 'em; but there's not many can see it when it first casts its shadow. Did you ever meet with anybody that was away from his own home, and something came over him—like a fever, as may be said—that he must hasten back to it to die?” she abruptly asked.

“Not that I know of,” said Thomas Godolphin.

“Then I have, sir,” returned Margery. “And I know that it's a sure sign that death's coming, let alone other tokens. I don't mean just that wish to be back home which anybody may feel in sickness: that's nothing but a sign of their restlessness, or their wish for home friends or home comforts: but when it grows, as I say, into a fever, a disease, a compelling want that can't be put down, which keeps 'em on the rack, a-bed or up, and causes 'em to steal out of their houses in a sort of delirium, believing they're on the road to it, and altogether disorders the brain, then it can't be mistaken. I misdoubt me, Mr. Thomas, whether he'll be got back in time, start as soon as you will. It is not as if he had Ashlydyat to go to: he'd be got back then.”

“Why! what difference can it make to his getting back, whether he has Ashlydyat to go to, or Lady Godolphin's Folly?”

Margery shook her head. "If he had Ashlydyat to go to, he'd be spared to reach it. When that strong wish comes upon 'em for their home, and circumstances work so that they can start, they'll be let reach it. Him that puts the wish in 'em, won't fail to carry it out. But Sir George have shut it out of his own power to get back to his home. It's not my lady's Folly he's hankering after; it's Ashlydyat. And, to Ashlydyat he can't go. I misdoubt me but the struggle will be hard, wherever it comes, whether here or at my lady's Folly: his constant cry is that he *can't die* away from Ashlydyat."

To argue with Margery when she went into what Bessy Godolphin was apt to term her "ghost crotchets," Thomas knew to be perfectly useless. He gave her a gentle hint that he should be glad to be alone and get to bed. Margery was pleased to take it, stopping only to volunteer one or two remarks on her way to the door.

"There'll be a tussle with my lady to get him off."

"I do not suppose there will be," replied Thomas Godolphin.

Margery nodded her head, as if to intimate that she adhered to her own opinion, and resumed. "When do you start, sir?"

"Probably to-morrow."

That satisfied her; and, wishing Thomas Godolphin good night, she withdrew.

The house was awake before it was yet dawn. Sir George had rung for his servant; had rung for Margery, had rung for the coachman to say the carriage was wanted—in short, had rung for so many, that the whole household was aroused. My lady came, in fur slippers and a warm dressing-gown, to know what the commotion could mean. His son Thomas was there, the knight answered. He was sure he had not dreamt it, but that Thomas *had* come the previous night; he met him at the stile; and Thomas had promised that they should go to Ashlydyat with morning light.

It appeared he was sane enough to remember that. My lady retired, grumbling; and Margery went and called Thomas.

When Thomas reached the room, Sir George was nearly in the last stage of dressing. His own trembling eager fingers had done as much towards it as his servant. He lifted his face with its ashy hue, and its strange yearning depicted on it. "Thomas, my son, I must make haste back to Ashlydyat. You said I should go there to die."

"Do you wish to start immediately, father?"

"You said I should!" he wailed, in a tone of imploring earnestness.

"You said I should start with morning light."

"Yes, yes," acquiesced Thomas. And he forthwith busied himself to hasten the preparations.

The very earliest hour that they could leave the station was a little before nine. No train stopped at it before. This gave time to get off comfortably: though Sir George, in his impatience, could with difficulty be induced to sit down to breakfast. My lady came in when they were at the meal.

"This is really the most extraordinary proceeding!" she exclaimed, speaking chiefly to Thomas Godolphin. "Were such a thing related to me as taking place in another house, I should decline to give credence to it. Are the hours in the day so few that you must choose the dusk of a winter's morning to commence a journey?"

Thomas glanced at Sir George, as if to draw her attention to him. "My father's anxiety will not let him wait, Lady Godolphin. I think it well that we should catch the first train."

"I wash my hands of the journey altogether," said Lady Godolphin. "If Sir George does not get to the other end of it alive, you will have the goodness to remember that *I* am not to blame. Far better that he were safely kept in his room wrapped up in his dressing-gown in front of a good fire."

"In that case, my lady, I'd not answer for it that he got to the end of the day alive," interposed Margery, who was in and out of the room, busier than any of them. "Whether Sir George stays, or whether he goes, he'll not last many days," she added, in a lower tone, so that it might not reach her master's ear.

"If I must have gone, I would have started at a Christian hour, Sir George," resumed his wife. "Getting us all out of bed, as if we were so many milkmaids!"

Sir George looked round, a trembling timidity in his voice and manner—did he fear that she would detain him yet? "You can come afterwards, you know, my lady: we need not hurry you. Oh, I must, I must be at Ashlydyat!"

Thomas Godolphin came to the rescue. "We shall be in the carriage in five minutes, my dear father, if you will only eat your breakfast."

And, in little more than five minutes they were seated in it, on their way to the station, Sir George's own man and Margery attending them. Margery would have deemed it just as possible to cut herself in two, as to be separated from her master in his present state.

They did not get him that night to Prior's Ash. Thomas feared the long journey for him without a break, so they halted for the night about midway. Singular to say, Sir George did not utter an impatient word at the delay: from the moment of leaving Broomhead he had been perfectly calm. Whether the fact of his being indisputably on the road had soothed his mind to tranquillity, or whether the strangely eager desire to be home had now left it, certain it was, that he had never mentioned Ashlydyat throughout the day. Of one thing there could be no doubt—that he was fast sinking. Sinking both in mind and body. Margery grew terrified. "Pray Heaven we may get him home!" she uttered.

But, if she was terrified at Sir George's state overnight, she had more cause to be so in the morning. It really appeared that life was ebbing quietly out of him. "What can we do?" she exclaimed to Thomas Godolphin.

"We must get him home," was the reply.

"Mr. Thomas, as sure as that we are living here, he would have been dead before this, had he stopped at Broomhead!"

In the dusk of the winter evening, Sir George was at length once more at Prior's Ash. Thomas had telegraphed of their arrival, and Janet was at the station in the carriage. But, with the first few words, Janet perceived that he was perfectly childish. Not only childish, but alarmingly changed. Janet grew pale as she turned to Margery.

"Since when?" she murmured.

"Since many days, off and on; but worse since we left Broomhead yesterday morning. He has been sinking hour by hour. Miss Janet, it's death."

They got him to the Folly. And, in half an hour, the whole of his family were gathered round his death-bed. His partner, Mr. Crosse; the surgeon; and the rector of All Souls' were also there.

He was rambling for the most part in an unconnected manner: but he recognised them all individually, and occasionally gave utterance to collected, rational remarks, as he might have done had he been in full possession of his senses. He fancied himself at Ashlydyat.

"I could not have died away from it, you know, Crosse," he suddenly cried to that gentleman. "Thomas was for bringing me back to the Folly, but I told him I must go to Ashlydyat. If I did let it to strangers, they could not keep me out of it, when I wanted to go there to die. A Godolphin must not die away from Ashlydyat. Where's Cecil?" he added, after a pause.

Poor Cecil, the tears streaming down her cheeks, was close to him; in his view then. "I am here, papa."

The knight laid his hand upon her arm—or, rather, essayed to lay it, but it fell again. His thoughts seemed to pass to another subject.

"Crosse, I have been telling Thomas that I should not allow more than three per cent. on those deposits. Have you seen Mainwaring lately?"

Mr. Snow stepped forward and administered something in a wine glass. There appeared to be a difficulty in swallowing, and only part of it was taken. "He grows more restless," said the surgeon, in an under tone.

Sir George's eyes, as he was slightly raised to take the medicine, had fallen upon some object at the other end of the room, and continued to be strained on it. "Who has changed the position of the cabinet?" he exclaimed, in a stronger tone than he had yet spoken.

It caused them all to turn and regard the spot. A fine old cabinet of ebony, inlaid with silver, stood opposite the bed: had stood there, ever since they removed to Lady Godolphin's Folly; transplanted thither from Ashlydyat. In the latter house, it had stood on the right hand of Sir George's bed: and his memory had evidently gone back to that. There could not be a better proof that he was fancying himself at Ashlydyat, lying in his own chamber.

"Janet! Janet! why have you put the cabinet there?"

Janet Godolphin bent her head soothingly over him. "My dear father, it shall be moved, if you wish it."

The knight looked at her, looked at her inquiringly for a moment, perhaps not recognising her. Then he feebly essayed to look beyond her, as if her head interposed between his own view and something behind.

"Hush, my dear, I am speaking to your mother. I want to know why she changed the place of the cabinet."

"We thought you'd like it there, Sir George; that you could see it best," interposed Margery, who knew better than most of them how to deal with the sick. "I'll get it put back before to-morrow morning."

This satisfied him, and he lay for a few minutes still. They thought he would sleep. Presently his eyes opened again, and they rested on George.

"George, where's Charlotte?"

"Who, sir?" demanded George, somewhat taken aback at the question. "Do you mean Charlotte Pain? She is at—she is not here."

"Are you married yet?"

"Oh no," said George, hastily, while several pairs of wondering eyes were directed towards him, and those of the Reverend Mr. Hastings were of the number. "Time enough for that, father."

"George!" next came the words, in a hollow whisper this time, "don't let her die, as Ethel did."

"Not if I can help it," replied George, speaking without any serious meaning, save that of humouring his father.

"And don't let Verrall go off the bargain with the money. He is keen that way; but he has no right to touch Charlotte's. If he does—Bessy, is Jekyl dead?"

"Oh no, papa," said Bessy, suppressing her tears as she caressed her father's hand: it was in stooping to do this, that the knight had observed her. "Jekyl is well and hearty yet, and he asked after you to-day. He heard you were coming home."

"Ay! All well and hearty, but me. But it is the will of God to take me, and He knows what's best. Where's Thomas?"

"I am here, father," replied Thomas Godolphin, leaning forward so that his father could see him.

Sir George tried to put up his hand with a beckoning gesture. Thomas understood it: he bent his face close to that pale one, and clasped the nearly inanimate hand in his, listening reverently to the whisper that was breathed so solemnly.

"Thomas, I charge you, never quit Ashlydyat."

"I will not," replied Thomas Godolphin.

"If you bring one home to it, and she would urge you to quit it till you have no will of your own left, do not yield to it. Do not listen to her. Break with her, and let her go forth alone, rather than quit Ashlydyat."

"Father, I will never, of my own free will, quit Ashlydyat. I promise you that, so far as I can hold control over human events, I will live and die in it."

Certainly Sir George understood the promise and its meaning. There could be no mistaking that he did, by the smile of content which from that moment overspread his countenance, lighting up with satisfaction even his dying eye. He lay for a considerable time still, and then suddenly called for Margery.

"You'll tell your mistress that we can't root up those bushes," he said, as she came near. "It's of no use trying. As fast as they are got up from one place they grow in another. They'll not hurt. Tell her I say so."

"I'd get a lot o' quick lime, Sir George, and see what that 'ud do," was Margery's response, and the words brought up a smile from one or two of her listeners, solemn moment though it was. Margery's maxim was, never to contradict the dying, but to humour their hallucinations. "Obstinate things, them gorses be!" she continued. "But, never you trouble about my missis, sir: she don't mind 'em."

The children, standing round his bed, knew quite well that he was alluding to their mother, his first wife. Indeed, Lady Godolphin appeared to have passed entirely from his mind.

Again he lapsed into silence, and remained to all appearance in a

stupor, his eyes closed, his breathing ominously slow. Mr. Cresse took his departure, but the rector and surgeon stayed on yet. The latter saw that the final moment was close at hand, and he whispered to Miss Godolphin that she and her sisters might be better from the room. "At any rate," he added, for he saw the dissenting, displeased look which overspread her face, "it might be as well to spare the sight to Cecil."

"No," briefly responded Miss Godolphin. "Our place is here." And they watched on.

With an impulse of strength surprising to see, Sir George suddenly rose up in bed, his face working, his eyes fixed with a yearning gaze of recognition at the opposite end of the room. Not at the cabinet this time, but at some spot far, far up, through the ceiling, as it appeared. His voice, startling in its height and clearness, rang through the air, and his arms were outstretched as if he were about to fly.

"Janet!—Janet!—Janet! Oh, my dear Janet, I am coming!" And he fell back and died. Did anything really appear to him, not visible to the mortal eyes around? Were his senses, in that moment of the soul's departure, opened to a glimpse of the world he was about to enter? It cannot be known. Had it been fiction it would not have been written here.

A little later, the bell of All Souls' church, booming out over the town, in the night air, told that Sir George Godolphin had passed away.

II.

A ROW ON THE WATER.

LADY GODOLPHIN arrived at the Folly on the night of Sir George's death, not an hour subsequent to it. Reassured by the knowledge that no fresh case of fever had occurred since the seizure of Ethel Grame, that it might, in fact, be safely assumed to have quitted the place, and believing Sir George's state to be in the last degree critical, it had pleased my lady to start for Prior's Ash on the day following the one that Sir George had started for it. She reached it at nine o'clock. No carriage was in waiting for her, and she was fain to put up with a fly. It did not please her. She was not in a good temper, and made the want of a carriage a subject of discontent. They ought to have divined that she was coming, she considered, or have sent one at hazard.

When she was taking her seat in it, the tolling out of the death-bell was heard above the bustle of the station. As it came sweeping over the hollow ground between the church of All Souls' and the height on which the station was built, it struck ominously on Lady Godolphin's ear. That it was tolling for some one of consideration, the hour proved: for one of little account, it would have been delayed till morning.

"Who is dead?" she quickly asked of the porter.

"My lady, it—it——" The man stopped, hesitating and stammering. He was a simple, good-hearted sort of chap, and he shrank from speaking out boldly of the loss to Lady Godolphin.

"Can't you tell me?" she sharply cried, in her suspense: for she was one who could not bear the being crossed or left unsatisfied for a single moment.

"I'm afraid, my dear lady, it's—it's somebody connected with Ashlydyat," returned the porter, putting the news into the most considerate English he could call up.

"Is it Sir George Godolphin?" she reiterated.

"Well, we have not rightly heard yet that it is him: but it have been known for the past two hours that every moment was expected to be his last," was the man's reply. "In course, hearing the bell ring out, our fears is turned that way, my lady."

She drove on with her French maid to the Folly, leaving the other servants to follow, for she had brought four or five with her. She knew as well that it must be her husband who was gone, as though the information had been of the most positive certainty: and she chose to burst in upon them at the Folly with reproaches, being perfectly aware in her heart that they had no foundation.

"Did I not tell you that I washed my hands of the journey?" she exclaimed to Thomas Godolphin. "You see what it has done! It has killed your father."

"Not so, Lady Godolphin. I am convinced that his time was come, whether here or at Broomhead. The journey did him no harm whatever. On the contrary, I think it might have been worse, taking all things in conjunction, had he remained where he was."

Thomas quitted her presence as he answered. He was in no mood then for a controversy with Lady Godolphin. Another controversy was to arise soon: or, rather, a grievance which my lady would willingly have made into one, had she been able.

It was somewhat remarkable, another funeral, at which Thomas Godolphin was again chief mourner, following so closely upon Ethel's. A different sort of ceremony, this: a rare pageant. A pageant which was made up of plumes and trappings and decorated horses, and carriages and mutes and bâtons, and a line of attendants, and all the other insignia of the illustrious dead. Ethel could be interred simply and quietly, but Sir George must be attended to the grave as the Godolphin of Ashlydyat. I don't suppose poor Sir George rested any the better for it.

My lady's grievance was connected with the will, which was read upon their return from the funeral. It was an equitable will. Thomas had Ashlydyat; George, a fair sum of money; the Miss Godolphins, each her portion; and there were certain bequests to servants. But little was left to Lady Godolphin: indeed, the amount of the bequest was more in accordance with what might be willed to a friend, than to a wife. But, it was not in that, that the grievance lay. Lady Godolphin had the Folly, she had Broomhead, and she had an ample income of her own. She was not a particularly covetous woman, and she had never expected or wished that Sir George should greatly take from his family, to add to it. No, it was not that: but the contents of a certain little codicil which was appended to the will. This codicil set forth that every article of furniture or property, which had been removed to the Folly from Ashlydyat, whatever might be its nature, and down to the minutest portion, should be returned to Ashlydyat, and become the property of Thomas Godolphin.

It would pretty nearly strip the Folly, and my lady was very wrathful. Not for the value of the things: she sustained no injury there: for the codicil directed that a specific sum of money (their full value) should be

handed over to Lady Godolphin to replace them with new at the Folly. But it struck upon her in the light of a slight, and she chose to resent it as one. It was specially enjoined that the things should be placed at Ashlydyat in the old spots where they used to stand.

But, be wrathful as she might, grumble as she would, there could be no rebellion to it in action. And Lady Godolphin had to bow to it.

The time went on. Three months glided by : nay, four, for April had come in : and positions were changed. Thomas Godolphin was the master and tenant of Ashlydyat : Janet its acting mistress ; Bessy and Cecil resident with them. George had taken up his residence at the bank, with Margery to look after his comforts, never to remove from it, as he supposed, unless Ashlydyat should fall to him. My lady had quitted the Folly for a permanency (unless any whim should at any time send her back to it), and the Verralls had taken it. It may be said that Lady Godolphin gave up the Folly in a fit of pique. When she found the things were positively to go out of it, she protested that she would never replace them with others : she'd rather pitch the money, left for the purpose, into the sea. She would let it to anybody that would take it, and go back to Broomhead for ever. Mr. Verrall heard of this, and made an application to take it ; and my lady, smarting yet, let it to him off-hand, accepting him as a yearly tenant. Whether she repented, or not, when the deed was done, and her anger had cooled down, could not be told : she took her farewell and departed for Scotland without showing signs of it. Many opined that she would come back after a while to the place which she had so eagerly and fondly erected. Perhaps she might : she could get rid of the Verralls at any time by giving them due notice.

Thomas had settled down in his father's place : head of the bank, head of all things, as Sir George had been ; Mr. Godolphin of Ashlydyat. Mr. George was head of himself alone. Nobody of very particular public note was he : but I can tell you that a vast many more anxious palpitations were cast to him from gentle bosoms, than were given to inapproachable Thomas. It seemed to be pretty generally conceded that Thomas Godolphin was wedded to the grave of Ethel. Perhaps his establishing his sisters at Ashlydyat, as their home, helped to further the opinion, and dash hopes : but, very possible hopes from many fair quarters were wafted secretly to George. He would be no mean prize : with his brave good looks, his excellent position, and his presumptive heirdom to Ashlydyat.

April, I say, had come in. A sunny April. And these several changes had taken place, and the respective parties were settled in their new homes. It went forth to the world that the Verralls intended to give a brilliant fête, a sort of house-warming, as they styled it ; and invitations went circulating far and wide. Amongst those favoured with one, were Mr. and the Miss Godolphins.

Janet was indignant. She could scarcely bring herself to answer it civilly. Indeed, had she written the answer herself, it would have been sharply dry, rather than civil : but Bessy undertook it. Cecil, who was not less fond of fêtes, and other gay inventions for the killing of time, than are pretty girls in general, would have given her head to go.

"Why would it be so very much out of place, our going?" she inquired of her sister.

Janet looked at her in astonished reproof. "Why! Do you know what it is, child? Did you hear the name they are giving it?"

"An al-fresco fête," responded Cecil.

"Al-fresco folly!" reproved Janet. "They have been styling it a house-warming. A house-warming!" she repeated, emphatically. "A warming for their new home. Who died there, Cecil, and so made way for them to come to it?"

Cecil felt reproved. But the ardent love of fêting was strong within her. "There will only be a little out-door pleasure in the afternoon, and a quiet dance in the evening, Janet," she argued, in a tone of supplication.

"Eh me, but some of you young girls have light hearts!" uttered Janet. "Your father hardly cold in his grave, and you are hankering to dance hornpipes on the very spot where he died! Could they have held any house-warming there, girl, but for his death?"

"It is very nearly four months since, Janet."

"If it were twelve months since, it would be equally unfitting for a Godolphin to be seen there," was the reply of Janet.

"I dare say George will go," persisted Cecil.

"George is a heathen—in many things," hastily replied Miss Godolphin, with more asperity than she often displayed: for, though Janet was firm and cold in manner, she was rarely sharp. George had somehow the knack of falling out of her good graces: she did not make allowance for his youth and his warm nature, so different from her own.

"I should wear deep black. And I'd not stand up once to dance if you desired me not," went on Cecil.

"Let the subject drop," said Janet. "It is impossible that I can allow you to be seen at a housewarming at Lady Godolphin's Folly."

Cecil looked rather gloomy. Gay scenes of festivity were painting themselves vividly in her mind; costly dresses of many colours appeared to wave before her sight, their wearers young and beautiful as she was; sweet sounds of music seemed to be floating on her ears. It was nearly beyond endurance that those other pretty girls should enjoy all these delights, while she was excluded.

"Oh, Janet!" she passionately uttered, "I should so like to go!"

"I have told you to let the subject drop," replied Janet, firmly. "Are you forgetting yourself, Cecil?"

Poor Cecil, knowing all hope was over, burst into very undignified tears. Of course Janet, under the peculiar circumstances, was right, and Cecil was wrong. But it was a sad temptation.

Graceless George turned out a heathen in this; as he did in many other things, according to Janet. He was troubled with no compunction at all upon the score, but accepted the invitation as soon as it was given. Janet, meeting him in the street, told him what she thought about it.

"Nonsense!" said George. "I don't look upon the thing in that light. What if they do call it a house-warming? Let them call it so. By going to it I shall lose none of the love I bear my departed father; or abate a jot of the reverence I give to his memory. There's no reason whatever why I should not be present, Janet; and nobody with a grain of common sense would say there was."

"I know that you take your own way, George; and that you *will* take it," returned Janet. "Do you think any of us, but you, would be seen there! Do you suppose Thomas would?"

"Thomas never cared for such things much. And he'll not care at all, now Ethel's gone. I'd bet a sovereign to a shilling that he never puts his foot inside a ball-room again. But my dancing pumps have not got their soles worn off yet, Janet."

Leaving George to his heathenism, Miss Godolphin continued her way. Presently she encountered Mrs. Hastings. The conversation turned upon the fête—in fact, Prior's Ash could talk of little else just then—and Mrs. Hastings mentioned that she had declined the invitation for herself and her daughter.

Not that day, but two or three subsequent to it, this little bit of news came out to George Godolphin. It did not afford him pleasure. Were the truth known, it would be found that he had counted more on the meeting Maria there, on her assistance towards wearing off the soles of the "pumps" than on any other human being, or thing. Decline the invitation! What had possessed Mrs. Hastings?

Mr. George Godolphin was determined to know. Though not a frequent visitor at the rectory: for he could not go much, in the teeth of such evident discouragement as had latterly been shown him by Mr. Hastings, and depended mostly upon chance meetings in the street for keeping in exercise his love-vows to Maria: he resolved to go boldly down that evening.

Down he accordingly went. And was shown into an empty room. The rector and Mrs. Hastings were out, the servant said, and the young ladies were in the study with the boys. She would tell them.

Maria came to him. There was no mistaking her start of surprise when she saw him, or the rush of emotion which overspread her face.

"Who did you think it was?" asked George.

"I thought it was your brother. She said 'Mr. Godolphin.' Grace will be down in an instant."

"Will she?" returned George. "You had better go and tell her it's Mr. George, and not Mr. Godolphin, and then she won't hurry herself. I am not a favourite with Miss Grace, I fancy."

Maria coloured. She had no excuse to offer for the fact, and she could not say that it was untrue. George stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down at her.

Maria, I hear that Mrs. Hastings has declined to go to the Folly on Thursday. What's that for?"

"I don't know," replied Maria. "We do not go greatly amid those extensively grand scenes," she added, laughing. "Mamma says she always feels as much out of place in them as a fish does out of water. And I think, if papa had his private wish, we should never go within a mile of anything of the sort. He likes quiet social visiting, but not such entertainments as the Verralls give. He and mamma were speaking for a few minutes over the invitation, and then she directed Grace to write and decline it."

"Which is an awful shame!" responded George. "I thought I should have had you with me for a few hours that day, at any rate, Maria."

Maria lifted her eyes. "It had nothing to do with me, George. I was not invited."

"Not invited!" uttered George Godolphin.

"Only Grace. 'Mrs. and Miss Hastings.'"

"What was that for?" he exclaimed. "Why were you left out?"

"I do not know," replied Maria, bending her eyelids and speaking with involuntary hesitation. In her heart of hearts, Maria believed that she did know: but the last person she would have hinted it to, was George Godolphin. "Perhaps," she added, "it may have been an omission, an oversight? Or, they may have so many to invite that they can only dispense their cards charily."

"Moonshine!" cried George. "I shall take upon myself to ask Mrs. Verrall why you were left out."

"Oh, George! pray don't!" she uttered, feeling an invincible repugnance to have her name brought up in any such way. "Why should you? Had the invitation been sent to me, I should not have gone."

"It is a slight," he persisted. "A little later, and let any dare to show slight to you. They shall be taught better. A slight to you will be a slight to me."

Maria looked at him timidly, and he bent his head with a fond smile. "I shall want somebody to keep house for me at the bank, you know, Maria."

She coloured even to tears. Mr. George was proceeding to erase them after his own gallant fashion, when he was brought to summarily by the entrance of Grace Hastings.

There was certainly no love lost between them. Grace did not like George, George did not like Grace. She took her seat demurely in her mother's chair of state, with every apparent intention of sitting out his visit. So George cut it short.

"What did he come for?" Grace asked of Maria, when the servant had shown him out.

"He came to call."

"You appeared to be very close in conversation when I came into the room," pursued Grace, searching Maria with her keen eyes. "May I ask its purport?"

"Its purport was nothing wrong," said Maria, her cheeks deepening under the inspection. "You question me, Grace, as if I were a child, and you possessed a right over me."

"Well?" said Grace, equably. "What was he talking of?"

Yielding, timid, sensitive Maria was one of the last to resist this sort of importunity. "We had been talking of the Verralls not including me in the invitation. George said it was a slight."

"As of course it was," assented Grace. "And, for that fact alone, I am glad mamma sent them a refusal. It was Charlotte Pain's doings. She does not care that you should be brought too much into contact with George Godolphin, lest her chance should be perilled. Now, Maria, don't pretend to look at me in that incredulous manner! You know as well as I do that George has a stupid liking for you; or, at least, acts as though he had.—Which naturally is not pleasant to Charlotte Pain."

Maria knew well that Grace had divined the true cause of the neglect. She stood for a few minutes looking silent and humble: an intimation,

even from Grace, that George "liked her," jarred upon her refined sensitiveness, when spoken openly. But that feeling was almost lost in the dull pain which the hint touching Charlotte had called up.

"Charlotte Pain is nothing to George Godolphin," she resentfully said.

"Charlotte Pain *is*," responded Grace. "And if your eyes are not yet opened to it, they ought to be. She is to be his wife."

"Oh no, she is not," hastily said Maria.

"Maria, I tell you that she is. I know it."

Now Grace Hastings rarely made an assertion unless she had good grounds for it. Maria knew that. And the dull pain at her heart grew into something that beat against it with a sharp agony. She appeared impassive enough, looking down at her thin gold chain, which her fingers were unconsciously wreathing into knots. "You cannot know it, Grace."

"I tell you I do. Mind you, I don't say that they will inevitably be married; only, that they contemplate being so at present. Charlotte does well not to make too sure of him! He may see half a dozen yet whom he will prefer to Charlotte Pain, in his roving butterfly nature."

Was Grace right? Not ten minutes previously, Maria had listened to words from his lips which most surely intimated that it was herself George had chosen. Who was Charlotte?—who was Charlotte Pain, that she should thus thrust herself between them?

April, as we learn both by its reputation and by our own experience, mocks us with its weather: and not a few envious criticsers had prognosticated showers, if not snow, for the fête at Lady Godolphin's Folly. The unusually lovely weather which had marked the month, so far as it had gone, had put it into Mrs. Verrall's head to give an out-door entertainment. Mr. Verrall had himself suggested that the weather might change; that there was no dependence, at this season of the year, to be placed on it. But she would not change her project. If the worst came to the worst at the last moment, she said, they must do the best they could with them in-doors.

But, for once, the weather was not fickle. The day rose warm, calm, beautifully bright, and by three o'clock in the afternoon most of the gay revellers had gathered at the Folly.

The grounds were dotted with them. These grounds, by the way, were mostly the grounds of Ashlydyat; those pertaining to the Folly being of exceedingly limited extent. Janet Godolphin drew down the blinds of Ashlydyat, that the eyesore might be shut out: but Cecil stole away to her room, and made herself a peep-hole—like the young Hastingses had done at Ethel Grame's funeral—and looked out with covetous eyes. Janet had said something to Thomas about sending a hint to the Folly that the domains of Ashlydyat would not be free for the guests: but Thomas, with his quiet good sense, had negatived it.

Graceless George arrived as large as life. One of the first. He was making himself conspicuous among the many-coloured groups—or, perhaps it was, that they made him so, by gathering round him—when two figures in mourning came gliding up behind him, one of whom spoke.

"How do you do, Mr. George Godolphin?"

George turned. And—careless and thoughtless as he was, graceless as he was reported to be—a shock of surprise, not unmixed with indignation, swept over his feelings : for those, standing before him, were Lady Sarah and Miss Grame.

She—Sarah Anne—looked like a shadow still; peevish, white, discontented. What brought them there? Was it *thus* that they showed their regrets for the dead Ethel?—was it seemly that Sarah Anne should appear at a fête of gaiety in her weak, sickly state; not yet recovered the effects of the fever; not yet out of the first deep mourning, worn for Ethel?

"How do you do, Lady Sarah?" very gravely responded George Godolphin.

Lady Sarah may have discerned somewhat of his feelings from the expression on his face. Not that he intentionally suffered it to rise in reproof of her: George Godolphin did not set himself up in judgment against his fellows. He, indeed! Lady Sarah drew him aside with her, after he had shaken hands with Sarah Anne.

"I am sure it must look strange to you to see us here, Mr. George. But, poor child, she continues so weak and poorly, that I scarcely know what to do with her. She set her heart upon coming to this fête. Since Mrs. Verrall's card arrived, she has talked of nothing else, and I thought it would not do to cross her. Is Mr. Godolphin here?"

"Oh no," replied George, with more haste than he need have spoken.

"I thought he would not be. I remarked so to Sarah Anne, when she expressed a hope of seeing him: indeed, I think it was that hope which chiefly urged her to come. What have we done to him, Mr. George? He scarcely ever comes near the house."

"I don't know anything about it," returned George. "I can see that my brother feels his loss deeply yet. It may be, Lady Sarah, that visits to your house remind him of Ethel too forcibly."

Lady Sarah lowered her voice to a confidential whisper: "Will he ever marry, think you?"

"At present I should be inclined to say he never would," answered George, wondering what in the world it could matter to Lady Sarah, and thinking she evinced little sorrow or consideration for the memory of Ethel. "But time works surprising changes," he added: "and time may marry Mr. Godolphin."

Lady Sarah paused. "How do you think she looks—my poor child?"

"Miserable," all but rose to the tip of George's tongue. "She does not look well," he said, aloud.

"And she does so regret her dear sister; she's grieving after her always," said Lady Sarah, putting up her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I don't believe it," thought George to himself.

"How do you like your new residence?" she resumed, passing with little ceremony to another topic.

"I like it very well. All places are pretty much alike to a bachelor, Lady Sarah."

"Ah, so they are. You won't remain a bachelor very long," continued Lady Sarah, with a smile of jocularly.

"Not so very long, I dare say," frankly acknowledged Mr. George. "It is possible I may put my head in the noose sometime in the next ten years."

She would have detained him further, but George did not care to be detained. He went after more attractive companionship.

Chance, or premeditation, led him to Charlotte Pain. Charlotte had all her attractions about her that day. Her bright green silk dress—green was a favourite colour of hers—with its white lace mantle, was frequently to be seen by George Godolphin's side. Once they strayed to the borders of the stream, in a remote part of the grounds. Several were gathered here. A row on the water had been proposed, and a boat stood ready. A small boat, holding very few: but, of those few, George and Charlotte made two.

Could George Godolphin have foreseen what that simple little excursion in the boat was to do for him, he had never entered it. How is it, that no shadow of warning comes over us at these times? How many a day's pleasure, begun as a jubilee, how many a voyage, entered upon in hope, ends but in death! Not a fortnight since; since *now*, the very hour at which I am writing; a fine young lad, fresh from his studies, was going out to one of our colonies, full of youth, of hope, of prospects. Two ships were offering for the passage, one as convenient as the other: which should he choose? It seemed not to signify which, and the choice was made. Could *no* warning rise up to his aid, ever so indefinite, and point away from that chosen one and say it must be shunned? The ship sailed. And she has gone down; within sight of land; not three days out; and every soul on board, save one, has perished. "If we had but fixed upon the other ship for him!" wail now that lad's mourning friends. Ay! if we could but lift the veil, what mistakes might be avoided.

George Godolphin, strong and active, took the oars. And when they had rowed about to their hearts' content, and George was in a white heat with exertion, they bethought themselves that they would land for a while on what was called the mock island: a mossy spot, green and tempting to the eye. In stepping ashore, Charlotte Pain tripped, lost her balance, and would have been in the water but for George. He saved her, but he could not save her parasol: a dainty parasol, for which Miss Charlotte had given three guineas only the previous day. She naturally shrieked when it went, plunge, into the water: and George Godolphin, in recovering it, nearly lost *his* balance, and went in after the parasol. Nearly: not quite: he got himself pretty wet, but he made light of it, and sat himself down on the grassy island with the rest.

The party were all young. Old people don't much care to venture in these shallow tilting skiffs: but, had any of mature age been there, experienced in chills and rheumatism, they would certainly have ordered George Godolphin home at the top of his speed, to get a change of clothes, and perhaps a glass of brandy.

Charlotte Pain was shaking the wet off her parasol, when somebody noticed the dripping state of George's coat. "It wants shaking also," said they. "Do pray take it off, Mr. George Godolphin?"

George took it off, shook it well, and laid it out in the sun to dry, sailor fashion. And down he sat again, in his shirt-sleeves, passing some jokes upon his state of costume, and requesting to know what apology he must make for it.

By-and-by he began to feel rather chill: in fact, he grew so cold that he put on his coat again, damp as it was. It might have occurred to him that the intense perspiration he had been in was struck inwards,

but it did not. In the evening he was dancing away with the best of them, apparently having escaped all ill effects from the wetting, and thinking no further of it.

Eh, but the young are heedless ! as Janet would have said.

III.

STRAW IN THE STREETS.

ANKLE deep before the banking-house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin, and for some distance, on either side; ankle deep down Crosse-street as far as you could see, lay masses of straw. As carriages came up to traverse it, their drivers checked their horses and drove them at a foot pace, raising their own heads to look up at the windows of the dwelling; for they knew that one was lying there, hovering between life and death.

It was George Godolphin. Imprudent George! Healthy and strong as he might be, sound as his constitution was, that little episode of the fête-day had told upon him. Few men can do such things with impunity, and come out unscathed. "What was a bit of a ducking; and that only a partial one? Nothing." As George himself said to some remonstrator on the subsequent day. It is not much, certainly, to those who are used to it: but, taken in conjunction with a reeking perspiration, and with an hour or two's cooling upon the grass afterwards, in the airy undress of shirt-sleeves, it is a great deal.

It had proved a great deal for George Godolphin. An attack of rheumatic fever supervened, dangerous and violent, and neither Dr. Beale nor Mr. Snow could give a guess whether he would live or die. Miss Godolphin had removed to the bank to share with Margery the task of nursing him. Knockers were muffled; bells were tied up; straw, as you hear, was laid down in the streets; people passed in and out, even at the swing doors, when they went to transact business, with a softened tread: and as they counted the cash for their cheques, they leaned over the counter, and asked the clerks in a whisper whether Mr. George was alive yet. Yes, he was alive, the clerks could always answer, but it was as much as they could say.

It continued to be "as much as they could say" for nearly a month, and then George Godolphin began to improve. But so slowly! day after day seemed to pass without visible sign.

How bore up Maria Hastings? None could know the dread, the grief, that was at work within her, or the deep love she felt for George Godolphin. Her nights were sleepless, her days were restless: she lost her appetite, her energy, almost her health. Mrs. Hastings wondered what was amiss with her, and hoped Maria was not going to be one of those sickly ones who always seem to fade in the spring.

Maria could speak out her sorrow to none. Grace would not have sympathised with any feeling so strong, whose object was George Godolphin. And had Grace sympathised ever so, Maria would not have spoken it. She possessed that shrinking reticence of feeling, that refined sensitiveness, to which the betraying its own emotions to another would be little less than death. Maria could not trust her voice to ask after

him: when Mr. Hastings or her brothers would come in and say (as they had, more than once), "There's a report in the town that George Godolphin's dead," she could not press upon them her eager questions, and ask, "Is it likely to be true? Are there any signs that it is true?" Once, when this rumour came in, Maria made an excuse to go out: some trifle to be purchased in the town, she said to Mrs. Hastings: and went down the street inwardly shivering, too agitated to notice acquaintances whom she met; and, opposite the bank, she stole her glances up to its private windows, and saw that the blinds were down. In point of fact, this told nothing, for the blinds had been kept down much since George's illness, the servants not troubling themselves to lift them: but to the fears of Maria Hastings, it spoke volumes. Sick, trembling, she continued her way mechanically: she did not dare to stop even for a moment, or to show, in her timidity, as much as the anxiety of an indifferent friend. At that moment Mr. Snow came out of the house, and crossed over.

Maria stopped then. Surely she might halt to speak to the surgeon without being suspected of undue interest in Mr. George Godolphin. She even brought out the words, as Mr. Snow shook hands with her, "You have been to the bank."

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"Yes, poor fellow, he is in a critical state," was Mr. Snow's answer. "But I think there's a faint indication of improvement, this afternoon."

In the revulsion of feeling which the words gave, Maria forgot her caution. "He is not dead, then?" she uttered, all too eagerly, her face turning to a glowing crimson, her lips apart with emotion.

Mr. Snow gathered in the signs, and a grave expression stole over his lips. But the next minute he was smiling, openly. "No, he is not dead yet, Miss Maria: and we must see what we can do towards keeping him alive." Maria turned home again with a beating and a thankful heart.

A weary, weary summer for George Godolphin—a weary, weary illness. It was more than two months before he rose from his bed at all, and it was nearly two more before he went down the stairs of the dwelling-house. A fine balmy day it was, the one in June, when George was got out of his bed the first time, and put in the easy-chair, wrapped up in blankets. The sky was blue, the sun was warm, and bees and butterflies sported in the summer air. George turned his weary eyes, weary with pain, with weakness, towards the cheering signs of out-door life, and wondered whether he should ever be abroad again.

It was August before that time came. Early in that month the close carriage of Ashlydyat waited at the door, to take Mr. George his first airing. A shadowy object he looked, Mr. Snow on one side of him, Margery on the other; Janet, who would be his companion in the drive, following. They got him down stairs between them, and into the carriage. From that time his recovery, though slow, was progressive, and in another week he was removed to Ashlydyat for change. He could walk abroad then with two sticks, or with a stick and somebody's arm. George, who was getting up his spirits wonderfully, declared he and his sticks should be made into a picture and sent to the next exhibition of native artists.

One morning, he and his two sticks were sunning themselves in the porch of Ashlydyat, when a stranger approached and accosted him. A

gentlemanly-looking man in a straw hat, with a light travelling overcoat thrown upon his arm. George looked a gentleman also, in spite of his dilapidated state of flesh and his sticks, and the stranger raised his hat with something of foreign urbanity.

"Does Mr. Verrall reside here?"

"No," replied George.

A defiant, hard sort of expression rose immediately to the stranger's face. It almost seemed to imply that George was deceiving him: and his next words bore out the impression. "I have been informed that he does reside here," he said, with a stress upon the "does."

"He did reside here," replied George Godolphin: "but he does so no longer. That is where Mr. Verrall lives," he added, pointing one of his sticks at the white walls of Lady Godolphin's Folly.

The stranger wheeled round on his heel, took a survey of it, and then lifted his hat again, apparently satisfied. "Thank you, sir," he said. "The mistake was mine. Good morning."

George watched him away as he strode with a firm, elastic, quick step towards the Folly. George wondered when he should walk again with the same step. Perhaps the notion, or the desire to do so, actuated him to try it then. He rose from his seat and went tottering out, drawing his sticks with him. It was a tempting morning, and George strolled on in its brightness, resting on this bench, resting on that, when he was tired, and then bearing on again.

"I might get as far as the Folly, if I tried well, and took my time," he said to himself. "Would it not be a surprise to them?"

So he bore onwards to the Folly, like the stranger had done. He was drawing very near it, was seated, in fact, on the last bench that he intended to sit on, when Mr. Verrall passed.

"Have you had a gentleman inquiring for you?" George asked him.

"What gentleman?" demanded Mr. Verrall.

"He was a stranger. He came to Ashlydyat, supposing you resided there. I sent him to the Folly."

"Describe him, will you?" said Mr. Verrall.

"I noticed nothing much describable," replied George. "He wore a straw hat, and had a thin tweed coat on his arm. I should fancy he had just come off a journey."

Mr. Verrall left George where he was, and went back to the Folly. George rose and followed more slowly. But when he got beyond the trees, he saw that Mr. Verrall must have plunged into them: as if he would enter the Folly by the servants' door at the back. George crossed the lawn, and made straight for the drawing-room windows, which stood open.

Scarcely had he entered, and flung himself into the first easy-chair which stood handy, when he saw the same stranger approach the house. Where had *he* been, not to have found it before? But George immediately divined that he had taken the wrong turning near the ash-trees, and so had had the pleasure of a round to Prior's Ash and back again. The room was empty, and George sat recovering breath, and enjoying the luxury of rest, when the stranger's knock resounded at the hall-door.

A servant, as he could hear, came forth to open it, but, before that was

effected, flying footsteps followed the man across the hall, and he was called to, in the voice of Charlotte Pain.

"James," said she, in a half-whisper, which came distinctly to the ear of George Godolphin, "should that be any one for Mr. Verrall, show him in here."

A second room, a smaller one, stood between the one George had entered, and the hall. It opened both to the drawing-room and the hall: in fact, it served as a sort of ante-room to the drawing-room. It was into this room that the stranger was shown.

Charlotte, who had taken a seat, and was toying with some embroidery-work, making believe to be busy over it, rose at his entrance, with the prettiest air of surprise imaginable. He could have staked his life, had he been required to do it, that she knew nothing whatever of his approach until that identical moment, when James threw open the door and announced "A gentleman, ma'am." James had been unable to announce him in more definite terms. Upon his asking the stranger what name, the curt answer had been, "Never mind the name. Mr. Verrall knows me."

Charlotte rose. And the gentleman's abruptness changed to courtesy at the sight of her. "I wish to see Mr. Verrall," he said.

"Mr. Verrall is in town," replied Charlotte.

"In town!" was the answer, delivered in an accent of excessive surprise. "Do you mean in London, madam?"

"Certainly," rejoined Charlotte. "In London."

"But, he only left London last night to come here!" was the stranger's answer.

It brought Charlotte to a pause. Self-possessed as she was, she had to think a moment before hazarding another assertion. "May I inquire how you know that he left London last night for this?" she asked.

"Because, madam, I had business yesterday of the very last importance with Mr. Verrall. He made the appointment himself, for three o'clock. I went at three: and could not find him. I went at four, and waited an hour, with the like result. I went again at seven, and then I was told that Mr. Verrall had been telegraphed for to his country-seat, and had started. I had some difficulty in finding out where his country-seat was situated, but I succeeded in doing that: and I followed him in the course of the night."

"How very unfortunate!" exclaimed Charlotte, who had gained her clue. "He was telegraphed for yesterday, and arrived in answer to it, getting here very late last night. But he could not stay. He said he had business to attend to in London, and he left here this morning by an early train. Will you oblige me with your name?" she added.

"My name, madam, is Appleby. It is possible you may have heard Mr. Verrall mention it, if, as I presume, I have the honour of speaking to Mrs. Verrall."

Charlotte did not undecieve him. "When did you see Mr. Verrall last?" she suddenly inquired, as if the thought had just struck her.

"The day before yesterday. I saw him three times that day, and he made the appointment for the following one."

"I am so sorry you should have had a useless journey," said Charlotte, with much sympathy.

"I am sorry also," said the stranger. "Sorry for the delay this causes in certain arrangements; which delay I can ill afford. I will wish you good morning, madam, and start back by the first train."

Charlotte touched the bell, and curtsied her adieu. The stranger had the door open, when he turned round, and spoke again.

"I presume I may entirely rely upon what you tell me—that Verrall is gone back?"

"Oh, certainly," answered Charlotte.

Now, every syllable of this colloquy had reached the ears of George Godolphin. It puzzled him not a little. Were there *two* Verralls? The Verrall of the Folly, with whom he had so recently exchanged words, had certainly not been in London for a fortnight past, or anywhere else but in that neighbourhood. And what did Charlotte mean, by saying he had gone to town that morning?

Charlotte came in, singing a scrap of a song. She started when she saw George, and then flew to him in a glow of delight, holding out her hands.

What could he do but take them? What could he do, but draw Charlotte down by him on the sofa, holding them still. "How pleased I am to see you!" exclaimed Charlotte. "I shall think the dear old times are coming round again."

"Charlotte mia, do you know what I have been obliged to hear? That interesting confab you have been taking part in, in the next room."

Charlotte burst into a laugh. From the moment when she first caught a glimpse of George, seated there, she had felt sure that he must have heard it. "Did I do it well?" she cried, triumphantly.

"How could you invent such fibs?"

"Verrall came up-stairs to me and Kate," said Charlotte, laughing more merrily than before. "He said there was somebody going to call here, he thought with a begging petition, and he did not care to see him. Would I go and put the man off. I asked him how I should put him off, and he answered, 'Any way. Say he had gone to London, if I liked.'"

Was Charlotte telling truth or falsehood? That there was more in all this than met the eye, was evident. It was no business of George Godolphin's, neither did he make it his.

"And you have really walked here all the way by yourself!" she resumed. "I am so glad! You will get well now all one way."

"I don't know about getting well 'all one way,' Charlotte. The doctors have been ordering me away for the winter."

"For the winter!" repeated Charlotte, her tone growing sober. "What for? Where to?"

"To some place where the skies are more genial than in this cold climate of ours," replied George. "If I wish to get thoroughly well, they say, I must start off next month, September, and not return till April."

"But—should you go alone?"

"There's the worst of it. We poor bachelor fellows are like stray sheep—nobody owning us, nobody caring for us."

"Take somebody with you," suggested Charlotte.

"That's easier said than done," laughed George.

Charlotte threw one of her brilliant glances at him. She had risen, and was standing before him, all her attractions in full play. "There's an old saying, Mr. George Godolphin, that where there's a will, there's a way," quoth she.

George made a gallant answer, and they were progressing in each other's good graces to their own content, when an interruption came to it. The same servant who had opened the door to the stranger entered.

"Miss Pain, if you please, my master says will you step to him."

"I declare you make me forget everything," cried Charlotte to George, as she quitted the room. And picking up her King Charley, she threw it at him. "There! take care of him, Mr. George Godolphin, until I come back again."

A few minutes subsequently, George saw Mr. Verrall leave the house and cross the lawn. A servant behind him was bearing a small port-manteau and an over-coat, like the stranger had carried on his arm. Was Mr. Verrall likewise going to London?

THE LAST ON THE ROCK.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE ship had foundered; with one whirl, one hiss,

A thousand fathoms down the gulfs of blue,
Like Lucifer hurled headlong through the abyss,
She darkly plunged, for ever lost to view,
And, corpse-like, for unending years to sleep,
Her azure sepulchre that awful deep.

Some with the vessel sank to share her grave,
And some, strong swimmers, reached a rock that rose
All desolate and bare amid the wave,—

Rock ring'd with foam when wintry tempest blows,
And scorched and hot 'neath summer's brassy sky,
Where, save the shark and sea-bird, all must die.

O scene to man how pitiless, how drear!

No prospect but the wide, monotonous surge—
Eternity's grand symbol—plain of fear,

The heavens down-bending to the hazy verge,
No sound but ocean's ever-mourning foam,
No cave, no shelter—horror's savage home.

They looked upon each other, face to face,
Yet stoutly for a while their fate defied;
But thirst and hunger came; that herbless place
Stood e'en like heated steel above the tide;
Gradual they sank, till death and grim despair
Left only one to pine and suffer there.

He was of iron frame, and soul refused
 To quit that body but with desperate strife;
 At fate he shook his hand, but ne'er accused
 God for his judgments; fierce he clung to life;
 Yet death appalled him not; a heart more brave
 Had ne'er borne Britain's thunder o'er the wave.

'Twas that life held for him much sweet and dear—
 A land he loved—the treasured friends of youth—
 His cottage-home, where one, he still was near
 In fruitless fancy, smiled all love and truth—
 His little ones he thought of with a sigh—
 These made him cling to life—he would not die.

He leant upon the rock, gaunt, meagre, pale,
 His body sinking slow, his heart oppress'd;
 The desolate breezes made a mournful wail,
 The great round sun was sinking in the west,
 His hollow eye dim following its still flight,
 That left him to his pangs, and gathering night.

His soul was in the valley loved so well,
 His children, culling flowers, were sporting there;
 He heard in fancy the grey church-tower's bell,
 And saw his little garden trim and fair,
 Saw the loved partner of his youthful years,
 Then, bowing low, he shed wild fruitless tears.

Another night of pain and mind's despair,
 His wasted limbs all drenched with briny spray;
 The sun arose with torrid, withering glare;
 O for a sail!—he looks his soul away;
 A spot—'tis foam—another meets his sight—
 No, 'tis a wandering sea-bird's wing of white.

Must death then claim its prey?—too weak to stand,
 He crawls, or feebly leans upon his arm,
 Looks up to Heaven and prays—a distant land,
 Home, love, yet fill his thoughts, have power to charm;
 They are to him his Heaven beneath the sky,
 Thinking of them, he cannot—will not die.

Upstarts the wretched man; unnatural strength
 Full oft is given ere death may end our woe;
 What sees he on the wave? Is hope at length
 To grasp its wish?—that spot of glancing snow—
 It widens, flutters with the changing gale;
 Bless God! 'tis life at last—a sail! a sail!

He hangs his kerchief on a shivered spar,
 Sole remnant of the wreck—he feebly cries—
 Nature's last effort—glides the ship afar;
 Will she pass by, unseen his agonies?
 She comes—she downward bears—hope will not mock;
 She saves—joy! joy!—the “last upon the rock.”

JOAN OF NAPLES.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

LA MOTTE LE VAYER deliberately and gravely asserts, that, as all the kings of Scotland of the name of James, so all the queens of Naples of the name of Joan, have been unfortunate. Formal treatises have been written on the fatality of christian names—and these are of them.

The only Joan of Naples with whose name and history the mass of readers is acquainted, is Joan the First, daughter of King Robert, of the Anjou dynasty,—wife, first of her coarse and crusty cousin, Andreas of Hungary (to whom she was married very early in her teens); next, of Louis, prince of Tarentum; thirdly, on the Tarentine's death in 1362, of an obscure prince of Majored; and fourthly, on *his* decease in 1376, of Otho, duke of Brunswick. A very celebrated name is Joan's. Nor is there any question of her claim to be considered unfortunate. Whether she is equally liable to be called guilty, *has* been made a question. Her case, as regards the murder of her first husband, is a standing parallel in controversial history, to that of Mary Stuart, as regards the murder of Darnley. Joan's personal fascinations, womanly wiles, and chequered career in general, on and off the throne,—not forgetting the prison and violent death as a dismal consummation,—are also curiously parallel to those of the Queen of Scots.

What ill-blood might have been bred (it was born already) between Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and what vent it might have made for itself, or in what morbid excesses it might have been developed, had the youthful pair lived on, instead of being cut off at once,—we can, indeed cannot but, uneasily surmise. Joan of Naples was still younger than the Lady Jane when she succeeded to the throne. And though the man she had married may have been no personal paraphrase, in body or spirit, of Guilford, Lord Dudley—any more than English Jane may have been of Italian Joan,—still the position of the parties, in its matrimonio-political aspect, is sufficiently alike, to warrant the argument from analogy which we have just mooted, and no more.

When King Robert's death, in 1343, caused his daughter's accession to the throne, Andreas, her Hungarian husband, insisted on being crowned king and sharing his wife's authority, from which, by the late monarch's will, he was expressly and entirely excluded. Nor was the malcontent spouse blessed with a temper or manners to steal the hearts of the people. Joan was a beauty and a wit. Andreas was an unconciliating boor. This Cymon had a poor chance when setting up his standard against that Iphigenia. He irritated the native magnates by the brusque insolence of his deportment; and his predilection for the Hungarians who formed his body-guard, excited jealousy and fomented party-spirit. The outcome of this chronic disorder was—death. A conspiracy was formed; Andreas was seized one night, while the court was at Aversa, by some of the confederate nobles, whose access to his person made it easy work, and who, having strangled him, hurled his body out of window,—and left five succeeding centuries to speculate on the measure of Queen Joan's know-

ledge of, or implication in, the crime, 'which (unlike the Darnley parallel) was committed almost in her presence. She immediately betook herself to Naples, and issued orders for the apprehension of her husband's murderers. To elicit the names and guilt of the conspirators, torture seems to have been pretty freely employed; but with what result, it was not for the public to know. High officials were put to death, and so were low underlings. But there was an air of secrecy, a taint of mystery, about the whole proceedings, which told against the queen; and by many of her own subjects then, as by so many in universal history since, her guilt was taken for granted.

Accordingly, she is commonly enough classed by general writers with the most infamous and abandoned of her sex. Old Burton, Melancholy's Anatomist, writes, for instance, in the midst of a paragraph about the atrocities of criminal lust: "Joanna of Naples in Italy, Fredegunde and Brunhild in France, all histories are full of these basilisks."* Elsewhere again he leases her with Sardanapalus and Messalina. Fielding† incidentally classes her with Dalilah, Jezebel, Medea, Semiramis, Parysatis, Messalina, Agrippina, Brunichilde, Elfrida, Lady Macbeth, Katherine Hays, Sarah Malcolm, and (*he says, last not least*) Con. Philips. Dr. Wolcot's *Captain Noah* stigmatises her, on board of the Margate Hoy,‡ as the most notorious of shameless hussies.

The author of "Sword and Gown" tells us how long he has stood before the picture of this queen, in the Palazzo Doria, trying in vain to read the riddle of the haughty lineaments, and serene untroubled eyes. Gazing at these, who, he asks, would guess the story of "that most guilty woman and astute conspirator—unbridled in sensuality—remorseless in statecraft—who counted her lovers by legions, and saw, unmoved, her chief favourite torn limb from limb on the rack?

"But this is no singular instance. Marble and canvas are more discreet than the mask of the best trained living features. Messalina and Julia look cold and correct enough, since they have been turned into stone. Only by the magic of her smile, and by the glory of her golden hair, do we recognise Her who, if all tales are true, might have given a tongue to the walls of the Vatican. We forget the Borgia, with her laboratory of philtres and poisons—we only think that never a Duke of all his royal race brought home a lovelier bride than Alfonso of Ferrara."

Perhaps it is best so, this author suggests.§ Why should a mark be set upon those whom, it may be, history has condemned unrighteously? So he would have us to be not more uncharitable than the painter or the sculptor; but pass on without pausing to reflect,

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.

Mr. Disraeli, in his first flight of fancy, moralised on the peculiar position of royal wives in general—seeking in politics or in pleasure, sometimes in both, a means of excitement which may purchase oblivion. But the political queen, he goes on to remark, is a rare character: she must possess an intellect of unusual power, and her lot must be considered as an exception in the fortunes of female royalty. "Even the political queen generally closes an agitated career with a broken heart. And for

* Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. § 1. 2.

† Peter Pindar's Tales of the Hoy.

‡ Amelia, book i. ch. vi.

§ Guy Livingstone, ch. xix.

the unhappy votary of pleasure, who owns her cold duty to a royal husband, we must not forget, that even in the most dissipated courts the conduct of the queen is expected to be decorous ; and that the instances are not rare, where the wife of the monarch has died on the scaffold, or in a dungeon, or in exile, because she dared to be indiscreet, where all were debauched.* According to the light in which Joan of Naples may be viewed,—guilty or not guilty—will her fate be pitied, or her crimes be aggravated, by the fact that she was not, properly speaking, the wife of the monarch, but the monarch herself.

Sir Bulwer Lytton, in a contemporary historical romance, affords us a glimpse of Louis, King of Hungary, stern, warlike, implacable, seeking vengeance for the murder of his brother Andrew, the “ill-fated husband of Joanna, that beautiful and guilty Queen of Naples—the Mary Stuart of Italy.”† And the following fragment of colloquy is due to two of his characters : “You are bound, sir knight,” quoth Adeline to Adrian, “to a court that, if fame speak true, boasts in its queen the very miracle and mould of beauty.” “It is some years since I saw the Queen of Naples,” quoth Adrian to Adeline ; “and I little dreamed then, when I gazed upon that angel face, that I should live to hear her accused of the foulest murder that ever stained even Italian royalty.” “And as if resolved to prove her guilt,” interposes a third interlocutor, Montreal, “ere long be sure she will marry the very man who did the deed. Of this I have certain proof.”‡ That Joan would marry Louis of Tarentum, it is easy for a nineteenth century Montreal to prophesy *ex post facto*. And it is tempting for picturesque fiction to make Louis the veritable assassin of Andrew—if only to complete his equipment as the Bothwell of that Neapolitan Darnley. Otherwise the analogy between Mary and Joan would miss one of its most salient features.

Sir Edward's occasion for introducing the Queen of Naples and her indictment, arises from the connexion that passage in her history has with the last of the tribunes, Rienzi, at whose bar the cause was pleaded.

Gibbon indeed pronounces the most glorious circumstance of Rienzi's “reign” to have been the appeal to his justice by Louis of Hungary, “who complained that his brother, and her husband, had been perfidiously strangled by Jane, Queen of Naples ; her guilt or innocence was pleaded in a solemn trial at Rome ; but after hearing the advocates, the tribune adjourned this weighty and invidious cause, which was soon determined by the sword of the Hungarian.”§ Gibbon refers to Giannone and the Life of Petrarch for an account of the causes, circumstances, and effects of the death of Andrew ; and is evidently a believer in Joan's complicity. He says of the Abbé de Sade, with a Gibbonian sneer (in the foot-notes, where such sneers abound), that the Abbé “wishes to extenuate her guilt.” Perhaps he was not unmindful, the while, of Shakspearean Cleopatra's maxim, that *wishers* were ever fools.

Petrarch's familiar Letters vividly illustrate the state of the Neapolitan court during the early days of Queen Joan. Her father, King Robert, had himself placed the crown on Petrarch's head, at the celebrated coro-

* Vivian Grey, book viii. ch. i.

† Rienzi, book iii. ch. i.

‡ Ibid., ch. iii.

§ Gibbon's Roman Empire, ch. lxx.

nation scene in the Capitol. And naturally the poet felt drawn towards Naples, as presided over by such a king. But on his repairing thither, Robert was no more, and Joan was enthroned in his stead. Petrarch's description of Naples under the new régime is fraught with gloom and foreboding. "Such is the alarm with which I am inspired by the extreme youth of the king and queen, and the age and disposition of the queen-dowager, and the temper of the nobles, that I seem to see two horses entrusted to the keeping of a pack of wolves, and a kingdom without a king."^{*} "I am at Naples; I have seen the queens, and been present at their councils. Oh, shame! Oh, prodigy! May God avert pest of this kind from our Italian skies!" "To walk by night here is like threading thick forests, obscure and full of danger; armed young nobles at every turn. . . . And how wonder, when, in mid-day, in sight of prince and people, a fight of gladiators is infamously celebrated in our Italian city, with more than barbarian savageness."[†]

It is on the strength of these and similar extracts, that Michelet describes Petrarch's advent to Naples, saddened, almost from the first, by his seeing the combats of the gladiators renewed at the young queen's court by a sanguinary nobility,—so that the poet foresaw the catastrophe which awaited Joan's youthful husband, "who was shortly afterwards strangled by his wife's lovers."[‡] All French historians have an interest in the Angevin dynasty of Naples. Etienne Pasquier, who styles that realm "*cet ancien amuseur de l'ambition de nos princes*," interrupts his story of the annals of France, in order to narrate that of the Angevins in Naples, *pleins de tragédies*. Accordingly he traces an animated tableau of the Anjou family, descendants and representatives of the brother of Saint-Louis,—of their eventful fortunes and blood-stained records. The "adventures and crimes" of Joan I., "so fatal to her husbands," are duly related,—and how, "constrained to implore the assistance of the popes," she can secure the interested patronage of Clement VI. only at the cost of the *comtat* of Avignon, with all the dependencies and appurtenances thereof. Perhaps still more pains are bestowed by the old historians§ on the career of Joan the Second, *souillée de débauches et de sang*, which M. Léon Feugère has characterised as affording, by its abrupt reverses and *brusques péripéties*, all the interest of a romantic fiction. But with Joan the Second we have nothing at present to do—and *tant mieux*, perhaps, for both parties.

As soon as Pope Clement and the cardinals had formally acquitted Andrew's widow, and that the Hungarians who had taken possession of Naples were driven out of it by a sweeping pestilence, Joan returned thither with her second husband, with whom she was solemnly crowned in 1351. For years she reigned in peace and prosperity. Again a widow in 1362, she was sought in marriage by John the Good, King of France, himself a widower, in the prime of life. This soldier-king, who had not been made prisoner by the English without, as French chroniclers assure us,|| a "splendid resistance," and who is described by Michelet as no less

^{*} Petrarch, Epist. Fam., p. 369.

[†] Ibid., pp. 640, 645.

[‡] Michelet, Histoire de France. t. iii. l. vi. ch. iii.

[§] Pasquier, Recherches, l. vi. The first book was published in 1561.

^{||} Prose Chronicle of Duguesclin.

an object of interest to Christendom, than Francis the First was after Pavia,—proposed in vain for the hand of Joan of Naples. The Pope had no fancy for seeing a King of France master of South Italy and of Provence. His Holiness provided Joan, therefore, with another husband, against whom no such territorial objections could be raised. The papal nominee, who became third husband to our widow of thirty-six, was a young fellow called Jayme of Aragon, whose father had been, but no longer was, that august potentate the King of Majorca.

But neither by any of these three husbands, nor by their successor, Otho of Brunswick, to whom she was married in 1376, was Joan made the happy mother of children, or of a single child. All hope of offspring being at last defeated, she gave her niece Margaret in marriage to Charles, Duke of Durazzo, a kinsman of the Anjou dynasty, whom she also appointed her successor. Little she knew her man.

When the hot feud began to rage between the rival popes, Urban VI. and Clement VII.,—a schism which divided Western Christendom for nearly forty years,*—the Queen of Naples, alone of all Italy, sided with Clement. She gave him, the Anti-pope, a magnificent reception; and, together with her present husband, Otho of Brunswick, and many of the dignitaries, laic and clerical, of the realm, kissed the Holy Father's feet. But Urban, as Dr. Milman tells us, had, in his first creation of twenty-six cardinals in one day, included many Neapolitans of the highest families and dignities in the kingdom, and had thus secured himself a strong interest. Moreover, the people having been somewhat jealously excluded from the "splendid spectacle of Pope Clement's reception," took offence and became turbulent; they protested against the Anti-pope, and were headed in their proceedings by Urban's creature, Bozzato, archbishop of Naples. Joan found it a difficult matter to quell the insurrection, and her pet pontiff scudded away in dire affright, nor dared to look behind him till he was safe at Marseilles—from the time of his landing at which place he became the recognised Pope of Avignon and France.

Urban, on his part, was hard pressed in matters of cash and credit. But he must and did raise funds by hook or by crook (St. Peter's symbol); he issued a commission to two of his new-made cardinals to "sell, empawn, and alienate the estates and property of the Church," even without the assent and consent of the bishops, beneficed clergy, or monastic bodies. With these ill-gotten gains his Holiness hired men that would fight for him, and set them to fight forthwith. Success was seen anon to smile on his endeavours. Before the year 1380 was ended, Pope Urban rejoiced in the capture of St. Angelo, the flight of the Anti-pope, and the submission of Clement's too demonstrative patroness, Joan, Queen of Naples.

Dr. Milman calls Urban and the queen "equally insincere"—Joan in her submission, and Urban in his acceptance of it. She had been, we are reminded, the childless wife of four husbands; and the heir to the realm of Naples was Charles of Durazzo, nephew to the King of Hungary, who still cherished the deep purpose of revenge for the murder of his brother, Andrew. Charles of Durazzo had been already invited, during the hostilities of the Pope with Joan, not to wait the tardy succession, but to

* From A.D. 1375 to 1413.

seize at once the crown of Naples. "All the passions least becoming a pontiff combined to influence Urban VI., policy, vengeance, family ambition, interest, pride; policy, for he could not depend on the hollow friendship of Joanna; vengeance, for without Joanna's aid and instigation the Cardinals at Fondi had not dared to elect the Anti-pope; family ambition, for the nepotism of Urban, like that of his successors, was not content with benefices and cardinalates, it soared to principalities. . . . Interest and pride urged the advantage of a King of Naples, indebted to him for his crown, over whose power and treasures he might rule, as he afterwards endeavoured to rule, with the almost undisputed despotism of a Protectorate.

"Charles of Durazzo came to Rome; he was invested by the Pope in the sovereignty of Naples, as forfeited to its liege lord the Pontiff by the iniquities of Queen Joanna: he was crowned by the hand of the Pope."*

Guilty or not guilty, alas for Queen Joan! If guilty, the sins of her youth were now arising afresh and taking hold upon her, working out the retribution from which neither the divinity that hedges a queen, nor the grace that seems to hallow a fascinating woman, can claim or afford exemption. If not guilty, then woe worth the damning brand of ineffaceable slander. For

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poisonous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art nor any leach's might,
It ever can recured be again;
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retain,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish pain.†

The Queen of Naples was not, however, the woman to be daunted by a hostile Pope, even in alliance with her ungrateful protégé, Charles of Durazzo, whose secession to the enemy's camp, that unkindest cut of all, might wring from her the involuntary lament, *Et tu, Brute!* Joan showed a bold front to the Holy Father—a brazen one, like her bold-as-brass very self, *he* perhaps would have called it;—and as a defiant response to the treachery of Charles, she resolved to adopt as her heir Louis of Anjou, "in evil hour for herself, in worse for Naples,"—for this adoption of a nephew of the French King's became the means of again involving her unhappy realm in "all the miseries of a French invasion." Of course Clement the Anti-pope would not be behindhand with Urban the Pope, in supporting an heir-apparent in his own interests. What the Pope of Rome had done, at Rome, for Charles of Durazzo, the Pope of Avignon and France hastened to do for Louis of Anjou.

Again, as in the previous century, was a Duke of Anjou to conduct a formidable expedition to Naples. But Louis was no Charles of Anjou, either in character or fortune. His Italian expedition is thus noticed by Michelet: "Queen Joanna of Naples, threatened by her cousin, Charles of Durazzo, had adopted Louis of Anjou, and had been summoning him

* History of Latin Christianity, vol. vi. book xiii. ch. ii.

† Spenser, *The Faery Queene*, book vi. canto vi.

these two years. But as long as he could extract anything out of his own country, he had been unwilling to set off. These two years he had spent in plundering France and the French Church. The Pope of Avignon, in the expectation that he would rid him of his adversary at Rome, had abandoned to him not only all that the Holy See could receive, but all that it could borrow, pledging for repayment the whole of the church-lands. In order to levy the sums so granted, the Duke of Anjou had quartered on the churchmen the king's serjeants, bailiffs, devourers (*mangeurs*) as they were termed, and had reduced them to the necessity of selling the books belonging to their churches, their ornaments, chalices, and even the lead off their roofs.

"At last the Duke of Anjou set off, laden with money and with curses (the end of April, 1382). He set off, when the time had passed for succouring Queen Joanna. Fascinated by terror, or bowed down by years, or the remembrance of her crime, she had waited the arrival of her enemy. She was already a prisoner, when she had the mortification of seeing the arrival before Naples of that Provençal fleet, whose advent a few days sooner would have saved her. The fleet hove in sight early in May; on the 12th Joanna was suffocated under a mattress."*

The exact mode of her death is uncertain. The following is Dean Milman's account of it, and of its immediate antecedents:

"Charles of Durazzo was first in the field. The unpopularity of Joanna with her subjects was heightened by their hatred of the French, and the long tradition of their tyranny. The churchmen were for Pope Urban; their inclination had been skilfully increased by the distribution of benefices and dignities. The Hungarian and Papal forces met scarcely any resistance. Treacherous Naples opened its gates. Otho of Brunswick, the husband of Joanna, hastily summoned from Germany, was betrayed by his own bravery into the power of his enemies: Joanna was besieged in the Castel-Nuovo. She looked in vain for the Provençal fleets, and the French armament. Famine compelled her to capitulate; she was sent prisoner to a castle in the Basilicata. The inexorable King of Hungary demanded the death of the murderess, though acquitted of the crime by one Pope, and in close alliance with successive Popes. Pope Urban was silent; the unhappy daughter of a line of kings was put to death, either strangled while at her prayers, or smothered, according to another account, under a pillow of feathers."†

Niem's version of the murder is—though avowedly based on hearsay report, *ut fertur*—that one day while the queen was on her knees before the altar, she was then and there strangled, at the bidding of Charles himself, by four of his Hungarian satellites. If one can fancy the implacable Louis of Hungary looking on, still athirst for vengeance for Andrew's death, one can suppose him musing somewhat in the style of Hamlet, when watching that "adulterate beast," his uncle, on his knees—

Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do it; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged? That would be scann'd.

* Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. iv. l. vii. ch. i.

† Latin Christianity, vol vi. p. 21.

Certainly the calculations of the Prince of Denmark have a fiendish taint in them, that is found shocking in the study, and too shocking for the stage.

And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't.*

But no such diabolical refinements of speculative revenge, we may be sure, disturbed or delayed the plans of Joan's executioners. They struck when and where opportunity offered,—indifferent to the manner how, or the time when, and careful only that the bold stroke should be well struck home.

Smothered, or strangled, then, as the case may be, at any rate Joan of Naples died a violent death, and left her fame an historic problem. For, again to cite the unprejudiced and ever-tolerant Dean of St. Paul's, "to some she was a monster of lust and cruelty, the assassin of her husband; to others a wise, even a most religious princess, who governed her kingdom during peace with firm and impartial rule, promulgated excellent laws, established the most equitable tribunals."† He adds, that her repeated marriages were from the patriotic desire of bearing an heir to the throne of her fathers.

Could she have been innocent, after all? Can it be that the writers who, from one generation to another, stigmatise her as a royal reprobate, are merely endorsing one another's forged bills, merely echoing a *vox et præterea nihil* of mythical slander? Can it be that she is, in fact, to this hour,

—traded by tongues which neither know
Her faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of her doing:

then

Let her say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.‡

For virtue is imputed to her by an apologist here and there, willing if not altogether able to justify her by faith. Advocates of Queen Joan are, undoubtedly, in a considerable minority. Guilty, *sans phrase*, is the verdict of most triers. Of those, however, who have hazarded a defence of this captivating princess,—one, like Cleopatra,

Whom everything became, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strove
To make itself, in her, fair and admired,—§

of those literary champions who have flung down a glove in her cause, none perhaps is more sincere or more stalwart a defender than Walter

* Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 3.

† King Henry VIII., Act I. Sc. 2.

‡ Latin Christianity, book xiii. ch. ii.

§ Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. 1.

Savage Lander. Not that he has ever undertaken an elaborate, systematic defence of the "Mary Stuart of Italy;" but throughout his *opera omnia* may be found scattered instances of his kindly feeling for her, and of his conviction that she is historically, as she was personally, an injured woman. We would not lay stress on such a passage as that in the Imaginary Conversations, for example, in which Isaac Casaubon's byway allusion to "the celebrated Queen Giovanna, of Naples, a descendant of the brother of Saint Louis, accused of privy to the murder of her husband," is abruptly checked by King James with the exclamation, "I do not believe a word of it; a fabrication, a forgery!" For the Scottish Solomon, remembering whose son he was, may be supposed to have felt this a sore subject, and to be no very impartial witness to character. Still, he is for once the exponent of Mr. Lander's sentiments, as well as his own. The occasion of this reference to Queen Joan, is Casaubon's anti-papal proposition, that crimes, of which the heresy of princes is the richest, fertilise St. Peter's patrimony,—Joan's dealings with the Holy See being cited as an example. James will not hear of Joan's guilt, but he is eager to discuss the extortions of Rome:—"Proceed forthwith to the Pope's part in the business: there lies the guilt: say on." And Casaubon "says on," accordingly, that the beautiful young queen having need of the pontiff's protection,—although the people of Provence had obliged her to swear upon the Gospels that she would alienate none of her dominions, his Holiness, a few months afterwards, compelled her to sell him Avignon. "Ay," assents King James, "and never paid her."* Then again has not Mr. Lander composed a Trilogy of plays, relative to her fate and fortunes? Fifteen acts in classical blank verse, on the theme of Joan's life and reign. The first play of the series is called "Andrea of Hungary;" the second, "Giovanna of Naples;" and the third, "Fra Rupert." The first closes with the assassination of Andrea; and the second opens with Giovanna's earnest instructions, to the trustiest of her officers, to overtake and punish the assassins.

Ugo del Balzo! thou art just and firm.
 Seek we the murderers out, and bring them forth
 Before their God and fellow-men, if God
 Or fellow-men have they. Spare none who did
 This cruel deed. The partner of my throne,
 Companion of my days . . . until that day . .
 Avenge! In striking low the guilty head
 Show mercy to my people. Take from me
 And execute with promptness this commission.
 O what a chasm in life hath one day made,
 Thus giving way with one astounding crash
 Under my feet, when all seem'd equable,
 All hopeful, not a form of fear in sight.

Del Balzo proleptically answers her historical censors *en masse* :

Lady! if all could see the pangs within
 Which rend your bosom, every voice would pause
 From railing and reproach.†

* Lander's Imaginary Conversations, King James I. and Isaac Casaubon.
 † Giovanna of Naples, Act I. Sc. 2.

Petrarch and Boccaccio figure in the drama, and Rienzi talks with them of the indited queen. "So then, truly, Petrarca, thou dost think 'her innocent?" "Thou knowest she is innocent, Rienzi! Write then thy knowledge higher than my belief: the proofs lie there before thee."* Rienzi, on his judgment-seat in the Capitol, thus addresses Giovanna, on her being brought forward for trial:

It can not be
(We hope) that she who would have swept away
Playthings of royal courts and monkish cells,
The instruments of torture, that a queen
Who in her childhood visited the sick,
Nor made a luxury or pomp of doing it,
Who placed her little hand, as we have heard,
In that where fever burnt, nor fear'd contagion,
Should slay her husband.†

Such passages we merely quote, *quantum valeant*, as the poetical rendering of Mr. Landor's plain prose convictions. What these are, may be gathered from his life of Petrarch—from that paragraph in it which relates the poet's connexion with the court of Naples, first in King Robert's time, and now in that of the late king's suddenly-widowed daughter.

The following is the excerpt in question: "Ten years had elapsed since his [Petrarch's] mission to the court of Naples. The king Andreas had been assassinated, and the queen Giovanna was accused of the crime. Andreas had alienated from him all the Neapolitans, excepting the servile, which in every court form a party, and in most a majority. Luigi of Taranto, the queen's cousin, loved her from her childhood, but left her at that age. Graceful and gallant as he was, there is no evidence that she placed too implicit and intimate a confidence in him. Never has any great cause been judged with less discretion by posterity. The Pope, to whom she appealed in person, and who was deeply interested in her condemnation, with all the cardinals and all the judges, unanimously and unreservedly acquitted her, of participation, or connivance, or knowledge.

"Giannone, the most impartial and temperate of historians, who neglected no sources of information, bears testimony in her behalf. Petrarca and Boccaccio, men abhorrent from every atrocity, never mention her but with gentleness and compassion. The writers of the country who were nearest to her person and her times, acquit her of all complicity. Nevertheless, she has been placed in the dock by the side of Mary Stuart. It is as certain that Giovanna was *not* guilty as that Mary was. She acknowledged before the whole pontifical court her hatred of her husband; and, in the simplicity of her heart, attributed it to magic. How different was the magic of Othello on Desdemona! and this too was believed."‡

* Giovanna of Naples, Act III. Sc. 2.

† Ibid., Sc. 3.

‡ Francesca Petrarca, reprinted in Last Fruit off an Old Tree, pp. 281-317.

ASCENTS OF THE VOLCANO ORIZAVA,

THE LOFTIEST OF THE ANDES IN MEXICO.

THE workings of Nature in her profoundest laboratories are, it has been justly observed, concealed from us. It is true that science teaches us that the metallic bases of the earths, which constitute the solid crust of the globe, are combustible when exposed to the action of air or water, and their oxides give birth to quartz or silex, to felspar and clay, to lime, and to other rocky bases, and it is therefore presumed that these substances may exist in their metallic form in the centre of the earth; but this is as yet conjectural; nor does such a theory precisely account for all the phenomena of volcanoes, or the production of certain simple combustible bodies, as sulphur, fluor, or phthore, and others; possibly, however, because their metallic bases have not yet been eliminated. But, granting all this, still the real fact itself, and the manner in which volcanic action is actually brought about, have not yet been unfolded to us, although now so readily conjectured at.

The results of volcanic action are, however, everywhere present. The mighty forces of subterranean agency are to be seen in the inclined strata and disturbed disposition of the sedimentary rock formations almost all over the earth's surface, and elsewhere in the heaving up of islands or mountains from the abyss, or the crumbling them to atoms, or the emission of smoke, flames, cinders, and lava from their ignivomous mouths, or in the vents established by their own forces between the interior and the exterior.

In Mexico vast revolutions have been effected by volcanic agency; the cyclopean forges are, indeed, for the most part cold, but the subterranean forces are not everywhere extinct, and occasionally burst forth here or there, committing the most extensive ravages, or convulsing the earth with terrific spasms.

In the south a succession of volcanoes, passing from Oajaca through Chiapas, are connected with the burning mountains of Guatemala. Cem-paaltepec, one of the loftiest points of the Cordilleras of Oajaca, is a volcanic cone; the frequent earthquakes on the plateaus of Oajaca always appear at the same time as those of Guatemala, so that a complete assemblage of volcanic agencies would appear to exist there.

The chief range of the Mexican volcanoes lies between the 19th and 20th degrees of north latitude, and may be traced from the Atlantic to the South Sea, across the whole country. Near the gulf shores, about sixty miles from Vera Cruz, the isolated mountain range of Tustla, or San Martin, rears itself above the plain. It is evident that the whole range must have swollen up like a vast bladder, and subsequently have been cleft by repeated eruptions and fallings in. The highest point is about three thousand feet above the sea; several craters are visible, and also a round, very deep lake of fresh water, on a little plateau on the south-west side, indicating a sunken hollow. The last recorded eruption of this volcano took place in 1789. It was preceded by an earthquake and subterranean thunder. A vast cloud of ashes was cast up to an incredible

height, and carried off by the current of air that sets in from east to west. The ashes lay several inches deep in the streets and on the roofs of houses in towns situated twenty miles to the west, and even on the opposite side of the mountain, eight miles off, in the village of Perote, everything was covered with ashes. Since then the volcano has been at rest, but sounds as of distant thunder have been heard in the depths. The natives then say, "The Tustla growls!" The dwellers in the Tustla itself, however, aver that the sounds come from the direction of the Peak of Orizava, and call it the thunder of Orizava. It is hence deduced that a subterranean communication exists between the two mountains, a circumstance rendered all the more probable, not only by several volcanic summits rising up on the line, but also by the fact that earthquakes are felt most distinctly in the same direction.

Orizava, the loftiest mountain of the eastern chain, exhibits at the first glance its volcanic origin; it forms a majestic cone, whilst on the magnificent snowy peak, somewhat to the east of the highest ridge, the vast crater is distinctly seen. An eruption that lasted almost without interruption for twenty years took place fifty years after the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, in 1569, but it does not appear to have been accompanied by a discharge of lava. The opinion which was entertained in the following centuries that the ascent of the mountain was impossible, is supposed by some to be derived from the long duration of this eruption.

In 1848 some North American officers were said to have attained the summit, but Sartorius, in his excellent work on "Mexico and the Mexicans," says that no one in the country believed it. Three years later, on the 26th of March, 1851, a party of eighteen young men undertook the ascent. They passed the night at the point where vegetation ceases, and next day they reached the ice, where the perilous part of their enterprise began, by sunrise. After a short struggle, one half of the party, which comprised various nationalities (two Frenchmen, one Englishman, one American, one Belgian, and thirteen Mexicans), gave up the attempt and returned exhausted. Six of them succeeded in reaching a ridge of rocks, about half way up to the snowy cone, on the north side, whence the ascent took place, and which can be perceived from the sea. Here they rested, enjoyed the prospect, and then returned.

One of the Frenchmen, however,—Alexandre Doignon by name—reached the highest point, after a further fatiguing ascent of five hours and a half. He described the day as being perfectly clear, the air pure and transparent, and not the slightest cloud obscuring the lowlands. To the east the blue surface of the Atlantic and Vera Cruz were distinctly seen; the whole of the coast and the bright prairies; the towns of Orizava and Cordova, St. Juan, Huatusco and Jalapa, the indented mountain chain, stretching north and south, and the table-lands, with their numerous villages and lakes, bounded by the snowy range of Popocatepetl, constituted an immense landscape that extended before the astonished gaze of the intrepid traveller like a gigantic drawing.

The crater he described as lying something to the south-east of the highest point, and as being some hundred feet lower down. He also found at its edge a flag-staff, six feet long, bearing the date 1848, and part of a North American flag, affording proof that the honour of having

made the first ascent is due to the Americans. Only two of Doignon's companions, Majorus, a Belgian, and Contreras, a Mexican, reached the edge of the crater, and they were completely exhausted; the rarity of the atmosphere rendered respiration exceedingly difficult, and blood flowing from their mouths, they were soon forced to return. Severe headache and extremely painful inflammation of the eyes lasted long after the descent. The elevation of the peak was estimated upon this occasion by boiling point thermometer to be 18,178 feet.

The inhabitants of the little town of St. Andres Chalchicomula, on the west side of the volcano, having doubted the truth of Doignon's story, he was incited to venture on a second ascent a week subsequent to the first, or on the 4th of April, 1851. He was accompanied on this occasion by a number of Mexicans, who, however, gave up the undertaking the moment they reached the snow. This time the ascent was attended with great risk. Fresh snow had fallen and covered the former track, the chasms and fissures were concealed by it, and our adventurer sank into it at almost every step, carrying with him a flagstaff, as also a large flag, which he had wound about his body like a scarf.

Having attained the pile of rocks that jut out of the snow in safety, he here unfortunately missed his way, and getting more to the eastwards, or on the left side, than the first time, he found his progress impeded by an enormous chasm twenty-five feet wide and four hundred deep, and consisting within of terrace-like masses of ice. This chasm extended about half a league in a semicircle. Some fragile bridges of ice affording the only means of passage, Doignon ventured over these, but even then he met with and had to cross several other dangerous fissures, in doing which he had to encounter the greatest dangers. When just nearing the summit, a steep wall of ice interposed itself between him and the accomplishment of his hopes. Calling forth all his remaining energies, exhausted, trembling, every moment in peril of being precipitated into the abyss, he at length surmounted this last obstacle, and was able then to rest for a time.

At first our adventurer was shrouded in a dense fog, which, however, soon fell below the snowy cone. To the north-east he perceived a succession of isolated rocks, several hundred feet high, rising like a ruined wall. The snow extended to the edge of the crater, within which, on the north side, were deep fissures reaching to the top. A rock at the edge of the crater, fifteen feet thick, is described as being quite hot, as was the soil round the same, and even the ground is said to have trembled slightly at this spot, but it was more probably the spectator. There was no snow, only sand and volcanic ashes. A powerful smell of sulphur is also described as proving the ceaseless activity of the fire within, and both the interior of the crater and the highest westerly point of the mountain (which we shall find Baron de Müller justly designating as the upper walls of the crater) were covered with sulphur, the soil being also heated. Several rocks were also glazed on the surface (vitreous lava, or obsidian), but within they were whitish, like burnt lime. The crater itself had an oval shape, with two inlets to the south and east. (This is also corroborated by Baron Müller.) The diameter at the top was estimated by Doignon at about 2000 metres, and the circumference 6500. (Müller's estimate coincides closely with this, being 6000 metres.)

This great crater presented a terrific abyss, with almost perpendicular sides, furrowed by black burnt fissures. "We look down," says the narrator, "into a fearful gulf, which on the east side may be about five hundred and fifty feet deep. In this gulf enormous black pyramidal rocks are seen, dividing it into three openings, two smaller ones to the south, the larger one to the east. On the north side, about one hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the crater, a gigantic black cleft rocky pyramid rises to the height of more than four hundred feet. From the large opening to the east, volumes of steam, strongly impregnated with sulphur, constantly rise as from a flue. A low rumbling is heard in the depths, causing a feeling of anxiety in the lifeless wilderness." The sides of the crater to the west and south-west were less steep, and covered with snow.

Doignon had planted his flag on the loftiest pinnacle, but a brisk ice-wind made him fear that it had been overthrown. He therefore once more returned to the summit, and believed, for a time, that he should be forced to pass the night at the foot of the warm rocks: the wind falling, however, he commenced his descent at four o'clock in the afternoon. He had to clamber downwards amidst wondrous perils, having been actually reduced in places to feel his way from the darkness in which he was enveloped. Happily at eight o'clock he joined his companions at the foot of the glaciers. His great exertions in the snow-fields were succeeded by a night of much pain, and by a recurrence of the inflammation of the eyes, which was severer than the first time. In a few days he was recovered, and the gallant young man was honoured with a splendid banquet, and even valuable presents were made him by the inhabitants of St. Andres Chalchicomula, who were cured of their incredulity by seeing the banner waving above the peak.

This, it is to be observed, was in March and April, 1851. A still more recent ascent has been effected at a different season of the year, in the month of August, 1856, by Baron Müller, who had only arrived that month at Vera Cruz from an exploring journey in Canada and the United States.

The learned traveller issued forth from the small town of Orizava to effect the ascent on the morning of the 30th of August, accompanied by Mr. A., a Swedish gentleman, Malmjö, and a graduate of the University of Berlin.

The party, provided with all that was necessary for their undertaking, took the direction of the volcano across narrow but rapid streams and barancas—the terrible chasms or ravines that intersect the uplands—and which they found difficult to cross even with the aid of the well-trained Mexican horses. They arrived the first day at the hacienda, or farm of Toquila, near San Juan Coscomatepes, where they passed the night, and laid in a further stock of provisions. Beyond this they reached the Indian village of Alpatlahua, where they obtained native guides, who led them by rocky pathways along the beds of torrents and over rocky crests, but still amidst a luxuriant vegetation.

The plain, says the baron, was now far below us, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled beneath our feet, for we had attained an elevation of two thousand six hundred and sixty metres. At this elevation vegetation had changed its aspect, creepers and climbers had disappeared, but

the orchidicæ still clung to the trees. After passing the night in a rancho, or shepherd's hut, they made an early start on the morning of the 1st of September, and soon reached the region of pines. They passed on their way numerous crosses raised to the memory of travellers who had fallen victims to banditti or to the climate. It is the custom with wayfarers to scatter flowers over the tombs of these unfortunate persons. By nine in the morning they arrived at the rancho of Grecale, three thousand three hundred metres above the level of the sea. The road kept increasing in difficulty, and was now intersected by horrible barancas.

"At ten and a half," says Baron Müller, "we reached the end of the baranca of Trinchera, and the sources of the Rio de la Soledad. Not far from thence was the rancho of Jamapa, the aim of that day's excursion: it consisted of a few wooden huts, the proprietor of which, a Mexican in rags, received us with the most polished dignity, placing every thing at our disposal—that is to say, a hut which served as a barn, and which he hospitably announced to us to be an hostelry. We, however, refreshed ourselves at this station, washing down our meals with latalan (a strong Spanish brandy), and sleeping soundly. The next day, on our departure, we saw the colossal head of the volcano glittering with the reflected light of the sun in an azure blue sky. Soon vegetation ceased entirely, we were surrounded by nothing but rocks of gneiss, of trachyte, and of hornblende, with volcanic sand and cinders."

At eleven the travellers arrived at the base of the peak, properly so called. The view to the westward is described as being magnificent; the Popocatepetl and the Malinche towered out of the lofty upland of Mexico, whose surface seemed to be dotted with lakes that glittered like so many precious stones. To the east the landscape was buried in fog and cloud. A sharp wind gave additional intensity to the cold, and the Indian guides were despatched into a forest below to bring up wood to construct a hut and make a fire. They did this with great alacrity. A lofty rock of granite served as a gable; another of less dimensions filled up one of the sides; the opposite corner was supported by a stake made firm with stones, for the soil was too hard frozen to permit of a hole being made in it; the cross-beams were made fast with ropes, and the whole was covered with straw matting.

Although a little too airy, this rustic mansion protected the travellers from the excess of cold. But the rarified atmosphere rendered their breathing frequent and irregular, and all were more or less feverish, and suffering from headache. The elevation they had attained already exceeded that of Mont Blanc. The thermometer indicated ten degrees below zero—a temperature which contrasted singularly with the twenty-nine degrees of heat experienced a short time previously in the *terracaliente*. The hut was surrounded at night-time by wolves attracted by the odour of good things.

Next morning the party made their last preparations for the ascent of the peak. Laden with provisions and with astronomical and meteorological instruments, provided with thick green leaves of fern, and armed with Alpine staves and hooks, they started with a slow and steady step at seven in the morning. Their way lay at first over loose soil, with here and there a patch of snow, after which they had to climb over rocky

boulders and huge detached stones, amid deep crevices and ravines. Arrived at this point, one of the guides declared that he would go no further, so they had to leave him behind, and to carry the instruments themselves.

After two hours of the most painful toil, they had attained an elevation of only three hundred and sixty yards above whence they had started, and had reached the line of perpetual snow. At this point the second guide gave in, and the travellers had to carry his share of the burden by turns. The ascent was so abrupt that they did not advance more than eight or ten feet in twenty-five paces, and after each such exertion they had to rest themselves awhile. The brilliant light reflected from the snow added to their discomfort by dazzling their eyes and affecting the sight. This snow was covered with a thin coating of ice, which often gave way beneath their feet.

"We were nearing the crater," Baron Müller relates, "when I heard Malmjö call out from behind. I turned round, and saw that he had sunk into the snow up to his armpits; and at the very moment one of my legs broke through the ice deep into the snow below. I, however, succeeded in getting to Malmjö, when he showed me the hole he had fallen into. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the sight. I felt a cold perspiration pervade my whole body. We were, in fact, standing over a vast abyss, from which we were separated by only a thin coating of snow and ice. It was in vain that the eyes sought for indications of rock or soil, columns of ice and crystals filled the depths beyond, and the abyss, instead of being dark, was splendidly lit up by some subterranean or subnival source of light—probably the sun's rays that fell upon the snow. Fear paralysed our every movement. After having raised ourselves up with the utmost caution, we spread out our arms, at all risks, over the snow, and then we let ourselves slide slowly down. After having thus descended some hundred paces, we arrived at a spot that appeared to be firm. There we held a deliberation, for it was necessary to determine by which side it was best to turn the abyss in order to reach the crater." But suddenly a strong wind arose, and bore up thick clouds, which so enveloped them that they could not see one another at a distance of three paces. It was impossible to ascend any further in such a snow storm, so that they were obliged to retrace their steps without guides or provisions, for in saving themselves from the abyss they had unfortunately let the provision-basket fall.

They arrived at four in the afternoon at the extemporised hut where they had spent the previous evening. This night was still more painful and distressing than the previous one. The determination of blood to the head injected their eyes till they were quite red, and an inflammation, attended with the most severe pain, manifested itself in the instance of Sonntag and Malmjö, and what was their horror, when daylight came, to find that they were perfectly blind! Their eyelids were glued by a kind of earthy humour, and even when that was removed, they could scarcely discern the light of day. As a culminating point of their misfortunes, the provisions were exhausted, while an Indian added to their discomfort by announcing that a numerous band of robbers were awaiting them in the woody zone below.

All these untoward circumstances combined, induced Baron Müller to

attempt the passage to the west, towards San Andres Chalchicomula. As the Orizava approaches nearest to the high upland of Mexico on that side, the travellers would have two thousand metres less distance to go to reach the table-land. They had to lead the blind across a most difficult country covered with rolled stones and volcanic cinders, till, after an hour's toil, they reached the limits of vegetation, and soon afterwards the shelter of a fine pine forest.

The farther they got down the denser the forest became, but the silence of the dark and gloomy recesses was broken by innumerable parrots that find sustenance in the fir-cones. Now and then an opening presented itself which allowed the green pastures that flank the blue mountains of the Mexican table-land to be discerned. A cross raised over a mound of fresh earth bore a record upon it of the death of between twenty and thirty individuals at that spot. It was a melancholy relic of the last pronunciamiento. Long after civil war has been brought to a conclusion in this unfortunate country, bands of partisans continue to infest the roads and commit robberies under the shelter of politics.

After having traversed a cultivated plain enlivened here and there by ranchos, our travellers reached the small town of San Andres Chalchicomula the same evening. Sundry washings performed near an aqueduct upon the eyes of the sufferers had enabled them to see a little better.

From information which they obtained at this place, it appeared that the ascent of the mountain was much more practicable from the south, and Baron Müller was determined to try again forthwith. But, notwithstanding a few days' repose, M. Malmjö and M. Sonntag were too ill to join him, two other persons, however—Mr. Campbell, an inspector of telegraphs, and M. de la Huerta—volunteered to accompany him.

The Citaltepetl, "the mountain of the star," as the Indians call the Orizava, or, as some have it, Orizaba, was enveloped in dense clouds the morning of the 8th of September, 1856, Baron Müller relates, when he bade farewell to his friends, and left San Andres Chalchicomula amidst the good wishes of the inhabitants.

"Two courageous and experienced Indians, whose services had been obtained for me by the prefect, had been sent on beforehand in order to lay in provisions of wood and water, and deposit the same in a grotto that was situated on the south side of the mountain, just below the limits of perpetual snow, and where we were to spend the first night. My party was composed of Mr. Campbell, M. de la Huerta, and two attendants, all four on horseback; and we had, besides, a mule laden with provisions.

"Starting with spirit, we soon attained a table-land, the surface of which was diversified by a great number of volcanic hills of little elevation, and beyond which were fine forests of pine and fir; but our way was not more obstructed by fallen trees than it was by occasional deep ravines and the necessity there was for following the most impracticable and dangerous pathways.

"At about five in the evening, as we were thus toiling along the side of a baranca, the horse that bore M. Huerta lost its footing, and fell. He was near me, and as he fell on a small smooth rock, I expected to see him hurled into the depths of the abyss below; but the Mexican horses are extraordinarily sagacious, and the poor brute extricated itself and its

rider from their perilous position with marvellous promptitude and address. Without even excepting the Arab horses, I know of no better steeds for travelling purposes than the Mexican. They are also well made, of good shape, intelligent, and exceedingly faithful and obedient."

It was late at night before our travellers reached the grotto. It was not dark, however, the firmament being lit up by a tropical moon.

"Our little party," says the baron, "presented at that moment so picturesque a group, that it really ravished me. Although I had been disillusionised of romance by my numerous travels, the spectacle of that evening was well adapted to arouse the dreams of the most capricious fancy. A clear fire blazed away at the entrance of the grotto and lit up the interior, the projections of rock casting dark and strange shadows into the semi-obscurity. Drops of water fell like diamonds from the roof on the floor. The Indians, and other attendants with their Mexican costumes, were busy with the horses, that were left ready saddled, and we ourselves, with our travelling accoutrements and glittering arms, rather resembled bandits than peaceful travellers.

"Without the grotto, the spectacle of nature had a majesty about it that produced a deep impression upon our minds. The moon shone mildly to the south-east, and its light penetrated through the dark pines; to the west, the gigantic volcano, almost veiled in fog, reflected the rays of the moon, and it appeared even more majestic than ever by that mysterious light."

The preparations for the ascent were commenced by the earliest dawn on the ensuing day, and, after an hour's toil, they reached the last limits of vegetation, and then the zone of perpetual snow. The horses were so thoroughly done up that they had to be sent back to the grotto.

"The atmosphere," says Baron Müller, "was so rarefied that our poor steeds could scarcely inhale a sufficient quantity of oxygen, and their breathing was as deep and difficult as if they had galloped a long stage. The men were also sensible of the same influence, but birds seem to be indifferent to it, for here, at an elevation of five thousand five hundred yards, I saw two falcons playing in the air full seven hundred yards above me."

The travellers arrived without any incidents at the fields of snow, out of which pieces of rock jutted here and there and helped them much in their scramble upwards. By noon they had attained a little platform covered with snow. This point, which presented a smooth surface of a few feet square, was the last where there was any possibility of reposing themselves before reaching the volcano, so they accordingly rested here a few moments to refresh themselves.

"Below us," says the baron, "in a south-westerly direction, we could see a red-hot crater surrounded by serrated and perpendicular rocks. I estimated the height of its most elevated peak, called the Cerro del Mono, at four thousand three hundred metres. In the direction of the Valle de Lopus, where we passed the night, was the Sierra Negra, which was not covered with snow, although it must exceed four thousand eight hundred feet in elevation. Hence its name, the 'Black Mountain.'

"The ascent was recommenced after a quarter of an hour's rest, but the depths of the snow presented extraordinary obstacles to our progress. We went up to our knees at every step, and as the slope generally ex-

ceeded an angle of forty-five degrees, we had to crawl on all fours. The chief difficulty was to breathe, and we could not get over twenty or twenty-five paces without rest. Spite of a veil and of green spectacles, my eyes suffered this time; but even the pain derived from that affliction was surpassed by an attack I experienced at about two o'clock. It came on like the sensation of a red-hot iron searing my lungs, and from that moment, every time I took a breath, I experienced agonising pains in the chest, and which, with intervals of relief, became so acute at times as to leave me perfectly senseless. My two friends and the Indian guides were so terrified at the intensity of the attacks, that they wished to return, but I would not consent to that."

The sun had at least warned the travellers up to that time, but the heavens coming on clouded, they now began to experience a sharp cold. Sometimes a wall of snow presented itself in front of them, which they had great difficulty in turning. A violent storm then broke far beneath them, the thunder of which was only like so many cracks. They now began to feel alike wearied and discouraged: the day was already far advanced, the summit was still far off, and the Indian guides refused to go any farther. Even the companions of the baron began to lose courage. It was only upon the latter's declaring that, if left alone, he would still persevere in the ascent, that they consented to remain with him. In order to render their progress less irksome, one of the Indian guides was sent with a long knotted rope in advance; this he fastened with a stick tightly into the ice, and then the travellers pulled themselves up from knot to knot. But the baron's pains in his chest continued as bad as ever, and were now followed by the loss of blood and fainting-fits. A last annoyance was reserved for the travellers in the shape of a very fine frozen snow that had begun to fall, and crept into their clothes and to their very flesh. It was not till after unheard-of efforts, and the most indomitable perseverance, that, almost utterly exhausted, and yet full of a firm resolve to succeed, the baron attained the brim of the crater at forty-five minutes past five in the afternoon.

"Success had crowned my efforts," says M. de Müller, "and my joy was so great, that for a moment I forgot all my sufferings, but I was soon recalled to a sense of my weakness by a fainting-fit and the pouring forth of torrents of blood from my mouth.

"When I came to myself again I was still on the borders of the crater, and I summoned together all my strength to look around me and observe as much as I could. I proximatively determined the form of the crater; but my weakness was so great, and the fall of snow continued so dense, that I could not fix its precise circumference with the aid of a sextant. Nor was it in my power to make a topographical survey of the regions below, for nothing could be plainly discerned.

"The crater has an irregular elliptical form; its chief axis is from west-north-west to east-south-east, but it curves a little more to the southward; its length may be about two thousand five hundred metres. Two other axes, running nearly from north to south, have very different lengths: the greatest to the east is about five hundred French yards; the lesser one to the west about one hundred and fifty yards. I estimate the whole circumference of the volcano at six thousand metres.

"The extent of this circumference is perfectly incomprehensible to any
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one who contemplates the mountain from below from the north-west or south-west; the summit appears much too small to possess so capacious a crater; but, from above, it is seen that the mouth of the crater has a considerable slope in the direction of the south-east, and that at once explains the deception. That which is taken as viewed from the sea, from Vera Cruz, from Cordova, and from Orizava, for a perpendicular wall-situated without the crater, is nothing else than the internal lining of the crater itself.

"My pen fails me in attempting to depict the appearance presented by this great crater, or the impression that it produced upon me. It was as the gateway to the infernal regions closely guarded by night and terror personified. What terrible power have been evoked to raise and break up such enormous masses, to melt them, to pile them up one upon another, tower-like, till they cooled in such a position and retained their existing shapes!

"A bed of yellow sulphur covered the inner walls at different places, and little volcanic cones rose out of the bottom. The soil of the crater was, however, mostly clad with snow as far as I could see, and was not therefore warm; but the Indians assured me that a warm air issues from the crevices in various places. Although I did not verify their statement, it appears to me all the more creditable, as I have frequently observed the same thing to be the case in the Popocatepetl.

"A project which I had entertained from the first of passing the night upon the crater had, by the force of imperious circumstances, been superseded. Twilight, which, as is well known, is under such latitudes very brief, had already set in, and there was no alternative but to return at once. The two Indian guides rolled the *petates*, or straw mats, which they had brought with them, into the shape of a kind of sleigh or sledge; we then took our seats upon these, and, spreading out our legs, had nothing to do but let the vehicles thus extemporised glide down. But, as may be imagined, the rapidity with which we were thus hurried along soon increased to such an extent, that our descent resembled rather a fall in the air than any other system of locomotion; and we were carried in a few minutes over the same distance that had taken us five hours to climb up."

Arrived at the limit of perpetual snow, after having effected their dangerous descent, which the baron designates as a *schulte*, not without some slight accidents and still more serious perils, our travellers had to accomplish the remainder of their journey on foot. At half-past eight they were cheered by the vision of the fire burning in the grotto of the Valle de Lapos, and they were safely ensconced in it an hour afterwards.

"The scene," says M. de Müller, "was singularly changed since the previous evening. The snow had fallen in every direction, and the floor of the grotto had been converted into mud by the increased quantity of water that had filtered into it. Our clothes were also wet through and through, and yet our eyes were so bad that we durst not approach the fire. All we cared for, after fourteen hours' arduous toil, was to lay down and repose ourselves. So we took off the greater portion of our clothes, and let the Indians dry them at the fire, whilst we sought refuge, half-naked, in the driest corners of the grotto. Water was, at the same time, being boiled, so as to make a strong decoction of tea mixed with wine.

An hour afterwards we had had our tea, our clothes were partially dried, and so happy did we feel, compared with the dangers we had just surmounted, that we slept better than princes buried in sheets of cambric.

"Our sleep was broken next morning by a cheerful sun. The snow of the previous evening was in great part molten, and, strengthened by a good sleep and a good chocolate, we took the road that we had followed on our ascent. About two in the afternoon, as we were approaching San Andres Chalchicomula, I was surprised at seeing the whole population of the town coming out with music and banners to congratulate us on our success. One of our Indian guides had started off from the grotto of Valle de Lope by a short cut and with a quick step, and had spread the news of our successful ascent some time before." After having briefly reposed themselves, Mr. Campbell and M. de la Huerta went to the prefect, and made an affidavit as to the positive ascent having been accomplished.

The affidavit was so far correct, but we have seen that the worthy baron was mistaken when he supposed that he was the first person who had effected an ascent of the Peak of Orizava. The very details which he gives serve to corroborate the correctness of the descriptions given by those who preceded him. The abyss over which he and M. Malmjö found themselves suspended by a thin coating of snow, and which defeated their first attempt at ascending the peak, seems to have been the same "enormous chasm" that is described by Doignon as extending about half a league in a semicircle, and which the French traveller crossed on a fragile bridge of ice. We have also before noticed other corroborations. It is only surprising that the authorities and inhabitants of San Andres Chalchicomula should have left the baron and his friends in ignorance of the previous successful ascents made, and the last of which they rewarded by their acclamations and their presents.

According to Doignon's measurement, the height of the Peak of Orizava is 18,178 feet English; Ferrar found it to be 17,885 feet; and the North American engineers, 17,819 feet. Baron Müller estimated the height at 5527 metres, and "I think," he adds, "I can affirm that no one had the curiosity to explore the summit before us." This estimated height approximates to those previously obtained, and if we adopt the least of the calculations, it would appear that Orizava is the highest point of the Mexican Andes.

These ascents, and especially Doignon's, which were accomplished under more favourable circumstances and with less exhaustion than Baron Müller's, afford proof that the subterranean fire in this volcano, or rather the sources whence its volcanic action are derived, are not extinguished or exhausted, and that the lurking monster, like Etna and Vesuvius, may again terrify those dwelling on or near it, even after a lapse of three centuries.

The base of the giant is likewise surrounded for a considerable distance with smaller volcanoes. To the north-east and east we see a whole group of blunted cones between steep calcareous mountains, some of which have cast up lava, others mud and ashes; at all events, the last appears to be distinctly indicated in the strata of the sloping plain, stretching eastwards from the base of the volcanic mountain Acatepec. To the south and south-east are various craters, hot sulphur-springs, and springs which

burst forth from rocky cavities like brooks. The course of the streams has also been much altered by volcanic action. Two rivers, which rise on the east side of Orizava, suddenly disappear. The larger one, Jamapa, plunges into a fissure on the right bank of a deep ravine, and reappears three miles farther off, on the other side of a range of limestone mountains, not in the ravine, but issuing from a cave more to the south. From the point where the river quits it the bed of the ravine is dry. The other, called Tliapa, after foaming as a raging torrent over the rocks, disappears near Cordova, at the western base of a range of hills, and then reappears as a deep vortex in a steep rocky inlet near the mountain-pass of Chiquihuite, at a distance of two miles on the east side. This rivulet has, further, the peculiarity that the chief source, which is high up in the pine-forests of Orizava, has milk-white, lukewarm water in winter, whilst in the rainy season it is clear and very cold.

On the west side of the Peak of Orizava, towards the table-lands, several volcanic appearances are also met with. Sulphureous vapours rise from a shrubless hill. The Indians use these warm sulphur exhalations to obtain vapour baths. They dig pits three feet deep, and as many wide, then sit down in them and cover up the top, so as to leave the head free. Not far off there is also a group of mountains called Los Derrumbatos, one of which is cleft, and frequently belches forth flame.

In the plain at the foot of Orizava, towards the west, near the village of Aljojuca, is a crater filled with water, which tastes rather brackish, but can still be used for drinking. This round pool is about one-eighth of a mile in circumference, with perpendicular rocky sides. A path made by the ancient Indians leads down into the hollow. Farther on, the steep cones of Pizarro and Tepeyacualco rear their summits above the plain, and a mass of lava serves them for a pedestal.

It is pretty generally admitted by geologists that, as expounded at length by the illustrious Humboldt, the forces of volcanic action are undergoing diminution. Everything tends to show that the crust of the globe has gone through changes which are gradually arriving at a certain point of consistency. But there are speculations which militate against this view of the subject. It is, for example, supposed that in the constant march of creation and disintegration, the great alluvial beds deposited by rivers, and the vast lithophytic or coralline growths in the Pacific, remain to be tilted up from below by volcanic action before they can take their place, some future day, as islands or continents. Be this as it may, and even granting the limitation of volcanic action, there is nothing to show that the country now in question may not yet be some day the seat of some terrific convulsions of nature, and yet these may be, comparatively speaking, slight, as contrasted with such as have preceded them. Further, were eruptions to ensue upon such efforts of nature to relieve itself, they would, from what has been previously noted, be more likely to occur in the table-lands, the sides of mountains, or in lesser ranges, than from the crater of Orizava.

As this lofty volcano has been succeeded by smaller volcanoes and other cones and craters, as above described, so it appears to have itself succeeded its ancient rival Naucampatepetl, or the Coffer of Perote, in the principal mountain chain, and which appears to have been in part destroyed by lateral eruptions that have occurred at an epoch posterior to when it was

itself an active volcano, just as we see going on in the present day with regard to Mount Vesuvius. On the north side of the mountain is the so-called *Mal Pais*, a broad stream of lava, nearly ten miles in length, whose glazed scoriaceous mass bears every indication of a molten state, while the pumice-stones, scattered far and wide, distinctly prove that a discharge took place in that direction. The mountain is most shattered on the south-east side, where it has an appearance as though an explosion from the summit to the base had hurled one whole side of the crater to the east. The whole form of the crater and the destruction of the mountain are best seen at certain heights of the sun, when the lights and shade are distinctly brought out. A beautiful plain, remarkable for its great fertility, was produced at its base by this falling in, as also by the streams of lava, and the discharges of ashes and mud. The mightiest trees flourish there, and for more than a century maize has been annually sown in the same ground without manuring.

The perpendicular rocky walls, from a thousand to two thousand feet high, of the profound *barancas*, ravines, or chasms, which everywhere intersect this region, also enable us to form some idea of the might of volcanic ravages. They are compact masses of firm conglomerate, with larger or smaller fragments of basalt, or a jumble of volcanic tufa. The upper covering is argillaceous of all colours, but mostly ferruginous, and wherever water can exert its influence, iserine, or crystals of magnetic iron, are washed out in great quantities, as in other countries similarly circumstanced. The breaking up of these mountains must have happened at a very remote period, for horizontal stratification may be observed, or at all events divisions into separate stories, marking, probably, different epochs of eruption and cataclysm, and there are deep caves and grottos at their base.

It only remains to be remarked that the lofty *Popocatepetl* (17,773 feet), though quiescent, is still active, and close by it is the snow mountain *Iztaccihuatl*, which bears the same relation to *Popocatepetl* as the *Coffer* of *Perote* does to *Orizava*: it is a ruined flue of the same furnace. Nearer to the Pacific two more volcanoes are still active, viz. *Jorullo* and *Colima*, the latter since the earliest known periods, the other a recent production of the mighty subterranean fires, which in the middle of the last century called forth terror and dismay on all sides. It is not impossible that this line of volcanic country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, indicates an occasional subterranean connexion or filtration between the two oceans.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

HOW THE OLDEN DELIRIUM AWOKE LIKE A GIANT FROM HIS SLUMBERS.

THE Molyneux rooms in Lowndes-square were full; not crowded, the Viscountess knew too well the art of society to cram her apartments, as is the present habitude, till lords and ladies jostle and crush one another like so many Johns and Marys crowding before a fair—the rooms were full, and “brilliantly attended,” as the morning papers had it next day, for though they were of the fourth order of nobility, the Molyneux had as exclusive a set as any in town, and knew “everybody.” “Everybody!” Comprehensive phrase! meaning, in *their* lips, just the *crème de la crème*, and nothing whatever below it; meaning, in a Warden’s, all his Chapter; in a schoolgirl’s, all her schoolfellows; in a leg’s, all the “essay-men;” in an author’s, those who read him; in a painter’s, those who praise him; in a rector’s, those who testimonialise and saint him! In addition to the haute volée of fashion there was the haute volée of intellect at the Viscountess’s soirées, for Lady Molyneux dearly loved to have a lion (though whether a writer who honours the nations, or an Eastern prince in native ugliness and jewellery, was perhaps immaterial to her!); and many of our best littérateurs and artists were not only acquaintances of hers, but intimate friends of Sabretache’s, who at any time threw over the most aristocratic crush for the simplest intellectual réunion, preferring, as he used to say, the God-given cordon of Brain to the ribbons of Bath or Garter.

The rooms were full, the guests brilliant and well assorted; there were Garcia, and Grisi, and Gardoni in the music-room; there was dancing in the ball-room for inveterate waltzers like Curly or Violet; and in the drawing-rooms there was, rarest of all—though good singing and good waltzing are rare enough, in all conscience, Heaven knows!—there was good conversation, conversation worthy the name, with (*mirabile dictu!* in these days of didactic common-place, and wit, God save the mark! heavy as a Suffolk cart-horse) repartee and discussion that would not have disgraced the charming evenings at Madame de Sablé’s, or the circles at Strawberry Hill and Holland House.

I went there early, leaving a dinner-party in Eaton-square sooner than perhaps I should have done, from a trifle of curiosity I felt to see how the “Little Tressillian” comported herself in her new sphere; and I confess I did not expect to see her quite so thoroughly at home, and quite so much of a star in her own way as I found her to be. I have told you she had nothing of Violet’s regular and perfect beauty—regular as a classic statue, perfect as an exquisitely-tinted picture—yet, somehow or other, Alma *told* as well in her way as the lovely Irish belle in hers; told even better than the Lady Ela Ashburnington, our modern Medici

Venus—but who, alas! like the Venus, never opens those perfectly-chiselled lips; or the exquisite Mrs. Tite Delafield,—whose form would rival Canova's Pauline, if it weren't made by her *couturière*; or even Madame la Duchesse de la Vieillecour, now that—ah me!—the sweet rose bloom is due to Palais Royal shops, and the once innocent lips only breathe coquetties studied beforehand, while her maid brushes out her long hair, and Gwen'—pahaw! Madame la Duchesse—glances alternately from the *Lys de la Vallée* to her *miroir face et nuque*.

Yes, Alma won upon all; whether it was her freshness, whether it was her natural abandon, whether it was her unusual talent, wit, and gay self-possession (for if there is a being on earth whom I hate 'tis Byron's "bread-and-butter miss"), I must leave. Probably, it was that nameless something which one would think Mephistopheles himself had given some women, so surely and so unreasoningly do we go down before it, whether we will or no. The women sneered at her, and smiled superciliously, but that was of course! See two pretty women look at each other—there is defiance in the mutual regard, and each thinks in her own heart, "*Je vais me frotter contre Wellington!*" One might have imagined that those high-bred beauties, with their style and their Paris dress, their acknowledged beauty, and their assured conquests, could well have spared poor little Alma a few of the leaves out of their weighty bay wreaths. Yet I believe in my soul they grudged her even the stalks, and absolutely condescended to honour her with a sneer (surest sign of feminine envy) when they saw not only a leaf or two, but a good many garlands of rose and myrtle going to her in the Olympian game of "Shining." Violet, the only woman I ever knew without a trace of envy or spite, occupied though she pardonably was with her own happiness, had taken care to circulate Alma's identity with the artist of the "*Louis Dix-Sept*;" she had interested one or two of the Academicians (kind as your really "*grands hommes*" generally are to tyros) about her, and had introduced to her some of the "*nicest men*," according to Violet's idea of our niceness, which was, I dare say, according to our capabilities for intellectual conversation. So started, Alma was quite capable of holding her own, and of coming in at the distance with the best of them, and when I entered the ball-room I saw the little lady leaning on Curly's arm, after a gallop with him, laughing and talking with him and half a dozen men—among them Castleton. Her own innate good taste had led her to dress solely in white, with a few white flowers and dark myrtle-leaves laid on her golden hair; De Vigne's emeralds, flashing in the gas-lights, her sole ornaments. There was something uncommonly picturesque in her appearance; rooms filled like the Molyneux' were no slight test; but her extreme animation of feature, vivacity of manner, and ready wit (always to the point, but always spoken softly, merrily, laughingly, as if even the keen satire the Little Tressillian could on occasion deal out; only came from the superabundance of her quick intelligence and joyous spirits), attracted all the men round her, if only in surprise at a new study, and gratitude to that "*deuced amusing little thing*" for a fresh sensation.

Alma, like all brilliant and lively women, enjoyed shining, and scintillating, and winning the admiration she was born to create. I would as soon, *entre nous*, believe in a child not liking bonbons, or in a jockey

not caring to win the Goodwood Cup, as I would believe in a woman not liking admiration—if she can get it! Perhaps but for her whole-hearted admiration for De Vigne, after whose epigrammatic talk and original character all men seemed very naturally to her *fade*, spiritless, and common-place, Alma might have been a coquette—if you can fence well it were hard to hang up the foils all your days!

I could not say Alma was the belle of the rooms, because Violet Molyneux was that wherever she went; and had Violet been absent, Lady Ela, and Mrs. Tite, and Madame de la Vieillecour, aforesaid, must in justice have won the golden apple long before her—those three superb and royal beauties, with their pearls and their diamonds, their dentelle and their demi-trains, their usage du monde and their skilful flirtations; but Alma had more men round her than any other, I can assure you—Violet, to a certain extent, being tacitly left to the Colonel. An R.A. complimented Alma on her wonderful talent, a cabinet minister smiled at her repartee, a great littérateur exchanged mots with her, Curly fell more deeply in love with her than ever, Castleton was rapturous about her feet and ankles, very blasé men about town went the length of exciting themselves to ask her to dance, and Guardsmen warmed into stronger admiration than their customary *nil admirari*-ism usually permitted, about her. Yet she bent forward to me as I approached her with a very eager whisper:

“Oh, Captain Chevasney! isn’t Sir Folko—Major de Vigne—coming?”

I really couldn’t tell her, as I had not seen him all day, save for a few minutes in Pall-Mall; and the dreadful disappointment on her face was exceedingly amusing. But a minute afterwards her eyes flashed, the colour deepened in her cheeks.

“There he is!” she said, with an under-breath of delight. And her attention to Curly, and Castleton, and the other men, began to wander considerably.

There he was, leaning against the doorway, distinguishable from all around him by the stately set of his head and the “grand air” for which he had always been remarkable, even from his boyish days at Frestonhills. He looked bored, I was going to say, but that is rather too affected a thing, and not earnest nor ardent enough for any feeling of De Vigne’s; it was rather the look of a man too impatient and too spirited for the quiet trivialities around him, who would prefer “fierce love and faithless war” to drawing-room flirtations and polite character—damning; the look of a horse who wants to be scenting powder and leading a charge, and is ridden quietly along smooth downs where nothing is stirring, with a curb which he does not relish. Ostensibly, he was chatting with a member of the Lower House: absolutely, he was watching Alma with that dark haughty look in his eyes, caused, I think, by a certain peculiarity of dropping the lashes half over them when he was angry, which made me fancy he was not over-pleased to see the men crowding round the little lady.

“He won’t come and speak to me. Do go and ask him to come, Captain Chevasney!” whispered Alma, confidentially, to me.

I laughed—he had not been more than three minutes in the room!—and obeyed her behest.

"Your little friend wants you to go and talk to her, De Vigne."

He glanced towards her :

"She is quite as well without any attention from me, considering the reports that have already risen concerning us, and she seems admirably amused as it is."

"Halloa ! are we jealous?"

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"Jealous ! Of what, pray ?" asked my lord, with supreme scorn.

And moving across the room at once in Alma's direction (without thinking of it, I had suggested the very thing to send him to her, wayward fellow as he was, in sheer defiance), he joined the group gathered round the attractive Little Tressillian, whose radiant smile at his approach made Castleton sneer and poor Cusly swear *sotto voce* under his silky blonde moustache. De Vigne, however, did not say much to her ; he shook hands with her, said one or two things about the célèbres to whom she had been introduced, and talking with Tom Severn (whom Alma's chevelure dorée had attracted to her side) about the pigeon-match at Hornsey Wood that morning, left the little lady so much to the other men, that Alma, though he was within a yard of her, thought she preferred him infinitely in her studio at St. Crucis than in the crowded salons of that "set" of his in which she had so wished to meet him.

The band began again one of D'Albert's most spirited waltzes, and Tom Severn whirled the Little Tressillian, according to engagement, into the circle, Alma giving De Vigne a very sad, reproachful glance as she went off on Tom's arm. De Vigne did not see it, or would not seem to see it, and leant against a console, talking to Madame de la Vieillecour ; Gwen' Brandling had loved a waltz as genuinely and gayly as a young débutante could ; Madame la Duchesse scarcely thought it stately enough, reserved it only as a most immeasurable favour, and generally preferred refusing some dozen aspirants, and retaining them to flirt with round her sofa. But though he and madame talked very rapidly in French on all sorts of subjects and of numbers of mutual Paris friends, I do not fancy that the Duchess's fine eyes received the attention from him that did Alma's golden-haired head, white cloud-like dress, and the little feet which had won Castleton's admiration, and which showed to perfection, long though her dress might be, as Severn whirled her round in the delicious, voluptuous, rapid waltz—that natural, entrancing, and Greek-like dance, of which I am not even yet blasé, nor shall be till I have the gout.

De Vigne talked to Madame de la Vieillecour, but he watched the Little Tressillian, who danced as lightly and as gracefully as a Spanish girl or an Eastern bayadère : watched her, the fact dawning on him, with a certain warning thrill, that she was not, after all, a little thing to laugh at, and play with, and pet innocently, as he did his spaniel or his parrot, but a woman impassioned, accomplished, fascinating, as dangerous to men as she was attractive to them, who could no more be trifled with without the trifling falling back again upon the trifier than champagne can be drunk like water, or absinthe taken to excess without harm, or opium eaten long without delirium more or less.

Certain jealousies surged up in his heart, certain embers that had slumbered long began to quicken into flame ; the blood that he had tried to chill into ice-water rushed through his veins with something of its

natural rapidity and fire. Warnings in plenty were given him that the passion which had before cost him so much was not dead in him, that the intoxication under which he had so often gone down might drown his reason and draw him under its delirious pains and raptures yet again. Good Heavens! could he think that at five-and-thirty his youth was crushed out of him?—could he hope that while life was still so young and feeling strong in him, passion could by any possibility have been dead? Warnings in plenty were given him, but his old impetuosity and impatience made him disdain them; and, indeed, in such things warnings ever only serve to hasten what they try to avert. He had pooh-poohed Sabretasche's earnest and my half-laughing counsels; he heeded as little what ought to have roused him much more, the throbs of his own heart, and the passions stirring into life within him.

She was a child, he told himself; his own honour was guard enough against love growing up between them. So he would have said if he had ever reasoned on it. But he never, as I have observed, did reason on anything; he was not nearly cold or calculating enough for such self-examination, and even now, though jealousy was waking up in him, he was wilfully blind to it and to the irritation which the sight of the other men crowding round and claiming her excited in him.

"Don't you mean to dance with me?" whispered Alma, piteously, as he passed her after the waltz was over.

"I seldom dance," he answered.

It was the truth: waltzing had used to be a passion with him, but since the Trefusis had waltzed his reason away, the dance had brought disagreeable associations with it.

"But you *must* waltz with me!"

"Hush! All the room will hear you," said De Vigne, smiling in spite of himself. "Let me look at your list, then!"

"Oh, I would not make any engagements. I might have been engaged ten deep, Sir Folko, but I kept them all free for you."

"May I have the honour of the next waltz with you, then, Miss Tressillian?" asked De Vigne, in a louder tone, for the benefit of the people round.

Of course he got an eager assent, and, leaving her the centre of her little *pro tempore* court, he strolled out of the ball-room, chatted over the Reform Bill with a Right Honourable, who urged him, with all the eloquence of which he, an accomplished speaker, was master, to stand for his borough in a coming election—an honour De Vigne laughingly repudiated; he would lead a charge, he said, with pleasure, any day, for his country, but he really could not sacrifice himself to wind red tape for the nation. Then he strolled on through the other apartments, saying a few words to his myriad acquaintances, listened with Sabretasche and Violet to a duo of Mario and Grisi's, and went back to the ball-room just in time for Alma's waltz. As he put his arm round her, and whirled her into the circle, he remembered, with a shudder at the memory, that the last woman he had waltzed with was the Trefusis. In India wilder sports and more exciting amusements had filled his time, and since he had been in England he had chiefly frequented men's society.

"You had my note, Sir Folko?" was Alma's first question. "I could never thank you for your beautiful gifts, I could never tell you what

happiness they gave me, what I felt when I saw them, how grateful I am for all your kindness, how I prize it, how much I would give to be able to repay it."

"You have said far more than enough, petite," said De Vigne, hastily.

"No!" persisted Alma, "I could *never* say enough to thank you for all your lavish kindness to me."

"Nonsense," laughed De Vigne. "I have given bracelets to many other women, Alma, but none of them thought they had any need to feel any gratitude to me. The gratitude they thought was due to *them* for having allowed me to offer them the gift!"

He spoke with something of a sneer from the memory of how—to him, at least—women, high and low, had ever been cheap, and worthless as most cheap things are; and the words cast a chill over his listener. For the first time the serpent entered into Alma's Eden—entered, as in Milton's apologue, with the first dawning knowledge of passion. Unshed tears sprang into her eyes, making them flash and gleam as brilliantly as the jewels in the ornaments he had given her.

"If you did not give them from kindness," she said, passionately, "take them back. My happiness in them is gone."

"Silly child!" said De Vigne, half smiling at her vehement tones. "Should I have given them to you if I had not cared to do so? On the contrary, I am always glad to give you any pleasures if I can. But do you suppose, Alma, that I have gone all my life without giving bracelets to any one till I gave them to you?"

Alma laughed, but she looked, half vexed, up in his face even still:

"No, I do not, Sir Folko; but you should not give them to me as you gave them to other women, any more than you should class me with other women. You have told me you did not?"

"My dear Alma, I cannot puzzle out all your wonderful distinctions and definitions," interrupted De Vigne, hastily, half laughing himself. "Have you enjoyed the evening as much as you anticipated?"

"Oh, it is delightful!" cried the little lady, with that quick change of tone, the result probably of the combination of vivacity and sensitiveness in her nature which produced her rapid alternation from sorrow to mirth, and her extreme susceptibility to external impressions.

De Vigne raised his eyebrows, and interrupted her again, somewhat unwarrantably:

"You are a finished coquette, Alma."

Her blue eyes opened wide under their black lashes:

"Sir Folko!—I?"

"Yes, you. I am not finding fault with you for it. All women are who can be. I only wonder where, in your seclusion, you have learned all those pretty wiles and ways that women, versed in society from their childhood, fail to acquire. Who has taught you all those dangerous tricks; from whom have you imitated your skill in captivating Curly and Castleton and Severn, and all those other men, however different their styles or tastes? You are an accomplished flirt, petite, and I congratulate you on your proficiency."

He spoke with most unnecessary bitterness, much more than he was conscious of, and certainly much more than he ought to have used, for the Little Tressillian was just as much of a coquette—if you like to

call it so—and no more of one, than De Vigne in reality liked; for he preferred, infinitely, spirited and attractive women, and, indeed, measured women by their power of fascination. But now the devil of jealousy had entered into him unknown to himself, and he spoke to her with a cold satirical hauteur, such as Alma had never had from him.

Her eyes flashed, her lips quivered a little; Alma was not a woman to sit down tranquilly under injustice; her nature was too passionate not to be indignant under accusation, though it was at the same time much too tender not to forgive it as rapidly where she loved the offender.

"For shame, Sir Folko!" she cried, vehemently. Fortunately the band was far too loud for her voice to be heard by the other waltzers, though, as her forehead rested on his shoulder while they waltzed, he could catch every word. "You are cruelly unjust: you know as well as I do that you do not believe what you say, though Heaven knows *why* you say it! I am not aware that I have any 'wiles and ways'—as you so kindly term them—but I do know that no one has 'taught' them to me. What I think I say; what I feel I tell people; if I am happy, I do not conceal it. I enjoy talking to gentlemen, they are very agreeable and very amusing, and I do not think it necessary to deny it; and I should have trusted you—a man of the world who piques himself upon his keen-sightedness—to have read me aright. 'Coquette!' I have heard you use that word to women you despise. Coquette, I have heard you say, means one to whom all men are equal. I thank you greatly for your kind opinion of me!"

"Hush, hush, Alma! Heaven knows that was far from my thoughts! Forgive me, petite; I meant nothing unkind. I know you have no artifices or affectations, and I should never attribute them to you. Let nothing I say vex you. If you knew all the shams and manoeuvres I have come across, you would not wonder that I am sceptical and suspicious, and sometimes perhaps unjust."

He spoke kindly, gently, almost fondly. He was angry with himself for having spoiled her unclouded pleasure. She looked up in his face with a saddened, reproachful tenderness, which had never been in her eyes before, different to their impetuous vexation, different still to their frank, affectionate confidence:

"Yes; but trust *me* at least, Sir Folko, if you doubt all the world?"

"I do!"

He spoke in a low whisper, his moustache touching her golden hair, her heart throbbing against his, her breath upon his cheek, his hand closing tight upon hers in the caress of the waltz, and with the voluptuous swell of the music, the tender and passionate light of the eyes that were lifted to his, for the first time there awoke, and trembled in them both, the dawn of that passion which the one had never before known, which to the other had been so fierce and fatal a curse.

At that moment the music ceased. De Vigne gave her his arm in silence, and soon after seated himself by her on one of the couches, while other men came round her, taking ices and talking the usual ball-room chit-chat, and the Little Tressillian shone with increased brilliance now that her "Sir Folko" was beside her. It was strange how much that single evening did for Alma; she was admired, courted, followed; she learnt her own power, she received the myrtle crown due to her own attractions, to the grace and talent of Nature she seemed to acquire the

grace and talent of Society, and to the charming and winning ways of her girlhood, she added the witchery, wit, and fascination of a woman of the world. In that one night she grew tenfold more attractive than before ; she was like a bird, who never sings so well till he has tried his wings.

She fascinated unconsciously away De Vigne's reason, prudence, and resolves, as woman's witchery had ever done. Without thinking why or wherefore, she bewitched him ; without remembering his sage remark to me that ' considering the reports already circulated concerning them, she was much better without his attentions,' he gave himself up to the influence of the hour. He eclipsed, as he easily could, Curly, Castleton, Tom Severn, and all the other men ; he waltzed with her often, he took her into the drawing-room, and introduced her to one or two of the most celebrated men present, and talked with her and them animatedly, brilliantly, epigrammatically, with that à propos wit and keen, polished satire, in which no one, when he was in good spirits, could ever surpass De Vigne.

I do not believe that around Madame de Deffand's fauteuil, or in the salons of Gore House, could have been heard more sparkling conversation than that which scintillated from the group in Lowndes-square drawing-room, of which Violet, Madame de la Vieillecour, and the Little Tressillian, were the centre, and round which De Vigne, Sabretasche, and several of the beaux esprits and the esprits forts of our time were gathered. As great a charm as beauty had over his senses, had intellect over De Vigne's mind ; he had never rested till he won the one, he would have gone anywhere to find the other. I had always thought that if he were ever won through both, he would never give up the love, cost him what it might. That Alma's talents were now dazzling him, as the Trefusis's exterior charms, and the charms of many others, had done before her, it was easy to see, and there were in his eyes, when they dwelt upon her, the mingled softness and fire which were sure signs of his olden delirium stealing upon him.

Violet had promised, when at St. Crucis, to send their carriage for Alma ; but when the time came, her mother had snappishly refused to despatch her roans out on any such errand, and Violet had had recourse to the Colonel, begging him to lend her one of his carriages, to enable her to keep her promise. Sabretasche, who would have fulfilled, or tried to fulfil, the most impossible desires of his fiancée, of course consented to so trifling a request, and Violet had sent his brougham and her own maid—that most good-natured and charming of soubrettes—Justine, for the Little Tressillian ; for Violet had one great merit, if she did a thing at all she did it well ; and in all the whirl and gaiety of her life she never forgot a promise or neglected a kindness. Sabretasche's brougham was accordingly there to take Alma back to Richmond ; and not even Lady Ela, or Mrs. Tite, or Madame la Duchesse, had more men anxious for the pleasure of taking them to their carriages, than the little débutante. Curly's soft glance and words pleaded hard for the distinction ; Tom Severn would fain have had it ; Castleton tried hard to give her his arm ; but De Vigne kept them all off, and took her down stairs with that tranquil appropriateness which he thought his intimacy with her would warrant. He would not have been best pleased if he had heard the laugh and the remarks that followed them, from the men that were

on the staircase watching the women leave. The gas-light shone on her bright dark-blue eyes, as she leaned forwards in the carriage, and put out both her hands to him, his emeralds glittering on her white arms, and her face speaking all that was in her heart.

"Sir Folko! if I could but thank you as I feel!"

"If I could but prove to you you have nothing to thank me for! Would to Heaven that you had!"

"At least, I have all the happiness that is in my life."

"Happiness? Hush!" said De Vigne, passionately. "How can you tell but what some day you may hate me, loathe me, and wish to God that we had never met?"

"I?" cried Alma. "O Heaven! no. If I were to die by your hand, I would pray with my latest breath that God might bless you."

"You would? Poor child!" murmured De Vigne. "Alma, good night!"

"Good night!"

Those two good nights were very soft and low—spoken with a more tender intonation than any words that had ever passed between them. His hands closed tightly upon hers; the love of woman, his favourite toy in early youth, the stake on which he risked so much in early manhood, was beguiling him again. His head was bent so that his lips almost touched her wide arched brow; perhaps they might have touched and lingered there—but, "Way for the Duchesse de la Vieillecour's carriage!" was shouted out, the coachman started off his horses, and De Vigne stood still beneath the awning, with the bright gas glare around and the dark street beyond him, while his heart stirred and his pulses quickened as, since his marriage-day, he had vowed they never should again for any woman's sake.

He walked home alone, without waiting for his carriage, or, indeed, remembering it, smoking his cigar as he paced the grey, deserted streets, forsaken in the early morning dawn save by a policeman here and there, or some wretched women reeling out of a gin-palace, or some groups quitting a casino with riotous but mirthless laughter. He walked home, restless, impatient, ill at ease, with two faces before him haunting him as relentlessly as in the phantasmagoria of fever—the faces of Constance Trefusis and Alma Tressillian—the one with her sensual, the other with her intellectual beauty; the one who had destroyed his youth, the other who had given it back to him, side by side in their startling and forcible contrast, as in the Eastern fable the good angel sits on the right shoulder and the bad angel on the left, neither leaving us, each pursuing us throughout the day and night.

Till he reached his home, threw himself on his bed, and took some grains of opium, as he had done in India when sleep forsook him, both those faces haunted his brain—the woman he had made his wife, and the woman who had won his love.

II.

"LES ORAGES SONT ENVIRONNÉS DE BEAUX JOURS."

THE ball at Lady Molyneux's was on the 25th of June. On the day after, just a fortnight before the 10th, which was fixed as his marriage-day, Sabretasche gave a fête at his Dilcoosha. That exquisite place, which had always reminded me of Vathek and of Fonthill, was ten thousand times more exquisite now. Little as I notice detail where I admire the tout ensemble, and intolerable as I consider the fashion of lingering over the modern upholstery in a novel, and interspersing the description of Adeliza's or Fitzallan's harrowing sufferings with that of her Sèvres and silver cafetière, or his velvet and gold smoking-cap, I must admit that the Dilcoosha was perfect, and I do not think Aladdin himself could have improvised a more lovely cage for his pet bird than the Colonel had done for his. It had been a whim of his to embellish that house in every possible way before his engagement; but after it, he seemed to take a perfect delight in making Violet's home as luxurious and as beautiful as his wealth, and his art, and his own love of everything graceful and refined could combine to render it. I went over it with him one day, and I told him that if ever I wanted to do up old Longholme as lavishly, I hoped he would come and act as superintendent of the works. Certainly, if Violet had married the highest peer in the realm, she could not have had a more lovely shrine than the Dilcoosha. Regalia's grim and grand old castle in Merionethshire would have looked very dull and dark after Sabretasche's villa, where everything was perfect. The grounds were as wild and luxuriant as any woodland in the heart of the provinces, while yet all the resources of horticulture were lavished on them, and their cascades and fountains rivalled Chatsworth. The conservatories excelled even Leila Puffdoff's winter garden, with here and there among their glories of blossom and colouring a marble group or a single statuette, such as the rifling of Parisian, and Florentine, and Roman studios could give him. The suite of drawing-rooms opened out of them, a soft demi-lumière streaming through rose-hued glass on the thousand gems of art, the low couches, the buhl cabinets, mosaic tables, delicate books, statuettes, flowers, Dresden figures, that were gathered in them; the walls were hung with white watered silk, looped up here and there to show little oval landscapes by some of the first French masters, and parted at regular distances for mirrors, that reflected the exotics that clustered at their feet. Violet's morning room (I hate the word "boudoir;" stock-brokers' Hackney or Peckham villas boast their "boudoirs," and tradesmen's wives sit puffing under finery in "boudoirs," while their lords take invoices in white aprons, or advertise their "Nonpareil trousers," their genuine Glenlivat, or *ne plus ultra* coats!)—Violet's morning room was hung in pale green and gold, with a choice library of her favourite works collected in quaint mediæval book-stands, the deep bay-window opening on to the loveliest view the grounds afforded, the walls painted in illustration of Lallah Rookh, and the greatest gems the house contained in sculpture or in art shrined here in her honour—a room in which, looking out to the fair landscape beyond, and back to the rich treasures of art within, one fondly felt

To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
 It were a world too exquisite
 For man to leave it for the gloom,
 The cold dark shadow of the tomb !

Her bedroom and her dressing-room rivalled Lady Blessington's, and Sabretasche needed all his great wealth to adorn them as he did. The bed was of carved ivory, the curtains of pink silk and white lace, caught up by a chain of flowers, moulded and chased in silver ; all the hangings of the rooms were pink and silver, while silver lamps swung from the ceiling, giving out perfume as they burned. It was a home fit for an imperial bride, and though a still fairer shrine, and for a purer deity, made me think of Du Barry's Luciennes, where the "very locks of the doors were works of art and chefs-d'œuvre of taste." Sabretasche had such pleasure in beautifying it, for his habitual love of art and refinement was in it, blent with his tender love for Violet Molyneux, and, if ever a man's or woman's idol was worthy of the shrine made for them, she merited his lavish gifts.

On the 26th, Sabretasche had a fête at the Dilcoosha, a day to be spent, according to Violet's programme, so that, as she said, "she might catch a glimpse of the Summer, and forget the Season for an hour or two ;" and as the Colonel's Dilcoosha was known to afford, if anything could, the requisites for enjoying a long day, no one, even the most ennuyé, was bored at the prospect, especially as his invitations were invariably very exclusive, and I know people who would rush into that quarter where is written—

Lasciate ogne speranza, o voi ch'entrate,

if the admissions were exclusive, and would decline Paradise if its golden gates were opened to the multitude.

We drove down to luncheon there at three, strolled in the grounds afterwards, listened to the band of the Dashers in the open air, to some of the opera artistes in the music-room, boated on the river, or flirted and ate ice under the perfumy limes, according to custom in such affairs, dined at eight, and about eleven found our way to a large marquee opening out of the conservatories, decorated in such style as Sabretasche was certain to have anything under his management done, where our band played waltzes and galops till the first rays of morning broke over the summer sky.

There were Lady Ela with her stately beauty, and Mrs. Tite Delafield with her divine figure, and Madame de la Vieillecour with her courtly coquetties (so stateful yet so skilful, that I have lived to thank God my fair-faced Gwen' was faithless to her pledge, and that M. l'Ambassadeur has trusted his name to her—not I) ; and there were De Vigne, and Curly, and Castleton, and countless others ; in a word, all who had met the previous evening at the Molyneux' soirée (except, to be sure, the Little Tressillian, who was only half a mile away, but in ignorance of the brilliant gathering at the Dilcoosha) ; and there was, of course, Sabretasche's fiancée, so soon to be his bride, his wife—with the light of love in her brilliant violet eyes, and the glories of her coming future in the shadowless beauty of her face, which, fair as they were, no woman there could rival.

The luncheon was gay and brilliant ; repartee flowed with the still Ai,

and mots sparkled with the Johannisberg. Sabretasche showed nowhere to better advantage than as a host; his Chesterfieldian courtesy, his graceful urbanity, his careful attention to everybody, and every trifle, above all, his art in starting conversation and drawing people out, always made parties at his house more charming than at any other; and, delightful as he had ever been in society, even when the curse of his bitter secret and his early shame was on him, you can fancy how delightful a host the Colonel was now that his fate was cloudless and Violet Molyneux his guest.

During the luncheon, De Vigne sat next to Leila Puffdoff, who, as I have before hinted, was willing to make more love to him than Granville cared to make to her. De Vigne was much set upon by fine ladies, partly for the chivalric aroma that hung about him from his campaign in Scinde, partly for the distinguished beauty of his face and form, and chiefly because he was so haughtily indifferent to them, and the romantic circumstances of his early marriage rendered him a sort of fruit défendu. The little Countess had really fallen in love with him, such love as young coquettes like her, take—as they take their *sal volatile* or *eau de cologne*—as a little pleasant excitement; she flirted with him desperately during the luncheon, and made him row her on the river afterwards, part of the grounds of the Dilcoosha sloping downwards to the Thames, and drooping their willow and larch boughs into the water. De Vigne took the sculls, as in duty bound, and rowed her a good way down, under the arching branches; but though Lady Puffdoff put out all her charms, she could not lure De Vigne into anything as warm or tender as she would have liked; she was piqued—possibly what he wished to make her—bid him scull her back to the Dilcoosha, and, as soon as she was landed, went off to listen to Gardoni, with Crowndiamonds, Castleton's eldest brother, and a whole troop of minor *soupirants* following and crowding round her. De Vigne was profoundly thankful to be released; he had a fancy to leave all these people and scenes, which were so stale to him and bored him to-day, though usually he was excessively fond of society, and to go and see Alma Tressillian, feeling a certain irresistible desire to have that little hand again in his, and hear the voice that had whispered him so soft a good night.

He knew the way by the river to St. Crucis, and turning from the gay party scattered over the picturesque grounds of the Dilcoosha, gathered in such groups as would have done for Boccacio's stories or Watteau's pictures, he took the oars of the little boat which the Countess had just vacated, and pulled himself up the river to a point where he knew a path led to the farm-house, as he had once or twice walked down to the bank with Alma by it, and rowed her a mile or so on the water, amused with *her* amusement in seeing those steamers, barges, and cockle-shell boats in which Cockneys love to disport themselves on that certainly pretty, but, alas! how unodoriferous a stream.

He moored the boat to the bank, thinking of the careless days when he had pulled up the river with the Eton Eight, enjoying the glories of success at the Brocas and Little Surley with all the wild spirit and unsaddened ardour of boyhood, and walked onwards to St. Crucis, with that swinging cavalry step which had beaten many good pedestrians and stalwart mountain guides in both hemispheres. He strode along, too,

to uneasy thoughts; he was conscious of a keener desire to see the Little Tressillian than he would confess to himself, and, at the same time, he had a remorseful conviction that it might be better to stay away, a suggestion to which he was equally reluctant to listen. A quarter of an hour brought him in sight of St. Crucis; but with that sight he saw, too, what gave him no remarkable pleasure—Curly, who had apparently forsaken the Dilcoosha for the same purpose as himself. Curly had just pushed open the gate and entered—entered as if he liked his destination; and De Vigne paused a moment behind him, under the roadside trees, wavering in his mind whether he should follow him or not. Where he stood he could see the garden, in all its untrained yet profuse summer beauty; the great chesnuts, with their green umbrageous boughs and snowy clustering blossoms, that the soft wind was scattering over the turf beneath them; and under the trees, on a rough bench, with her little black hat on her lap, and her palette and sketching-block at her feet, he saw Alma Tressillian, and beside her, bending eagerly forward, Vane Castleton. He, too, then, had left Sabretasche's fête to find his way after Alma! "Curse the fellow!" swore De Vigne, "how dare he come after her here?" If he had followed his instinct and his longing, he would have taken Castleton up by his coat-collar and kicked him out of the garden like a dog; though probably, for that matter, Castleton had as much right there as himself?

Curly had pushed open the gate and entered, and Alma, catching sight of him as he went across the garden, sprang up, left Castleton rather unceremoniously, and came to meet him with a glad greeting, and something of that gay, bright smile which De Vigne liked to consider his own and his unshared property. Curly answered it with an air more tender than mere compliment, and sat down beside her, giving Castleton such a glance as a man only gives to a rival who has forestalled him.

De Vigne took in the whole scene at a glance, and construed it as his scepticism and his knowledge of women suggested to him. The darker passions of his character rose up; the devil of jealousy entered into him; he turned away in one of those moments of haughty anger and hot impatience which had sometimes cost him as much in one way as softer passions in another.

"She is a thorough-paced coquette, like all the rest," he thought. "I will not add another to the fools who pander to her vanity."

He swung round and retraced his steps, leaving Alma sitting under her favourite chesnut-trees with Castleton and Curly. It cut him to the soul that those men should be near her, having her smiles, looking in her eyes, teaching her the power, and, with the power, the artifices of her sex, gaining—who could say they would not?—one or other of them—their way into her heart! He was mad with himself for the jealousy he felt; and fiercely and futilely he tried to persuade himself, tried till at last he succeeded, that it was but his annoyance at finding Alma no more truthful or reliable than the rest of her sex, and his regret at the inevitable fate which would await Boughton Tressillian's adopted child if she listened to the love of Vane Castleton, or even of Curly; for Curly, though frankhearted and honourable as a man could be, was young, wild, and held women lightly, as men of his age do.

All the fire—at all times more like a Southern than an English tem-

parament—which lay asleep under the armour of ice which he had put on to guard himself from a sex that had wronged him, was stirred and kindled into flame. He might as yet seek to give them and conceal them to himself under other names, but at work within were his old foes—jealousy and passion. The gay glitter of society, as he joined a group under the fragrant limes of the Dilcoosha, where Violet, the Puffdoff, Madame de la Vieillesseur, and others, were competing in skill as *Toxophilites* for some of the loveliest prizes Sabretasche had rifled from Howell and James's stores, seemed strangely at variance with the tempest working up in his heart; and while he smiled and jested with the women there, he could not forget for one instant the Little Tressillian, as he had left her sitting under the great chesnut-boughs smiling on Curly and Vane Castleton. It was a far greater relief to him than he would own to himself, when not long afterwards he saw Castleton discussing the merits and demerits of her bow with Ela Ashburnington; and in half an hour's time, or a trifle more, heard Curly chatting frothy badinage with empty-headed and sylph-waisted Mrs. Tite Delafield, though, following the dictates and bias of his nature, there was no bodily injury he could not have found it in his heart to wreak upon them both, even on his old Frestonhills pet, for having won those gay bright smiles under the chesnut-trees at St. Crucis.

He would scarcely have been less wrathful if he had heard Crown-diamond saying to his brother,

"Where the deuce have you been to, Vane? Helena sent me to look for you, but I couldn't find you anywhere."

"I was after something far prettier than the old woman," was Castleton's *recherché* reply.

"Helena" was nobody less than my Lady Molyneux, with whom this noble scion of the House of Tiara had been *lié*, according to *on dits*, in a closer friendship than Jockey Jack would have relished had he not been taught to take such friendships as matters of course.

"I've been to see that little girl Tressillian—called to look at her pictures, of course; studios are deuced nice excuse, by Jove!"

And Lord Vane curled his whiskers and laughed at some joke not wholly explained.

"What, that little thing that was at Helena's last night," asked Crown-diamonds, "that you and the other fellows made such a fuss about? Heaven knows why! she's too petite for me; and I can show you a score of ten times finer women in the coulisses any night. Besides, somebody said she was De Vigne's property!"

"What if she were? If he don't take care of his game, other men may poach it, mayn't they?"

The summer day passed away in colours to Violet as glorious as those that tinged its evening sky when the western sun went down behind the limes in its purpureal splendour, shrouding the evening star in its refulgence, and bathing in its golden glow every spear of grass that glittered in the dew. Bright as the day was Violet's glad enjoyment of it, brilliant as the sunset glories rose her present and her future; secure she felt from the grey twilight or the starless night, which overshadow the brightest human life, not less surely than they overtake the fairest summer day. Of twilight taint, much less of midnight shadow, Violet's young

and cloudless existence knew no fear. I have never seen on earth—not even imagined in song nor idealised in art—any face so expressive of perfect happiness and brilliant youth as hers. When it was in repose there was the light of a smile on her lips, and the joyousness of the spirit within seemed to linger far down in the sunny depths of her eyes, as on the violet waves of the Mediterranean we have seen the gleam and the glow of the rays from a sunrise hidden from our own view. It made one think of Petrarch's "*lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*," save that Violet's smile was more tender and more sure than the evanescent play of lightning; there was something in her face that touched even the most blasé and cynical amongst us, and subdued the most supercilious or systematic of all those women of the world into a vague regret for the spring-time of their days, when they, too, were in their beaux jours, and they, too, believed in Love and Life.

"Comme elle est heureuse!" said Madame de la Vieillecour to me—one of the Duchess's favourite affectations was never speaking her native language—"et elle doit l'être, cher Arthur; elle va épouser celui qu'elle adore!"

And madame heaved a sigh, as if she, too, might not have married where she had *said* she adored, if she had not worshipped more tenderly still the Vieillecour diamonds and thirty descents and ambassadorial splendour.

"Pardon, madame," said I, naively; "*mais je croyais que l'adoration allait à tout le monde, excepté à l'époux?*"

Madame coloured through her dainty rouge, and sighed again.

"Ah, mon ami, ne vous moquez pas de moi. Vous ne concevez pas comment—nous autres femmes—nous sommes sacrifiées aux préjugés du monde!"

"Mais c'est un holocauste, madame," laughed I, "*comme celui de Myrrha, présenté de très bonne volonté!*"

The Duchess was annoyed, and, to punish me, forsook sentiment, and coquetted to desperation with a great pet of hers, a cousin of M. de la Vieillecour's, the Marquis de Larisse Torallié, over her favourite vanilla ice.

Perhaps she *did* regret for a fleeting moment—on the universal principle that what we have not must be better than what we have—that she had given up her girlish dreams for the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, pleasant pomps and vanities though they be, and high price as the most romantic idealist and the greatest saint will alike pay for them. Perhaps so: perhaps the heart of Gwen' Brandling might not be wholly dead in the Duchesse de la Vieillecour, though it was dead to me; and if it were not, Violet's fair face might well wake it up, stamped on that face as there were a mind beyond the glittering bagatelles of her rank, and a love that, like Francesca's, would endure in the midst of woe. I think there were few of us who did not involuntarily wish her gladness—none of us who did not afterwards remember the joyous beauty of Violet Molyneux that night. So brilliant and delicate a flower surely the tempest might have spared! Sabretasche, and his young love so soon to be his wife—to begin a life that would be to him new youth and to her the heaven of her ideal—gave themselves up to the intoxication of the hour. Never had either of them been more brilliant; never had Violet

given freer rein to the joyous spirits of her nature; never had he more completely surrendered himself to the new happiness he had won! He loved her with a strangely tender love, intensified by the poetry and earnestness, amounting even to melancholy, natural to that part of his character which the world had never discovered in its courted and wearied man of fashion and of pleasure. He loved her, as *we* love very rarely, for

As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast, but place to die;
Thus the frail beings we should fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

He loved her *better* than himself. Sweet hours they passed together that day, fond words they spoke in the perfect union of their hearts, glowing ideals of their radiant future he whispered to her as, when they escaped unnoticed from the crowd, he led her through her own apartments, locked to the ingress of others.

"Ah! Violet, time has leaden wings!" he whispered, in the solitude of the conservatories, as the ball drew to a close, and her mother waited for her. "A fortnight is not long, yet to me, while it keeps you from me, it seems eternity! My love, my darling, every moment that we are parted is waste of life and loss of happiness. Would to God you were mine now!"

The soft rose-hue that wavered in her cheeks, the low sigh, love's tenderest interpreter, that parted her lips—breathed from the very fulness of her joy, as flowers in the noon sunlight droop their heads in ecstasy too great to bear—re-echoed his wish though words were silent.

"You will love me always?" she whispered; "love me like this, Vivian; never less tenderly, never less warmly, never coolly, calmly, chillily, as men learn, they say, to love women whom they have won?"

"Never, my own love! Indifference, calmness, chill domestic affection were death to me as to you. My love has ever been as passionate as my native Southern suns; for you it will be as changeless and eternal."

"Then what can part us?" murmured Violet, lifting her face to his, with a smile upon her lips, and in her eyes the happiness secure from all terrors and all tarnish—happiness, tender, cloudless, and triumphant. "No power on earth! And so well do we love, that if death took one, he would strike the other!"

"Hush!" whispered Sabretasche, fondly. "Why speak of death or sorrow, my dearest? Our fate is life and joy, and life and joy together! We love; and in that word all the passionate happiness earth can know is given to us both."

He paused, and the silence that is sweeter than any words supplied his broken eloquence, stifled by its own joy, and Violet's upraised eyes gave him an answer fuller than any words, cold interpreters at best of the heart's deepest utterances.

When all his other guests had left the Dilcoosha, Lady Molyneux gave him the third seat in her carriage back to town. He needed to return in time for early parade, and the drive gave him an additional hour and a half with Violet. The summer dawn was very bright and still, with not a trace of human life abroad, save some gardeners' carts wending their

way slowly to Covent-garden with their fresh pile of newly-gathered vegetables or fragrant load of bedding hothouse flowers—flowers destined to wither in the soft, cruel hand of some jewelled beauty, or droop and die, pining for their native sunlight, under the smoke-shroud of the Great City, as sweet natures and warm hearts shrink or harden under the blight of a chill world or the pressure of an uncongenial existence. There was no sign of human life, but the birds were lifting up their little voices in their morning hymns, sweet gushes of natural song, and the dew was sparkling among the daisied grass, and the southerly wind was tossing the wayside boughs up in its play, and filling the air with a fragrance, brought miles and miles on its rapid wings from the free, fresh woodlands far away.

There was a soft sunshiny beauty in the summer dawn that chimed sweet cadence with their thoughts as Violet and Sabretasche drove homewards; while Lady Molyneux—worked throughout the season for fashion's sake as hard as Hood's poor shirtmaker for very life—slept, though she would have denied it, tranquilly and well, muffled in the swansdown of her opera-cloak. Violet and Sabretasche enjoyed the sweet daybreak as people do whose hearts are full of gladness; she, with that love of all fair things and that susceptibility to externals natural to youth and to a heart that has never yet known care; he, with that capacity for happiness and that poetic keenness to all things beautiful in life and nature which had in boyhood made the murmur of the Mediterranean waves, or the setting of the sun, or the sighing of southern winds among the olive-groves, sufficient pleasure to his senses, and which had now awakened into new life, after long years of artificial glare and fashionable excitements, at the touch of real and unselfish love. With the song of the birds, and the gleam of the bright morning rays, and the sweep of the fresh west wind, their hearts beat in unison and joy. When the future is fair to us, how fair looks the green and laughing earth!

Violet looked up in her lover's eyes:

"Oh, Vivian, how beautiful is life!"

"With love!"

Life and love were both beautiful to him as he whispered a farewell but for a few hours in Violet's ear, bent his head for one soft though hurried kiss from the lips whose words of affection were consecrated as solely to him as their caresses, and descended from the carriage at the door of his house in Park-lane. God help him! hours of mortal anguish waited for him there.

TRANSATLANTIC PACIFICATION: BRITISH ENERGY.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

WHEN we last adverted to the American question, no reply had been received in relation to the affair of the *Trent*. The matter has since been arranged, much to the interest of two nations which, of all others, might be supposed the least inclined to come to an open rupture. Blood, interest, civilisation, were all against such a contingency, and yet there was a great chance of a contest, which would have drawn half of the civilised world into the breach. The heads of the different departments in both countries have acted wisely. Not that we have any disposition to attach blame to our countrymen of any station in life or of any political sentiment. They awaited the issue in calm but anxious silence. They were well aware of the heavy responsibilities that would attach to the party which had instituted the quarrel. They were able to calculate the disadvantages of such a contest, and, steadfast in the majestic repose of their own great power, they looked out for the moment that should set the momentous question at rest. No political party feeling interrupted the settlement of the point at issue by our own government. The people left it to the minister in whom it had confidence, with no jealousy of a Liberal or Tory cast. All were united, to quote the words of a great naval commander, in "preventing an enemy from fooling us." Had the ruling power in America not been infinitely more wise and temperate than the people who run licence there, we should have had a most irrational war. To what we are to ascribe the arrogant, splenetic, provoking tone of the mobility in America towards the mother country it is difficult to tell. We are informed by some Americans, wise, reflecting men, that it is painful to themselves, and that they ascribe it to the ignorance which assumes a degree of intelligence that has no real existence among the masses. Thus a very little knowledge has inflated those who possess a power which they know not how to exercise justly. That the masses in America should not harmonise in feeling with those in Europe, is but natural from the difference in their institutions, yet it is not the liberty they possess which is the cause; it is the licentious use of it—the abuse of the most precious of earthly things—an abuse founded on an erroneous conception of the true nature of political freedom. If the unrestrained feeling of men ruled by passion, and setting at defiance that conventional unwritten law which governs men in society,—if that feeling is to sway the bearing of one nation towards another, it would be better at once to revert to the savage state again, for even there relations of possible justice exist, of which too many individuals in America seem to have as little knowledge of the end as of those enacted by the intelligence of their representatives.

While it is evident that the individuals in office in the United States, though somewhat lax in the construction they put upon precedents, and inclined naturally enough to favour themselves in an interpretation of the usages and enactments they quote to bear out their line of conduct, yet making allowance for their isolation from the older nations of Europe,

occupying by themselves a mighty continent, and being—if we may so express ourselves—compelled to be more original than other states by their locality, distance from contact with other civilised nations, and by the nature of their government,—making full allowance for those things causing a difference in the mode of thinking and acting, still they cannot cancel the ill-bearing of too large a proportion among the people towards Great Britain. A jealousy, a distrust, a captious personal enmity, such as Horne Tooke described as “a motive fit only for the devil,” is exhibited by individuals upon many occasions in language and feeling, which in Europe would be considered impossible to be used by men worthy of the slightest consideration in society. The treatment of England by the American press in the Northern States—with which States at the commencement of the present struggle the people on this side the Atlantic assuredly sympathised—has been most unaccountable as well as indefensible; it has marred their cause here. The British government and people were strictly neutral, as became them, while the Northern States were jealous, and desired that England should show more decisively a leaning towards the existing, and in fact the legal, government than she appeared to do.

This uncourtous and captious feeling was no doubt fostered by the renegades from Europe, and more especially from Ireland. That island had become much more improved in all respects than was consonant with the views of individuals, who saw with jealousy the efforts made here by every ministry, without party distinction, to ameliorate its situation. Their repugnance to the system followed there of late years—that healing system which renders useless the demagogue's vocation—best explains their absence from the “oppressed country,” which has been advancing so remarkably year after year. They who profited by party and commotion at home are not ill-fitted to deal out slander and propagate falsehood abroad, and such have aided largely in America in representing England as we find it coloured in many of the transatlantic papers.

It has been our lot to have had for a long series of years acquaintance in different parts of the Union, at great distances from each other, and wholly unknown one to the other, yet all agree, native-born Americans except one, in precisely the same statements. A correspondent on the shores of the Pacific, at the close of last year, wrote us: “I dare say I could tell you some things that would amuse you in regard to the sayings and doings of the Americans here in relation to England. Sensible Americans, who are not the numerous part, do believe that English people really feel well towards their descendants here, but the press is constantly endeavouring to prove that England is a wolf in sheep's clothing—a snake in the grass. In short, I believe, like the fable of the wolf and the lamb, that there is no one thing, no position Great Britain could assume, with which Yankeedom would not find fault. I am, however, very far from believing that the fate of the wolf and the lamb will be that of Britain at the hands of her arrogant child. My glorious country! Freedom here is a burlesque compared with the happiness and security at home. Superior geographical resources may here benefit the poor by giving scope for fresh employment in the wilds, where the cities are overstocked with labour; but justice, freedom, security—pshaw! I rejoice at the stand Britain is making on this question. Her neutrality is quiet, dignified, calm as her own rocky crags. America, querulous, egotistic,

arrogant as she is in the North, does not deserve any enthusiastic feeling on the part of England."

Here is the statement of one who has traversed that vast continent from Boston to Oswego, then across the Rocky Mountains on to California, writing upon the shore of the Pacific before the *Trent* affair could by possibility have been known there; indeed, it could scarcely have occurred.

We can make an allowance for many things in the conduct of the Americans, but we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that a species of small cunning is a trait in the character of too many individuals, some in conspicuous situations in that country. Openness and candour would not, if a little more were infused into the character of many of the American people, be at all derogatory to them. Why should we think of sinister designs when we have to deal with many of them in argument or business, but that their bearing forces it? Those who hold high public situations, it appears to us, are too short a time in office to become thoroughly acquainted with their duties, and sometimes mistake public for private action. Hence large allowances must be made for those whom the jealousy of the people disqualifies for the mastership of their duties, except in the common mode of every-day life. The jealousy of the Americans lest their liberties should be encroached upon by their officials, is therefore injurious, carried to excess as it is, especially when we see what their notion of liberty is—namely, a freedom that, provided it be numerically supported, may override the laws with impunity, although the laws are of their own enactment. We believe a good many of them think they could best settle a mathematical problem by counting heads. Superiority of mind goes for nothing under their system. No one can deny that there are individuals among the representatives of the American people who are better fitted to follow Punch as ventriloquists, in his peregrinations to entertain children at the corners of the streets, than to appear as the chosen champions of any body of individuals out of a *maison de santé*. We allude to a recent example, in a speech made by an individual whose name is evidently at war with the nature of the man who owns it. We should, from his speeches, think him a Knight of the Rueful Countenance, not Mr. Lovejoy, from his peculiar elegance of phraseology, classical allusion, and inveterate bitterness of spirit, become famous in Boston. Old John Bunyan would have christened him Mr. Apollyou, or something more becoming his nature. Some of his constituents, in admiration of his learning and love of classical literature, may be inclined to compare him to Hamilear, the father who made his son Hannibal swear inextinguishable hatred to the Romans, for, with the recollection of this historical circumstance, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, no doubt with a look of dignity worthy the importance of the occasion, and after a tirade half classical and half irreligious, first of course talking of "whipping" Great Britain, illustrated his subject by a reference to Queen Dido, whose sufferings at the neglect of her lover could only be paralleled by his own when he heard of the *Trent* affair, and that the commissioners had been given up. Then, his pathetic illustration over, he avowed his determined, invincible hatred to Britain and its government. When war comes, Mr. Dido Lovejoy said, he would carry a musket against her; and as for his three sons, he declares the hopeful "loons" should go forth to battle against

the object of his hatred. Ireland he will stir up to rebellion at once, Canada the same ; the Chartists are to be roused in England, while France and Russia are to join. Then is England to be demolished. All this ravenous rage was only because a few thousand dollars were voted by congress for the purpose of exhibiting American productions in London ! Mr. Dido Lovejoy confessed he had not yet reached the "sublimation of Christianity"—to forgive his enemies. He need not have told us that, for no one suspected he could be "guilty" of Christianity after a speech which, in a European senate, would have been reprehended with severity, or rather would not have been heard out, where it is the custom that the feeling of gentlemen has a preponderance, even on occasions where the cause of irritation might be superior to that of Mr. Dido Lovejoy, "sweet rose of summer" as he must needs be, in his own view, by comparing himself to the defunct lady of Carthage.

The conduct of the American government, barring a little error or two in Mr. Seward's explanation of the law of nations, which perhaps arose from haste in consulting authorities, was all that could be desired, and will, we trust, aid in preventing a chance of any future collision with America. The reception of the Southern commissioners at Southampton was such as must have shown men whose vision is not darkened by prejudices altogether inexcusable, that we have no desire to take any part in the quarrel unhappily subsisting in the States. The quarrel is a misfortune to France as well as to England ; it is a painful example of intestinal mischief, and a derangement of the peaceful commerce of neutral nations, but it must abide its time. The enormous expenses incurred already, and those yet to be borne, will in the end produce a salutary effect in America. They will oblige those who waste time because they can now live upon little labour, to work more, and concern themselves less about the executive power in the State. It may be doubted whether the virtue which most assuredly existed in the time of the American revolution—in other words, the love of the republic for itself—has not been greatly on the decline of late years. The causes of this may be looked for in the too general corruption of manners, and the lust after money ; even the spirit of equality, for which pure republics are distinguished, has fallen off there. We observe a love of petty distinctions, and a sort of envy among the mob in regard to those who live in a superior style. This is visible in a remarkable degree in New York. It has been maintained that a pure and virtuous democracy cannot exist where there is a great inequality in the distribution of wealth, and there is reason in the observation.

The drawing up of herself by England in the calm manner, and under the determined aspect she assumed in the *Trent* affair, the promptness of her reply, so close upon the intelligence of the event which produced it, was the first exhibition of the kind ever made so quickly, and of such magnitude at the same time, by this country. The movement of the troops to Canada, under the increased means afforded by the aid of steam, and the gigantic size of the vessels taken up for their conveyance, were in unison with the advancement of the age in other things, and a strong exhibition of the progress of science applied to warlike aid. The despatch of those troops was so public a thing, and so fully noticed at the time, that it need not be more than alluded to thus cursorily. It suffices to

remark that nothing like it, in the way of efficiency, ever took place before in this country. We remember when expeditions of the most pressing nature left our ports in an irregular manner, and when the detention, under the plea of waiting for a "fair wind," exhibited whole fleets of transports in harbour for five and six weeks together, sometimes until the object in view was defeated by the delay.

It must have given the Americans surprise, now so dilatory in their movements, and themselves affording so singular a contrast to their marches and countermarches in the war of their revolution, particularly in the Southern States,—it must have afforded them some surprise to see the readiness we have recently displayed. In no prior time was the force we possessed upon the ocean so formidable. Lord Clarence Paget, Secretary to the Admiralty, lately addressing his constituents, entered at some length into the subject, and that in a very clear and candid manner, as well as with an ability which showed him no inefficient public servant. His statements were not only perspicuous, but they bore the stamp of veracity, for they carried nothing like subterfuge about them. His lordship ascribed the present flourishing state of things in the navy to a wise government, and to a united and sensible people, and his lordship was correct. A wiser government, his lordship might have added, than we formerly possessed, has made us a contented and a powerful people—a union of two of the most material adjuncts to imperial greatness and security. We are not aware either that in any political step taken we have to censure it as being undertaken without a due regard to principle. In our foreign policy we have a guarantee for political rectitude in Lord John Russell—we use the title by which his lordship first obtained the respect of his countrymen. His bearing, in relation both to Italy and America, has afforded pleasure and gratitude to every one able to form a correct judgment of the position which should be exhibited and of the measures taken, to be in consonance with the spirit of the time, which is a spirit of advance, of movement directed by reason in place of usage—undertakings based judiciously upon their practicability, not depreciated on account of their novelty, and therefore to be rejected, in order to support the "conservation" of those which have become effete. If we watch the great system under which nature has moved since the Creation, as we may justly presume, we find it is a system of advance, and always in the aggregate for the better. What was the power or the wisdom of the most renowned nation of antiquity to that, in our time, of this small island? In what state were mechanical powers, the art of navigation, the humanities of mankind, one, two, or three thousand years ago, or, still more remotely, as compared with the same things in the present day?

Lord Clarence Paget afforded a remarkable illustration of this in the speech alluded to above, in reference to the navy. We pass over his allusions to the jealousy and, we must say, the arrogance of a portion of the people of the United States, exhibited, without the slightest reason, upon so many occasions. It was clear that a large party in the North thought, because the legitimate government was in their hands, we were bound to show the South no favour. Granted that the Southerners were rebels, we could not regard them in that light, for we had nothing to do with the domestic quarrels of any nation. The success of an internal treason in any state constitutes its virtue or its vice, as it happens to turn

out, but while the question is in the scale, a foreign state must have some rule of conduct by which to act, and in order to cherish peace, and avoid anything like a dispute in the only way it was possible to do, Lord Palmerston and his cabinet decided to treat the contending parties as belligerents: nor does it seem possible his lordship could have acted otherwise. By this course there was no just ground of offence given to either party, for one had no more to ask or receive from us than the other. Yet we verily believe that placing the state of things upon this footing has been the true cause of the Northern soreness. It must be remembered that it is no small section of America which has thus rebelled. It is a portion of a nation in population and superficies, almost geographically, or at least climatically, separated, and marked for a great extent by the existence of the pernicious custom of slavery. It was not like the county of Gloucester or Warwick in petty rebellion against the Queen of England, but like the rebellion of a whole realm, as if Scotland, for example, had arisen, and made war upon the south of the island.

In reference, therefore, to a petty rebellion in a state, there is no analogy, and still less when we consider the extent to which the government of each separate state was carried within itself. The least possible power was left to the general government. The states of America were no petty divisions like counties or hundreds in England.

Pennsylvania alone is as large as England and Wales, only one of thirty-six states. The consequence of thus leaving the states to govern themselves was, that the Southerners began to feel their own strength, to observe how confined was the power of the executive, and to take advantage of the licence they possessed to the disadvantage of the general government, to say nothing of its different institutions.

In a contest of such magnitude, how was the minister of a foreign state to act otherwise than the clear sense and long experience of Lord Palmerston led him to do? Yet out of this—for we know not to what other cause we can attribute it—has arisen that captiousness towards England of which we have before spoken, and which even within the walls of congress has given birth to such unseemly language as that of Mr. Lovejoy. We know that none disapprove of it more than the American ministers, and the reflecting men among the people; but it is a trait of grossly bad manners, which in no respectable society can be tolerated, and which the wiser of the American people cannot assuredly applaud.

In the statement made by Lord Clarence Paget there are facts that would not have been credited as possible by naval men during the last great French war. The mode of manning ships, and feeding, paying, and treating seamen now, if proposed forty-five years ago, would have been scouted as impracticable and ruinous. Yet even then it was excellent, compared to what it had been before the mutiny at the Nore, after which event that noble old man, Lord Howe, endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the seaman. Past impossibilities are become modern possibilities. Lord Clarence Paget has shown this to be the fact in the navy. Let the nation feel rejoiced at the successful change. The navy is the all-and-in-all of England. We cannot keep an army of hundreds of thousands of men like the great continental sovereigns. More than that, we cannot stir out of our own little island without entering a ship.

We must have an ocean home—we must be amphibious whether we will or no. On whatever shore the waves break and are seen by the native of this island, he hails them as the friends of his infancy, and almost parts of himself. They are the majestic highway over which he careers to form an intercourse with the remoter nations of the earth, or to convey him to the shores still those of his sovereign, on whose dominions the sun never sets. "If you will have war," said Charles Fox upon one occasion in parliament, "let it be a naval war. Let not a shilling go to the army that can be employed in the navy."

The efforts made to bring up the navy to its present state were laborious and expensive, but successful. Not long ago the ignorant, who thought vast armies could be moved in the dark and overturn kingdoms in a single night, were full of the idea that the French were going to invade us with one or two hundred thousand men, and to cross the Channel without our observation. This notion, and the improvements made in the French navy, set us upon our mettle. We had, and it is to be hoped ever shall have, a naval superiority, if only in consequence of the naval necessity just now alluded to, that we cannot quit our own country without a vessel, the effect of an insular position. We have the largest commercial navy on the face of the earth; effective seamen cannot be made except on the ocean. "But steam is come into use?" We answer, Where is steam mastered in usage as it is in England? Whence came the steam-engine? Whose engineers are most prized? Where are coals obtained easiest and best? "There are coals enough in South Wales alone," said a very good authority to us the other day, "to last England a thousand years." Iron? Where is there such an abundance?

Walking near Penryn, Cornwall, a Londoner said to a Cornishman, "I find you have here traces of almost all the metallic substances except iron?"

"A mistake, my good sir, we have some of the richest iron ore in the world, but we have no coals. We send shiploads of hæmatite, a rich iron ore, to Wales, as well as our copper, in the vessels that bring over coals for our engines, and we build here the largest steam-engines in the world; but we are obliged to bring coal across from South Wales to smelt the iron we use. We have iron ore enough, if we could smelt it, for half our national wants."

What nation is most able, therefore, to run the best race in steam vessels, either as to cheapness or efficiency? Who can complete the greatest number of iron line-of-battle ships in a given time, or at the least expense? Let us have facts? What nation holds the purse-strings of the world? What is American credit in value compared to that of England?

Lord Clarence Paget well observed that no government could have done in the time all that the Admiralty did in regard to Canada, had it not been backed by the people. They came forward spontaneously and offered their magnificent ships, and thus ten or twelve thousand men were thrown into Canada in a few days, in the depth of winter—cavalry, guns, stores, commissariat complete, and ready for service. This was a tremendous display of power. In three weeks we had doubled our naval squadrons in strength on the coast of America with the most powerful

vessels in the world. A line-of-battle ship was manned in five days! Was not this progress? What performed it but the earnest energies of a mighty people—a united, strong-willed, determined people—trusting in their government, now they have one which they feel they can trust.

Lord Clarence Paget then showed the state of our naval force, and explained the wise means adopted in dealing with seamen, stating that they had higher wages now in the navy than in the merchant service; and he also explained the change from the old system which has rendered the service so effective.

The whole of Lord Clarence Paget's statement was cheering. There is a unity among the people of England at present which never existed before. Every one feels an immediate interest in the measures carried out, that a portion of them is their own immediate concern, and that the object is one in which they agree heart and soul. They are not accustomed now to those exhibitions of official ignorance under which men once blundered along in the direction of affairs. The existing Admiralty would not send expensive knee-timber all the way to Canada to build ships on the Lakes. "We do not want timber of any kind," the Canadians wrote home. "We have only to cut down the trees, and the finest timber in the world will fall into the water close to where it grows." Yet we remember this was done in the last war with America, if the papers spoke the truth. The Canadians said, "Send us shipwrights and sailors, those are our great wants," as any individual who knew or had read of the country would know. Such were public statements made at the time. Again, the use of steam at sea was proposed to the Admiralty, and rejected, with the reply that steam could never be of use to his Majesty's navy! To show how any reasonable change was treated, the real objection was that it was new, an unheard-of innovation. We once saw a splendid double-banked French frigate, the *Egyptienne*, forty-four guns, built of enduring cedar. She had been captured originally, and was sent to sea till she wanted new masts, and then she was to be dismantled.

"What are you going to do with her?" we asked, as she lay under Mount Wise.

"Break her up," was the reply; "her masts are bad."

"Why don't you put in new ones? What a splendid vessel!"

"She is too large for a frigate; she will take the masts of a seventy-four."

"No matter," we replied; "she is a noble ship, and will never decay. We can move about in her, use our limbs, and not be bent double, as in the *Amethyst* there"—alluding to that little frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by the gallant Sir Michael Seymour.

"No, no, that won't be done, it is contrary to regulations. The navy board won't consent to break them, to put new masts into her."

"What are you going to do with her fine timbers?"

"Oh, we shall use them for fitting up officers' cabins, and other ornamental work."

Of course, we came under the denomination of landlubbers, somewhat contemptuous in our minds in regard to the dicta of the navy board and its imperious regulations. We have lived to see that board abolished; our thirty-six-gun frigates have come to nothing in comparison with a

new class—nay, even the cedar-built *Egyptienne*, so blamed for carrying the masts of a seventy-four, that the navy board could not put up with the innovation—we have lived to see that this fine frigate of the old time before our present vessels would appear as insignificant as the *Amethyst* appeared alongside the *Egyptienne*. The principle was the same then as now, but the cogent argument—the fear of innovation on established regulations—damped all advance. We have got over that some time ago, as is clear from Lord C. Paget's statement. Just so it was with the system of governments in most European states. It seemed as if they courted revolutions, because they would not be directed by right principles, or allow the subject to have any opinion upon how he is governed. The doctrine of change of any kind was inadmissible when it was not in consonance with the past, and devoted, Austrian fashion, wholly to the interest of the ruling power. The world stood still, so did man, because it was not seen to be in motion by the dim eyes of the rulers. The latter had no idea of moving onward, and even thought the proposal of doing so criminal. Hence, like particular diseases, the stand-still governments caught the infection from some friend or ally, and then improvement was forced by sudden and dangerous convulsion, which, if admitted wisely and by due degrees, would have rendered nations freer, and society more tranquil. Of this the French revolution was a remarkable instance. France made war upon England in America, without the slightest reason, save the desire to do her an injury by reducing her power. Louis XVI. sent his armies to America, where, contrasting their own position with the love of freedom shown in the British colonies, they carried it back to France, where all was ripe for a change, and absolutism fell into anarchy. All Europe combined to uphold the old system in vain, and exacerbated the disease. To this hour the same spirit is propagating in a milder way throughout Europe the spirit of freedom and improvement among the people, although in a greater or less degree, according to the nature of the attendant circumstances.

We might follow this subject to much greater length, but we have explained sufficiently the magnitude and importance of the changes to which Lord Clarence Paget alluded, in respect more particularly to the naval service. It is important to remark that all the benefit thus derived which has so contributed to strengthen our position among the nations, has accrued from the exercise of sound principles by an enlightened popular government. It is in vain to expect strength unless the bundle of sticks is well bound up together. Now this is a remarkable feature of the present time. The American war has already caused considerable suffering in the manufacturing districts, but where is the old arraignment of the government for that reason? Is the present able premier of England anathematised on that account? Under the line of rule followed before the change of the system of Lord Castlereagh, we should now hear of plots and uprisings in all quarters. The system changed by Canning, and the mode of government followed out by all parties afterwards, was on the plan of progress. Wellington, Grey, or Peel, we still moved, like the world of Galileo, slower or quicker, according to the principles of the party, but we moved notwithstanding, and have continued to move under measures that some individuals of very limited understandings, putting on melancholy grimaces, and asking credit for

more wisdom than nature had allotted them, still deprecate, declaring that the best and most flourishing days of Old England have passed away for ever!

The truth is, we were delayed in being what we are now by our deference to those who have been proved false prophets. To do right without regard to consequences is the great secret of political as well as every other kind of prosperity, and the adverse action which has ensued in trade owing to the situation of affairs in America must very soon terminate. The Northern party seem to be placing their success upon the number of their troops rather than upon discipline or the experience of the wiser heads among them. War is a deadly corrosive, it eats away the flesh of nations under its action. By foiling an enemy this way, as we imagine, in maturing our preparations and extending them too far, we commit suicide. "When do the Northerners mean to move?" has been for some time the question in Europe. We have not heard of a single advantage of moment yet gained by them. The moral loss they sustained in the Manassas affair they ought long ago to have retrieved. Painful to us as a war of brother against brother is always felt to be, it were better the struggle were quickly over. Nor do we see a Washington or Franklin arise to rule and direct affairs by the aid of moral power, and perhaps mitigate the horrible calamity which will be felt by future generations. "You talk of a civil war in Ireland," said the Duke of Wellington. "My lords, I know what civil war is, and I would lay down my life this moment rather than see six weeks' civil war in Ireland."

Between England and America the apprehension of hostilities has happily ceased. The warlike attitude assumed on our part has changed, we trust, for no short period. The speed with which the preparations were carried through, not only those to which allusion has been made in regard to the navy, but in all the other departments which contributed to the same object, must, without fail, impress upon the world a fresh instance of our physical power, as our unanimity does that of the estimation in which our moral influence must be held. We have already adverted to our union as a people being the source of our present unexampled strength. We do not taunt America. Why, then, are her people for ever taunting us?

We should be unjust if we passed unnoticed the minister who has been the moving spirit of all, from the hour which changed the direction of the Crimean war, when its duties were resigned by Lord Aberdeen, to the present time. There was an energy put into our movements, and an activity combined with it, which could only have arisen from a long acquaintance with every branch of official duty, and with the right mode of placing it in combined action. Time and experience have given those important qualifications to Lord Palmerston to an extent which no other officer of the crown that we know of at present, or that we can recollect, has before possessed, and we can run a long way back into his lordship's political career. It is a question whether any minister in this country was ever so well and practically acquainted with all the governmental departments in their minutiae. This has been obvious in the example of the Crimean war, as well as in the preparations for the dispute with America, now so happily adjusted. What a long course of years, what startling events, what political changes, what deluges of life and death, have poured into or out of humanity since Lord Palmerston

was a lord of the Admiralty, under the Duke of Portland's administration! His lordship, it is remarkable, was secretary at war under the minister Perceval—a minister ill adapted for agreement with his lordship's acuteness, and absence from that gloom, almost asceticism, which marked Perceval's unhappy and talentless career. But even under that minister official knowledge was to be acquired, and his lordship was not one to pass by the acquirement of that knowledge, and the retention and selection of what was useful belonging to it with the rejection of the superfluous and useless. This may be learned from his subsequent history while performing his public duties, and the mode in which he despatches them, thus showing the result of experience and reflection, without seeming wise from cogitation or profound only from gravity. No man in Europe is better acquainted with the bearings and relations of the different courts towards each other, or knows better how to treat their shuffling, miserable, petty artifices, which made diplomacy a little while ago only another term for low, unworthy craft. The first fifteen or twenty years of his official life seemed given to a political apprenticeship—to mastering the duties of office, acquiring a knowledge of the political world, and following those pursuits which recommend from their polish and social attraction rather than the authority of an affected man of business without the reality, as was continually the case with many of our past official men of rank, who continually disappointed public expectation. Lord Palmerston was contented to rise gradually in order to ensure high success, and that success has been pre-eminent. It was not accident, as some of his lordship's enemies assert, which brought him out. Lord Palmerston is descended from a truly great man, whose example, perhaps, inspired him. His lordship waited until the "pear was ripe" before he made himself conspicuous. Who will prove that his course was an erroneous one, when its results have been so brilliant? He could not be called a party man—one of those who would vote *pro* or *con*. because certain friends made it their request he should vote by the colour and not by the sense of the question. His political schooling was Tory, and they who assert his progress has not been as extensive as his experience, would lead the country to expect he must be a scion of the old stock of the dim-sighted from party fever. His lordship has been charged with treating too lightly things not accustomed to be so handled, however true to that character they might be in reality. Yet to be truthful in the senate is no small merit in a minister of the first order, nor can every temperament be bridled to treat folly like wisdom, and compliment the inveterate imbecility that sometimes afflicts members of the House of Commons because it is policy to conceal their nakedness. In all events, her Majesty's government, under the noble viscount, has well sustained the reputation of England in every part of the world. It has never been higher, and we are not aware what more could have been done under circumstances so singular as the country has recently witnessed. We think his lordship may repose upon his laurels in this case; for, wonderful to say, he has recently subdued—what no minister, that we recollect, ever did subdue before—that spirit of cavil upon a great question which in times past so often attempted to persuade the nation that no public duty was more necessary than to divide, from the mere spirit of party, upon points where a patriotic unanimity became a species of self-defence against external insult.

DINNERS AND DINNER-PARTIES.*

WHEN the last leader of the Hebrews of the Commonwealth, portraying what a king would be, described him as taking their daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers, it is manifest that he by no means held those pursuits in such high esteem as does the author of the book now before us. Never was there such a tirade against the fair sex for their presumed neglect of the creature-comforts of man! The old bachelor and yachtsman can see nothing in woman but a cook. If man is distinguished from a gorilla by lighting a fire, so his better-half should do nothing but cook his victuals and "help to make the gluttony."

In Germany, in Holland, in France, and even in Spain, the housewives of the upper classes regulate the ménage, in which they take pleasure, it having formed part of the education of their girlhood. They have their model kitchens, where order, neatness, and cleanliness reign triumphant; where the bright cooking and porcelain saucepans attract the notice of the most superficial, and from whence is obtained, as if by magic, a prettily conceived dinner, fitted for the human stomach, increasing the gratification of the convives by the knowledge that the production is chemically clean, and perfect in its conception.

The gentlewomen of those countries recognise the study of cookery with delight as an intellectual employment and refined pursuit, paramount to all their duties, more interesting than the study of chemistry. They disdain the excessive desire of amusement, which they know indisposes the mind to industry, and is not favourable to civilisation; the gentlewomen of those countries know that every one of the great human family have their duties, and that the better educated are bound to set example to those below them. They avoid all the spiritless and crowded societies where a round of low and trifling amusements fills the hours of what are called entertainments.

Such is the example set to us by the thrifty, companionable, contented, and useful housewives of the Continent. Our country presents, unfortunately, just the reverse of the picture. This is the way, according to this our latest authority, that the girls of England are brought up:

The offshoots of nobility with only empty titles for their fortunes; baronets who never ought to have had the honour; knights without means; aspiring merchants; aspiring barristers, who had been better with a trade; aspiring vulgarity of all sorts, ay, and all the other classes, jostle with the tradesman; they are all diseased with selfish vanity, and they all try to imitate the upper five thousand; consequently, they diverge from the natural path in the education of their daughters, who are sent to those equivocal places called boarding-schools or colleges, to be prepared for a future life of martyrdom; where what is drummed into them is artificial or of no use, and if not immediately abandoned, is on marriage; some are taught to balance the body, to curtsy to a mock queen, to enter a mock carriage, to mount a mock horse, to be presented at a mock court; others learn things which it had been well for them they had never known; they are all, as it is called, educated; they are all dressed alike, and it is impossible to distinguish the one from the other, but if there is a preference, we should give it to the daughters of the tradesmen; many of these superficially-educated girls have to seek their livelihoods, and of necessity fall into the hopeless condition of

* *Dinners and Dinner-Parties.* Published for the Author. Chapman and Hall. 1862.

that spiritless and friendless class called teachers of the nonsense they have acquired, and so it circulates until you find a pianoforte in nearly every lodging-house kitchen.

Poor girls! They are ignorant, do not even know their pence or multiplication tables, their whole education is vicious, and, what is worse, repugnant to the feelings of modesty. The parrot, the cat, and the dog, are instances of intellect above the females educated at fashionable schools, for they refuse their food if not properly cooked; nay, our morose old bachelor-yachtsman declares that the present race of girls are shown by their dress to be fast, dirty, and indelicate in mind:

The women and girls that mount what are commonly called pork pies, or things with feathers stuck in them, are looked on by the men as fast young women, and not the images of modesty; the long gowns that trail up the filth of the pavement are taken to bespeak the dirtiness of the wearer; and the silly under-gear of iron and cane is said to be the sure sign of an indelicate and unchaste mind, because it is utterly impossible that any woman can be in ignorance of that which she exhibits when waltzing, stooping, mounting a staircase, getting into a carriage, or standing over the iron rails of fashionable shops. Florence Nightingale says: "It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us 'woman's particular worth and general missionariness,' to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any 'mission' or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick-room without shaking it. What is become of woman's light step—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for? A nurse who rustles (I am speaking of nurses professional and unprofessional) is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why. The fidget of silk and crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good. The noiseless step of women, the noiseless drapery of women, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves. Fortunate it is if her skirts do not catch fire, and if the nurse does not give herself up a sacrifice, together with her patient, to be burnt in her own petticoats. I wish the Registrar-General would tell us the exact number of deaths by burning occasioned by this absurd and hideous custom. I wish, too, that people who wear crinoline could see the indecency of their own dress as other people see it. A respectable elderly woman stooping forward, invested in crinoline, exposes quite as much of her own person to the patient lying in the room as any opera dancer does on the stage. But no one will ever tell her this unpleasant truth."

Nor is this all. It is not solely that the neglect of the art of cookery implies every vice and deficiency, but it is also that such neglect entails inevitable poverty. There is a prevailing opinion among most females that they are exempt from household duties by reason of their property, and the smaller the property the stronger is the opinion. Yet are we gravely told in the face of this, as the result of serious statistical facts, that among the 10,302,873 women of England and Wales, there are not one hundred whose estates or fortunes will exempt them from their household duties. In the face of this, the confiscation and losses (not to mention the miseries) entailed by ignorance and pride in the process of cookery amounted to six times the sum levied in the shape of poor-rates. Ponder on this, fair ladies! And if not enough, add to it the consoling fact thus announced:

There are few housewives that know anything at all of domestic duty, and there are no female servants of character fitted for the duties, although the females above twenty-one years of age number nearly six hundred thousand more than the male population, but not one in a hundred knows how to cook a potato.

Is it to be wondered that half the married men wish themselves single, and that the bachelors dread the expenses and disagreeables of a home of discomfort, and prefer bachelor's comforts to the miseries of love in a cottage with a wife of fashionable education, or rather no education, and babies and drabs of nursemaids in perspective?

Were there no exergue to this coin, no other side to such uncompromising condemnation of the sex, we could almost fancy the retort courteous:

You've written a book,
Go marry your cook!

But there is another point of view in which matters present themselves; a happy contrast, a delightful relief to the nightmare of useless wives, bad cookery, dyspepsia, and early death. It saves the author from Coventry. It is the "gentlewoman" *par éminence* and her ménage:

The first glance of her is like the preface of a beautiful book—she presents a world of things, of mind and elegance. The botanist crosses mountains and valleys before he meets with a rare flower, and when he does, it may be likened to the gentlewoman.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

The gentlewoman exemplifies that her accomplishments are not incompatible with her duty; she sitteth at the head of the table and distributes God's bounties to her admiring guests. In her presence small indeed appear all other women. She is conscious of the millions of wrongs that are perpetrated by deputy, and she disdains claiming exemption from the duties that were imposed upon Eve.

The gentlewoman is aware that the human frame is reminded of the loss which its vital mechanism has undergone by the call of hunger, and such loss must be replaced by good and sufficient food, or the vital flame will be enfeebled and ultimately extinguished. The compliance is the fulfilment of an agreeable duty, and ought to be a real enjoyment.

If ever you get introduced into a house where the lady of the mansion looks to the cuisine, you need not be under the apprehension of poison. Be sure to treat her as (she is) a superior being; and should you be so fortunate as to receive an invitation, put off any and every engagement, even by command of Majesty. You will find yourself amply repaid.

Neither refuse an invitation to dine on board a yacht. You are sure of a good dinner. In the little kitchens are composed the prettiest little dinners that can be conceived; and it is wonderful that so many women as have partaken of the hospitality of those places should not have tried to follow the example.

Again, where are such breakfasts to be had as on board a yacht? Fish hot every morning for breakfast, and the remainder of the various little dishes of the preceding day re-cooked and prettily put on the table, the very sight of them making you hungry. This is beneath the thought or dignity of an English lady, who thinks a cup of tea, badly made, and bread-and-butter, is sufficient breakfast, especially if enlivened by a hard-boiled egg, nearly cold.

If it should be your good lot to meet with a man who has a wine-cellar, and who looks after it himself, be assured that he is a man of sense, and ranks far above the every-day man. You may safely listen to his conversation, and you will understand it, although you may have drank four bottles of his wine.

How enjoyable is a dinner where all affectation is abandoned, where there is no competition in vanity, where the guests are all good temper and smiles, no smell of scents or filthy patchouli to disturb your digestion, where the convives give their attention to the dinner, knowing that each entrée should be eaten at the moment it is in its highest perfection. At such a dinner you never hear senseless cackle, but a calm, quiet interchange of sentiments; the guests are all attention to each other, and pass the plates according to convenience (without waiting a servant), and enlivening the entertainment by expressions of appreciation.

The French are thoroughly alive to the art of dinner-giving, and they say good eating is favourable to beauty, and keeps off the exterior appearance of old age. It gives brilliancy to the eyes, freshness to the skin, and stays the depression of the muscles which cause the wrinkles that are the enemies of beauty; and that it is certain that those females who know how to eat are comparatively ten years younger in appearance than those that know not the science; and that painters and sculptors are aware of the fact, for they never represent the half-starved, the bilious, or the pale, from the malady of badly-cooked food, their blotches, wrinkles, or decrepitude.

A dinner well chosen for a party of eight genial souls, four gentlewomen and four gentlemen, put on a snow-white table, and, to save the noise and trouble of servants brushing and disturbing the company, four knives and four forks to each guest; nothing else on the table, except the bill of fare, and a thick bit of bread to each guest, and the four glasses, and four wines necessary for such a party, every dish brought from the model kitchen and put on separately, being timed to come on the table at the moment it is wanted, and eaten at the very moment it is in its highest perfection. Such a dinner is fit for the gods—it surpasses the high-vaunted dinners of either the Goldsmiths', Fishmongers', or Merchant Taylors'; in fact, it cannot be surpassed.

There are some hints and stories about cooks that are by no means savoury, whatever their dishes may be. We have seen potages, abandoned after a trial at a confectioner's, returned to the tureen; we have heard of the refuse of some thirty basins of pea-soup, too hot to be devoured during the short stay of the train, being poured back for the delectation of the next batch of wayfarers, but there is a story in this little book that casts a halo of innocence over such culinary offences.

There is a great deal of good sense in the advice given upon the subject of dinner-parties:

As all the dishes cannot be partaken of at the same time, let them be brought in one at a time. You will save annoyance to the guests, and two servants will suffice, and the dinner will be well served.

As to the laying of the table, see à propos of the gentlewoman and her ménage; but it is a very comfortable method to have the servants in the room only when they are rung for; in such case, each guest will pass the plate to his neighbour.

Never wait dinner. Have it up the moment it is ready; if a male guest should not arrive in time, he is not worth waiting for; if a female, it will teach her better manners.

In helping the guests, do not imitate the would-be fine ladies who think they are doing gentility when they pull wry faces, asking if you will have a leg or wing, forgetting that a fowl has only two, and if all chose the same she could not supply them; and be sure you do not imitate her in waiting for the grave-

digger, the mate, or the little boy to hand you your plate, although you are sitting next her. Help quickly, and pass on the plate.

Let every guest help himself and challenge his neighbour to wine; it begets good fellowship, and avoids the annoyance of awkward servants slopping the wine into your glass. People forget that the good old fashion was abandoned on the Queen coming to the throne, who, as a girl, could not challenge her guests to take wine; and thus it became the fashion to imitate her Majesty in that which to her was a matter of necessity.

The selection of the guests should not be forgotten. No *Amphitryon* neglects it; choose them for their good qualities, let them be amiable and sociable; do not invite those whose vanity would usurp the talk; such people are empty and disagreeable, and no more to be admired than the wasp's-bite disposition of some other people: above all, never invite a garrulous woman; she will detain her soup-plate on the table talking nonsense until the fish is entirely spoiled.

There is a class of woman that should be excluded from every dinner. I mean the woman that takes a breakfast, and afterwards consume a couple of mutton chops, or an omelette or sweetbread, at her luncheon, and finishes at Gunter's, or some other pastrycook's. Such women never do credit to any dinner.

There are also some simple, practical, and capital recipes and directions, which will alone more than repay the investment made in this small book. There are, further, some would-be clever accounts of dinner-parties to be avoided, but these have become worn-out themes, and it is not to be regretted that they are so, for such observations are never in good taste. When a host and hostess have done their best to ensure their guests comfort and enjoyment, we think those persons who proclaim their waiters to be hired mutes, their room a horse-box, their soups the essence of dirty saucepans, their patties lumps of clay, their sauce bill-sticker's paste, their joints vulgar logs, their jellies from the horse-knacker's, their sherry cape, their port sloe-juice, and their conversation small-talk, are just as much to be avoided in sending out the invitations as are the stuck-up people, the ignoramuses, the vulgar, and the impostors met with at mixed dinner-parties to be avoided by the invited. It is curious that your *bon-vivant* is notoriously a good-natured animal, your gourmet as notoriously a morose, peevish, fretful, critical, and uncongenial, unsocial bore. It is all a question of digestion: your *bon-vivant* enjoys a good dinner, and can digest it; your gourmet cannot enjoy a good dinner; he sees dirt in every dish, adulteration in every condiment, and poison in every drink. He goes away discontented, reckoning every dinner as a dozen nails to his coffin, and justly so, for he cannot digest what is placed before him any more than if it were brass nails.

PASTORS AND PROPHETS OF THE DESERT.

PROTESTANT INSURRECTION IN THE VIVARAIS.

DRIVEN out of their native country by the Dragonnades that followed upon the ascendancy of Madame de Maintenon over a decrepit monarch, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Protestant pastors said to their flocks, "Fear nothing : if we can no longer be with you, the Spirit of the Lord will not abandon you ; it will be always with you when two or three are gathered together, and it will speak through the mouths even of women and children."

These words, taken by the unenlightened rustics in their literal acceptation, had a great effect upon many of the less fortunate, whose poverty obliged them to remain in France. Since their temples had been razed to the ground and their worship proscribed, they assembled in the depth of the forest or the seclusion of mountains to pray together secretly. These were what were called the "Churches of the Desert," churches that boasted of their pastors, or preachers, who braved death to remain faithful to their cause. A long and atrocious persecution had at once irritated and exalted the spirit of the rural population, and it gave origin to a religious enthusiasm amounting in some cases to hallucination, which soon became epidemic. To these persecuted creatures the mountains and the wilderness appeared as if peopled with phantoms, and resounded with the voices of revelation. In such solitudes the dreams of excited brains assumed a shape and form, and the least noise was heralded and interpreted as a sign from the Holy Ghost.

If we were to give credit to the Roman Catholic writers, imposture came in aid of this disposition of minds. They appealed to the case of one Du Serre, who was accused with having prepared children, by low living and religious excitement, to enact the part of prophets on the mountain Peyra, in Dauphiny, in the very heart of the forest. But it is sufficient to show that the impulse was far more widely extended, to find that at the very time when Du Serre's prophets were preaching against the Roman Church while sleeping, as Fléchier had it, the same phenomena of inspiration manifested themselves at Castres, in High Languedoc, a hundred leagues from Dauphiny. Mere children began to preach and prophesy there in a precisely similar manner—a thing which seemed to show that the ecstatic illuminism produced by a general cause, and which was about to make such rapid progress, was in reality exploding simultaneously in different places.

The first of these manifestations declared itself in the neighbourhood of Castres, in the spring of 1668. An angel appeared to a shepherdess of La Capelle, ten years of age, and forbade her going to mass. The news of this miracle propagated in the country, attracted a great number of persons to see the little girl. The angel, who had given orders to quit the Catholic churches, was promptly obeyed, and it was in vain that the youthful prophet was shut up in the convent of Sommières, at the foot of the Cévennes. The first spark was struck, and it was destined to light up a general conflagration.

In the same country of Castres, from whence the youthful shepherdess of La Capelle came, a firm predicator of great renown in the neighbourhood, Corbière by name, was likewise favoured with the visits of angels. On the 7th of February, two angels were said to have appeared after a sermon preached by Corbière, in the midst of a congregation of six hundred persons. They reproached some of them by name with having attended mass, and expelled them from the bosom of the elect.

The sub-delegate of the intendant of the province, Barbeyrac, set his emissaries on the track of this dangerous prophet. As Corbière was preaching on Palm Sunday in the forest of Cazarils, the dragoons surrounded the congregation. Pursued by the soldiery, the minister stopped, turned round, and describing a circle with his stick, "Back, Satan!" he exclaimed, in a terrible voice to the dragoons. His threatening tone, his raised stick, the fierce attitude and wild figure of the prophet so surprised the horsemen, that, thinking they had a supernatural being to deal with, they hesitated, and were even on the point of taking themselves off, had it not been for the captain of the detachment coming up, and who, less troubled by scruples, rode up to the orator of the desert and shot him dead with a pistol.

Among the numerous prophets who made their appearance at the same epoch, a young shepherdess of Crest, in Dauphiny, acquired great celebrity. Isabeau Vincent, or the "belle Isabeau," as she was called, was a girl of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, whose father was a wool-carder at Saon, near Crest, in the diocese of Die. Misery having forced her to quit the paternal home, she was received by her godfather, a peasant, who gave her some sheep to look after. It was whilst thus humbly engaged that some unknown person paid her a visit, and consecrated her a prophetess. The fair Isabeau had a quickness of intelligence and a command of language that particularly fitted her for her mission. After having made her first essays in the homes of the poor, her reputation soon spread far and wide throughout Dauphiny. The fame of her gifts even reached Rotterdam, where Jurieu proclaimed the event as a first accomplishment of the predictions published in his works. Alas! we have had false prophets in all times, and they still exist in our own days. The learned doctor, in his zeal to overthrow the Roman Church, and to ensure the triumphant restoration of Calvinism in France, had, in his exile, so busied himself in the study of the Apocalypse, that, like many others, he turned prophet himself. In one of his works, published in 1686, under the title of "The Accomplishment of Prophecy; or, the Coming Delivery of the Church," he declared that he had been admitted to the secret of God's counsels, and to have arranged the events which had been disarranged by the Holy Ghost in the Apocalypse. Speaking of the event which he most fondly anticipated, he said: "Papism will begin to tumble down in four or five years hence, and the reformation will be established in France. That will happen precisely in 1690." Jurieu is supposed from his influence to have contributed to the propagation of minor prophets. A medal was struck in his honour in Holland, with the inscription *JURIUS PROPHETA*.

But to return to the fair Isabeau. The apostate Brueys, the Catholic historian of the war of the Cévennes, is forced to admit that she played her part as prophetess with great success. Those who saw and heard her

prophecy were struck with her exceeding beauty when her countenance was lit up with enthusiasm. When still a mere shepherdess, she had captivated a counsellor of Dauphiny, named Gerlan, who attended her every evening at the little gatherings which assembled to hear her, and he carefully preserved every word that she uttered.

Gerlan first obtained an introduction to the young girl by pretending to be a traveller in want of drink. Whilst she was giving him a glass of water he observed her closely. She was of moderate height, little rather than otherwise, with an irregular face, thin and browned by exposure, with a good forehead and great black eyes, prominent yet mild. The description might have been written by a modern phrenologist: large reasoning powers, much susceptibility to wonder and enthusiasm, and fully developed organ of language.

"Sister," said the counsellor to her, "blessed be God who has done me the favour to let me see and hear you, that I may be strengthened in my faith and receive consolation from his persecuted children."

"You are welcome," she replied; "this very evening I shall evangelise some of our brethren assembled in the mountain."

The friends started together at dusk. Two young girls and about twenty peasants, with the counsellor, followed Isabeau, who walked very fast, although the road was bad and the night dark. A numerous assemblage were awaiting her. "I am incapable of speaking of myself," she said; and, falling on her knees, she added: "O God! loosen my tongue, if it is Thy good pleasure, so that I may proclaim Thy word, and comfort this afflicted people." And the Spirit seized her at once, and she made a long prayer. After having had a psalm sung, the key to which she gave with much melody, she preached with a loud voice upon the text: "If any one tells you: here is Christ, he is here, he is there, believe him not." "I thought," says Gerlan, "that I heard an angel speaking."

Isabeau appeared sometimes as if buried in so profound a lethargy that it seemed useless to attempt to arouse her. It was, indeed, in vain at such times that she was called, shaken, pinched, nay, even burnt. Yet whilst thus apparently asleep, she would sing psalms in a clear loud voice. After having sung, she would improvise prayers, recite long fragments of the Bible, commentate upon the Holy Writ, apostrophise papists, and deliver sermons with great eloquence. "Come to me," she would say, "you who are overworked and burthened. The Saviour of our souls calls us; we must follow him. Our Saviour has himself suffered so much! He is our good master and our redeemer." At other times she had recourse to trivial comparisons: "They have done as Judas did to our Lord; they have entangled him in a net (*ils ont tricoté, ils ont fait le tricotage*); literally, they have knitted him, made a knitting of him). They will dry up like the stubble of a field that is mown. Mass, mass, what do you think, my dear brethren, that mass is like? I compare it to a beautiful silver plate; it is white on the surface, but black within."

When restored to herself, the prophetess did not remember anything that had occurred, or that she had said. She declared, on the contrary, that she had slept soundly, and she did not appear to be fatigued, although she had spoken sometimes for three, four, or five hours continuously.

This condition of the fair Isabeau has been likened to the state of somnambulism induced by magnetism; this may be, but we should prefer the simple explanation of a partial sleep, involving all the natural functions except the surerexited powers, just as in dreaming we dream and talk of that which has most interested or occupied the mind.

The shepherdess of Crest became at last famous for the frequency of her ecstasies. Her celebrity caused her to be invited to Grenoble, where she effected some important conversions. Among these were Madame de Baix, widow of a counsellor of the parliament of Grenoble, who finished by becoming inspired herself and communicating her delirious enthusiasm to her daughter.

This triumph, deemed so gloriois for Isabeau, had an inconvenience attached to it, which was, that it created a sensation among the aristocracy of Dauphiny. Persecuted by the intendant of the province, Madame de Baix withdrew to a country-house that she possessed near Livron, a little town situate on the left bank of the Rhône, between Crest and Valence. No less than three hundred persons who heard her prophesy there were seized with the same spirit of enthusiasm. Expelled from Livron, she crossed the Rhône, and went on preaching and prophesying, until she and her daughter were both arrested at Tournon. She was, however, without the jurisdiction of the intendant of her own province.

The latter, Bouchu by name, disembarassed of Madame de Baix, set his emissaries on the track of the fair Isabeau. It was really time, for to have let her go only a few weeks more, and there would not have been a man in all Dauphiny who would not have been gifted with the power of prophesying. The initiation by breathing upon a person had, in the excited state of people's minds in that day, become no longer necessary: it was sufficient that Isabeau should pass by that the spirit should emanate from her to those who were in her vicinity. Jurieu relates that a man, upon retiring from one of these gatherings, fell down, as if struck by some grievous illness, upon two feet deep of snow, and then, with his eyes shut, like a person who was asleep, he began to preach and prophesy.

Luckily for the intendant Bouchu, who was perfectly dumb-founded at the progress of the epidemic, the shepherdess of Crest was not so difficult to secure as the counsellor's widow. His agents soon brought her before him. After several questions of a general nature, to which she gave satisfactory replies, Fléchier relates in his work, "*Relations des Fanatiques*," being interrogated upon the discourses which she was said to hold forth in her sleep, she answered, with an appearance of great simplicity, "but which for all that was not wanting in affectation," that in truth she had heard say that she prophesied when she was asleep, but that she did not believe in it, for she could not know anything about it, as people were not aware of what they did in their sleep. However much pressed upon this point, she adhered to her statement, and nothing further could be elicited from her.

Fléchier does not relate, as is recorded in the "*Théâtre Sacré des Cévennes*," that, led off to gaol, Isabeau replied haughtily to the judges who threatened her with torture, "You may kill me if you like. God will soon send forth other prophets, who shall be more gifted than I am."

The judges of Dauphiny, more humane than were their brethren of Languedoc in after times, did not care to have so handsome a girl exe-

cut. Everybody, indeed, took an interest in her; she was assigned the public hospital as a prison, and every one was allowed to go and see her. The aristocratic ladies of Grenoble were among the first to avail themselves of this privilege, and nothing gave them greater pleasure than to take her little comforts and to hear her talk. Fléchier says that, among others, Madame de Perissal, the wife of the president of the chamber of parliamentary edicts of the province, passed whole nights at this girl's bedside. According to Brueys (*"Histoire du Fanatisme de notre Tera,"* liv. ii. p. 139), other prophets imprisoned at the same time with Isabeau were equally well treated. "Pious persons," he relates, "who had charity enough to labour in the cause of curing these poor persons of diseased mind, prevented their fasting, and gave them very nourishing food, so that gradually they regained the little sense they ever had, and which they had lost by excessive abstinence, after which they did not experience much difficulty in bringing them to a sense of their past folly, and gradually to bring them back to reason, and with reason to faith."

We do not doubt the fact, remarks a more modern author, M. Louis Figuier, the impartial historian of the Protestant prophets, for we only find in the circumstance a further example of those conversions of Pellisson's, at six livres per head, which were such a disgrace to Louis XIV.'s reign, only that the six livres were in this instance represented by good things consumed.

To finish with the fair Isabeau, she was so far converted that she was induced to marry, and to allow herself to be comfortably set up in the world, and in return to consent to forego proselytising for the more reasonable duties of a matron. Her good fortune did not, however, extend to any other of those who had been the companions of her captivity in Grenoble.

When the shepherdess of Crest ceased to preach, the prophetic spirit in Dauphiny began to die away. Nevertheless, neither M. Bouchu, nor the judges, nor the noble ladies of Grenoble, had been able to eradicate the evil, for there remained the "*gentilhomme verrier*," M. du Serre. In the fourteenth century nobility had been decreed to glass-manufacturers, to encourage that branch of industry. M. du Serre had never ceased holding nocturnal assemblies and ordinating prophets on the mountain of Peyra, where was his glass-factory. He had attached certain rites to the ordination, in order the more closely to associate his neophytes with himself. He was seconded by public opinion in this matter, for it was necessary to be considered as a true prophet, notwithstanding the peculiar case of the fair Isabeau, that the individual should have been recognised as such by an acknowledged prophet, or have received the breath from him in presence of the congregation.

Among the immediate disciples of the said gentleman glass-factor, the one who obtained most repute was a peasant of Clieu, twenty-two years of age, by name Gabriel Astier. The first care had been to communicate to his father, mother, and two sisters the gift that he had received, and he afterwards inoculated all the inhabitants of his village. Coming under the persecutions of the intendant Bouchu, he obtained refuge for a short time with Madame de Baix. When he was driven with that lady across the Rhône, he had the good luck to escape the judge of Tournon, and he carried the prophetic spirit into the Vivaraia.

Although obliged to conceal his movements in a district that was full of dragoons, Gabriel made numerous proselytes in all the villages that he visited. Followed by a whole troop of prophets and prophetesses, he gradually reached the Boutières, or northern slopes of the Cévennes. There, even more than in the Alps, the spirit of the Waldenses and Albigenes had left the deepest traces. The inhabitants of these poor and wild regions had steadfastly adhered to the principles of the reform. Their piety as well as their mountains, almost inaccessible, and buried during a considerable portion of the year in snow, secured a safe asylum to the fugitive prophet. His zealous words, anxiously listened to in every direction, propagated ecstasism with the rapidity of a fire borne by the wind, to use the expression of a chronicler of the time.

No predicator, even in these times, when inspiration produced such extraordinary phenomena, possessed in the same degree as Gabriel Astier did that lively eloquence which could sway multitudes. He carried away with him the inhabitants of Saint-Cierge, Pranes, Saint-Sauveur, Tauruc, Saint-Michel, Gluiras, and Saint-Genest. It seemed as if there no longer existed in all these villages any other care or desire than that of listening to the voice of the man who was looked upon as commissioned by the Deity. The space available in the villages being no longer large enough to suffice for the crowd of proselytes, the meetings had to be held in the midst of the fields, regardless of wind and snow.

Nocturnal messengers, M. Peyrat relates in his "*Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*" (t. i. p. 198), announced beforehand where the prophet would predicate. By break of day men, women, old men and youths, young mothers leading their children by the hand or bearing them in their arms, left their homes and travelled through forests and across valleys till they reached the crest of the loftiest mountains; for it was on such that they gathered together, and sentinels were posted on the advanced rocks on the look-out during prayer-time, "like those birds that only stop in open and remote places, and then place out others to watch for the safety of all."

Often these wandering populations did not return to their domiciles for several days; they followed the prophet from mountain to mountain, having for food nothing but a few apples and nuts. Nothing of the kind had been seen since the days when John the Baptist led the way to the Jordan, and the Saviour preached in the desert. Gabriel Astier called out to the crowd, "Repent! do penance for having gone to mass. O Lord," he would continue, "have pity upon these poor sinners!" And all those present, falling on their knees, repeated, sobbing, "Have pity upon us; O Lord, have pity upon us!"

This was the epoch when a revolution, effected with surprising promptitude and facility by the mere force of the Protestant idea, had placed William of Orange on the throne of England in place of James II.—"a man," said the Archbishop of Rheims, "who had sacrificed three kingdoms for a mass." The French Protestants, as much those who had remained on the native soil as those who had emigrated, anticipated aid from England, which it was impossible to give them. Gabriel, who participated, or feigned to participate, in these hopes, made use of them to animate and encourage his followers. He even prophesied the very day when the Prince of Orange would come at the head of one hundred thousand men, led by the exterminating angel. "Then all the temples that had been

tumbled down would rise up of themselves, whilst the Roman Catholic churches that had taken their places would evaporate in smoke, and a star falling upon Babylon the prostitute (Rome) would consume the pontifical chair."

In his ecstasies, M. Peyrat relates ("Pasteurs du Désert," t. i. p. 199), he would see the heavens open, and Homel and Brunier, surrounded by other martyrs, seated upon shining clouds; he would also see paradise and the angels, hell and Satan. Sometimes an acute pain attacked his bones, and his soul seemed as if about to give way under a mortal agony. He would then summon a child and bid him sing a psalm. This melody had the same effect upon him that the harp of David had upon the melancholy of Saul.

It must be mentioned here that neither Gabriel Astier, nor any other of the prophets of the epoch, excited the populace to take up arms. They contented themselves with preaching obedience to God, rather than to the king. They asserted that, in so doing, the faithful had nothing to fear, for God would protect them and preserve them from the balls and the swords of the enemy. The people had so much faith in their prophets, that even the tragic event that was about to follow did not suffice to disabuse them.

All the troops that were at that time in the Vivarais consisted of four companies of infantry and four squadrons of dragoons, commanded by the Marquis of Folleville, colonel of the regiment of Flanders. As soon as the weather permitted, this officer began, under the orders of Louvois, to scour the country with his men, and he surprised several congregations. The depositions of Isabeau Charras, who must not be confounded with the shepherdess of Crest, giving the details of one of these events, is preserved in the "*Théâtre Sacré des Cévennes*:"

"A certain Jean Hérault of our neighbourhood, and four or five of his children with him, had inspirations. The two youngest were only the one seven and the other five and a half years old when they received the gift; I have seen them many times in their ecstasies. Another of our neighbours, Marliant by name, had also two sons and three daughters in the same state. The oldest was married. At a time when she was eight months gone in the family-way, she went to a meeting in company with her brothers and sisters, and having with her her little boy seven years of age. She was massacred there, as was also her child. The one of her brothers who was not killed was wounded, but he got well, and the youngest sister was left for dead under the bodies of the slain, without having been wounded. The other sister was carried back to her father's still alive, but she died of her wounds a few days afterwards. I was not at the meeting, but I saw the dead and the wounded. What is most remarkable is, that all these martyrs had been warned by the Spirit of what was about to happen. They had mentioned it to their father when they bade him farewell, and asked for his blessing, the very evening that they went forth from his house to the meeting that was to take place the following evening. When the father saw all these melancholy objects, he did not give way to grief, but he said, with pious resignation, 'The Lord gave them to me, the Lord hath taken them away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

Another prophet, Valette by name, held out the same hopes to his

followers as Gabriel Astier did, but the peasants this time placed more confidence in their physical force than in the prophet's promises. On the 14th of February, 1689, Valette, who had gathered together three thousand persons in the village of Tausuc, appointed a meeting for the next day at Saint-Cierge. It was absolutely necessary to get at this village to pass through Saint-Sauveur, where Tirbon, one of Folleville's captains, was stationed. "Fear nothing, children of God!" the prophet had said to them. "I will make the arms fall from the hands of the soldiers." The next morning, Captain Tirbon having seen them descending the mountain-sides in long files, he marched out to meet them at a distance of two hundred paces from Saint-Sauveur, and bade them disperse. Instead of obeying, they began to surround him. Tirbon gave the word to fire, and several of the Protestants fell. The others, maddened by the disaster, armed themselves with big stones, killed the captain and nine of his soldiers, and then went and sang a psalm of victory over the ruins of their temple. From this moment the Protestants, whilst listening to their prophets, felt the importance of being able to defend themselves, and began to place confidence in the eternal maxim of national wisdom; "Help yourselves, and Heaven will help you."

The defeat and death of Captain Tirbon, on the other hand, made Colonel Folleville feel that he had not as yet attached sufficient importance to the prophets of the Vivarais. He despatched a courier to Bâville, the intendant of Languedoc, who immediately set off from Montpellier with M. de Broglie, the military governor of the province, his brother-in-law. Bâville stirred up priests, judges, and consuls, called militia, volunteers, and châtelains to arms, and then despatched all these forces to Lavoulte, a small town on the borders of the Rhône, where Folleville had established his head-quarters. Bâville and De Broglie were, however, detained on their way thither at Privas, the environs of which were no less agitated than were those of Lavoulte, by religious excitement. They learnt that a great meeting was about to be held at the ruins of the temple of Privas. They succeeded in preventing it; but hearing at the same time that another meeting was to be held at Porcères, M. de Broglie hastened away to that place.

An old man, Paul Béraut by name, lived in this hamlet, which could only be reached by frightful roads. Béraut had resisted the working of the Spirit for a long time, and had even blamed his children for going to meetings, but the latter related to him so many marvellous things of the powers of the prophets, that he one day got up in a state of great excitement, and began uttering incoherent words. This sudden victory of the Spirit over their father was hailed with delight by his children. They went from house to house, saying, "Come and see our father, who has received the Spirit and prophecies!" Sara, the daughter of Béraut, who received the gift almost immediately after him, assisted him in his predications.

This old prophet was presiding at a small meeting, held in his own house, at the moment when M. de Broglie and his dragoons made their descent on the village. Béraut and his daughter placed themselves at the head of the congregation, and they kept the horsemen for a moment at bay with a shower of stones; but the old prophet was soon afterwards slain, with twelve of his friends, and the remainder were dispersed. As

to Sara, who was prevented making her escape by a severe wound she had received in the struggle, she fell into the hands of the general, who returned with his prisoner in triumph to Privas.

Whilst this was taking place, Folleville had not remained idle; but the soldiers, militia, and châtelains, that had come to reinforce him at Lavoulte, did not know what direction to take, as all the country alike was full of prophets. To get involved in the *Boutières*, was to run the chance of perishing there in detail, and not to bring back a single man. The colonel resolved, therefore, to move all his forces on one point. Having heard chants come down from the summit of the *Cheilaret*, between Saint-Genest and *Ghuiras*, he moved in that direction. He could not have made a better choice, for the gathering on the mountain was presided over by Gabriel Astier in person. After having placed his militia in the defiles, so as to arrest the fugitives, Folleville ascended the mountain with his dragoons. As he approached, Gabriel harangued his followers. "Children of God," he said, "be not afraid. In truth I tell you, your bodies shall be as rocks before the balls and swords of the enemy. The angels of the Lord will fight with us. Do you not see *Hemel* and *Brunier*, and the other martyrs, in their luminous garments, walking in heaven with the Saviour!"

Folleville had the humanity before he attacked these poor and unfortunate enthusiasts to send the provost of his regiment to summon them to surrender. But the only reply that he got was: "Tarara! back, Satan!" The word *Tarara* was understood to have the power of reducing their enemies into dust. One man rushed from out of the assemblage at the provost, escaped the discharge of his pistol, and drove him away with stones. A second parliamentary sent by Folleville met with no better reception; he was also stoned away. The order was then given to the dragoons to charge. The Protestants embraced one another, and marched to their death, exclaiming, "Tarara!" If they were not invulnerable, at all events paradise was open for them after death. A few had muskets, but the greater number were only armed with stones. All fought bravely, but their ranks having been broken, they dispersed, leaving three hundred dead and fifty wounded on the ground. The latter were sent as prisoners to Privas, and those that did not die of their wounds *Bâville* had hung on the mountains upon which they once met to sing the praises of God.

It was always thus that the prisoners were treated after every encounter. Many such occurred at this epoch between the Protestants and the dragoons; but a certain sameness pervades the account of all, and the results were also always the same, a certain number of enthusiasts slain on the spot, a greater or less number of wounded made prisoners, and the survivors gibbeted about on the mountains of the *Vivaraïs*. War and massacres continued for upwards of a year in that devoted district. Gabriel survived upwards of twenty combats. The real motives that finally induced him to abandon his mountain fastnesses are not known, but they led to his falling into the hands of *Bâville*, who had been upwards of a year pursuing him. According to *Fléchier*, he enlisted, in order the better to escape detection, in the regiment *Laré*, and, recognised at *Perpignan*, he was taken to *Nîmes* to be tried.

But *M. Louis Figuier* says, it was not at *Perpignan* that Gabriel was

arrested, but at Montpellier. M. Peyrat conjectures that he had been sent secretly to the latter town by a famous predicator, Vivens, who had recently returned to France, and that his mission was connected with a general conspiracy of all the Protestants to re-establish their worship in the south. One day that M. de Broglie was reviewing the troops at Montpellier, upon the plain which became afterwards the "promenade of Peyron," Gabriel was among the lookers-on. A soldier, who had been engaged the previous year in the struggles of the Vivarais, recognised the famous prophet in the crowd, denounced him, and he was arrested, and imprisoned in the citadel of the city. The only excuse that he vouchsafed at his trial was, that when the fit of prophecy came upon him, it ascended from his feet to his head, and he had no power to restrain himself. He was condemned, on the 2nd of April, 1690, to be broken on the wheel, and he underwent his sad sentence, with remarkable resignation and courage, at Baix, in the very country where he first opened, with the old counsellor's widow of Grenoble, the "insurrection of Vivarais."

SONG ON THE COLOURS.

FROM THE DANISH.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

YOUTH is always fair,
 Hope wears a gay, bright green,
 Grey is the hue of care,
 Joy in Heaven's blue is seen.

Brown is the shade of sighs,
 That bear peace from the heart,
 When the dream we have trusted dies,
 And Fate does her sterner part.

Yellow's the false one's hue—
 Too much doth it abound;
 Violet is friendship true,
 Ah! seldom, seldom found!

Innocence is lily white,
 Love in rosy vesture smiles,
 And Innocence is put to flight
 Oft by that urchin's wiles.

Death stands on his dim shore
 In gloomy black arrayed,
 And ever calls us o'er
 Ere Life's strange game be played.

TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

As we feel assured that the Prince of Wales's tour in the Holy Land will largely increase the numbers of travels relating to the East—legion though that number already is—we consider it advisable to take time by the forelock, and give our readers a true and impartial account of the Holy City from the pages of a most intelligent German traveller, who has just produced his experiences.* The only fault to be found with M. Busch is that, while conscientiously striving to produce "pictures without a halo," he has intensified the shadows, and given us a most gloomy picture of Jerusalem and its surroundings. We are sorry to add that the truth of his statements is amply proved by the evidence he collates. We do not think it necessary to accompany M. Busch along his road, but assume him safely landed at the Prussian hospice. As there only are two hotels in Jerusalem, and those notoriously the dearest and worst in all the fabled East, Germans are fortunate in having such a refuge offered them. It was originally designed for the poorer class of artisans, but artists and savants have grown into the fashion of patronising it. Here our author comfortably installed himself, and the next morning took his first walk through Jerusalem.

The city, regarded from the Mount of Olives, surpasses the expectations our author had formed. A number of large domes and graceful minarets produces a picturesque variety in the monotony of the closely-packed houses. The five or six palm-trees that rise at great distances from each other above the city wall, the ten or twelve cypresses which here and there grow above the buildings, mingle, at any rate, some little green with the grey and white of the walls, terraces, and innumerable cupolas built over every room. The Harem-square, finally, with its two proud mosques, glistening with brilliant hues, its fountains and graves, its grass-plats, cypresses, and olive-trees, form a corner of the picture on which the eye rests with real satisfaction. Far less pleasant is the interior of the city, for the streets are narrow and steep, badly or not at all paved, and full of filth and mangy dogs. You often walk through dark, dank passages, or past the ruins of former mansions, on which grass, lichen, and cactus grow profusely. Instead of our bright window-panes, there are only latticed gratings, which make the houses resemble prisons, while the narrow, low doors produce an impression of oppression and humiliation. Smoky coffee-shops, gloomy bazaars and lanes, ground-floors in which melancholy horse-mills creak, or children mutter their lessons, want of open squares, and the solitude of those streets not employed for traffic, complete the depressing picture of the city, which, indeed, like all towns with flat roofs and unwhitewashed walls, produces on the Western traveller the effect of one huge ruin.

Although the eye obtains some compensation for the earthy hue and ugly shape of the houses in the gay costumes, and the mingled red, blue,

* Eine Wallfahrt nach Jerusalem: Bilder ohne Heiligenschein. Von Moritz Busch. Two Vols. Leipzig: F. W. Grunow.

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white, and brown of the crowd in the main streets, the nose is sorely tried. In our author's words :

Take a stable to which a goat-shed is attached, and past which a dull breeze blows the odours from a grocer's shop, throw in a dozen oranges, a basket of dirty linen, and a dead dog or donkey, clarify the brewage with a hogshead of spirits of garlic, and, in conclusion, blow an oil-lamp out over it—you will have *cau-de-Jerusalem*. A dose of cellar-mouldiness and the smell of a long-used sewer will render it all the more natural.

It is true that dust and dirt are now and then removed, but only when there is a special order to that effect from the pacha, combined with the threat of a piastre fine for every pound of mud found by the cavasses. Unhappily, Pacha Sureyah is but an Oriental, without sense of smell or feeling for order, and only orders this, so people say, when he is in want of money. The most lively spots are the bazaars; which are mainly covered in, the street leading to the Damascus Gate, and the "Street of the Christians," running from the Jaffa Gate to the Temple. Jerusalem possesses few secular public buildings of importance, with the exception of the new Austrian House for Pilgrims and the Citadel, which is in all probability the Hippikos of Josephus, but which the monks call the Tower of David, and even declare that one of the rooms is the one whence the Hebrew monarch saw Bathsheba bathing.

M. Busch is a decided opponent of all the traditions connected with the Holy City: he declares that the primitive Christians never dreamed of idolising wood and stone, that the formation of legends only began with the pilgrimage of the Empress Helena, and that, indeed, most of the traditions only date back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To use his own words:

The moral odour of El Kods, on this account, requires stronger nerves than the physical. Take the coarse simplicity of a Latiu, the boundless craving of a Greek, monk, the credulity of a Levantine pilgrim, the jesuitical policy of the present patriarch, add a Roman indulgence, distil all this over the heat of the pious fireworks which the Greek Church lets off every Easter Saturday at the Holy Sepulchre, stir up the brewage with one of the bench legs with which the true believers are wont to thrash each other at this solemnity, and, when it is boiling, pour in Chateaubriand *poésie* detortures and Lamartine susceptibility, and you will have the bouquet of this world of marvels.

After quoting Luther's assertion that "God cares as little for the sepulchre in which the Lord was laid, and which the Saracens hold, as He does for all the cows in Switzerland," M. Busch gives a catalogue of the marvels still to be seen in Jerusalem. In addition to the houses of various apostles, of several holy women of the gospels, of the high priests Annas and Caiaphas, the bath of Bathsheba, the corner where our Saviour dismounted from his ass on Palm Sunday, the spot where St. James was beheaded, you are also shown the place where the Virgin let her girdle fall upon her ascension, the house of the rich man in the parable, and—though this must be a bad joke which became petrified in the course of time—one of those stones which would have cried out had men been silent. The only surprise to M. Busch is that he did not see the shop where the five wise virgins bought their oil, and the stall of the calf slain on the return of the prodigal son.

The centre of all these rarities is the so-called *Via Dolorosa*, and the place

where Our Saviour is said to have died and been buried. The *Via Dolorosa* is a street, beginning at the barracks where the pacha has his official residence, and running nearly in a straight line to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The barracks stand on the site of Pilate's palace, where the first cry of "Crucify Him!" was raised. Further on, the monks indicate the spot where Christ was loaded with the cross. Next follows a small Latin chapel, built on the spot where the soldiers scourged Him. Further on, again, is a pointed arch with a paltry gallery on the top, according to legend the place where the Pilate of the Vulgate exclaimed, "Ecce Homo!" Then follow the place where the Saviour broke down under the weight of the cross, and left the imprint of His shoulders; the place where St. Veronica handed Him her handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration, on which occasion a portrait of His holy visage remained on it; and, lastly, the spot where He exclaimed, "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children." All these spots have been covered with millions of kisses by the pious hadjis, and some have been really hollowed out.

All these traditions M. Busch attempts to dispose of by the sweeping assertion that the church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on a spot which was enclosed by the second wall of Josephus, while the place of the crucifixion and the grave of Christ were without the city, as we are expressly told by St. Matthew and St. John. Then he adds:

The question of authenticity is difficult to solve, and so is that of the moral influence of this petrified history of the Passion on the bands of pilgrims who occasionally keep their Easter here. The place certainly exercises a powerful effect over the fancy and feelings of the true believer, while to us it appears merely a good symbolising of a romantic spirit. A mystic semi-obscure; a number of holy corners and nooks; a medley of all sorts of building styles, and an extraordinary quantity of lamps and candles, thrones, altars, grottos; a great wealth of noble metals, a poverty of real works of art; prominence given to blood and martyrs; beggars stretched full length on the ground; clouds of incense; processions of monks bearing torches and singing psalms; the stereotyped pious faces of the long-haired, bearded popes and deacons; the bishops and patriarchs dressed in heavy brocade; the unceasing whining of hymns; the sprinkling of holy water; and the hosannahs, hallelujahs, and amens of the various religious sects,—all these are indeed symbols of an age which has long disappeared in our North; but though we feel they have passed away, the Eastern hadji is still powerfully affected by their magic. But this magic does not exert the slightest influence over his conscience, and every Easter festival is witness of that.

The great day of the Eastern Churches—Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Copts—is the Easter Saturday, with its holy fire; and this fire inflames heads as well as torches. The year 1859 was no exception from this rule. The church was thronged to suffocation with hadjis, each holding in his hand a bundle of yellow wax-candles, awaiting the moment when the fire would show itself. Some groups yelled to Heaven for the speedy performance of the miracle, while others of a more prosaic turn of mind looked at the bishop who represented the patriarch. Women lay in ecstasy on the ground, others danced and clapped their hands. Every man who was at all robust hoped to be the first to light his bundle or tapers, as it is believed that the man who succeeds will live long and be sure of salvation. For this reason crosses are singed on linen with the candles, and the shroud is eventually made of them. All were in eager expectation, when a violent dispute suddenly broke out at one of the pillars of the rotunda. It was a pillar which belongs both to the Greeks and Armenians, and a board had been laid against it, which was let out as seats for a certain number of pilgrims. As common property of two

Churches, it was arranged that the seats should be equally divided; but the Greeks brought one man too many, and when the Armenians complained, they answered them first with abuse and then with their fists. Both sides were speedily reinforced, and the entire church soon re-echoed with mighty curses and blows. They fought with broken boards, bench legs fetched from St. Magdalen's Chapel, and, it was said, with altar candlesticks. Several were dangerously wounded, one mortally, and the disturbance did not terminate till Turkish troops forced their way into the church. The soldiers at first behaved kindly as they tried to clear the rotunda, but when a furious Greek struck their officer they used butt-ends and bayonets, and this entailed several more dangerous wounds.

The clergy who officiate in the several divisions of the church of the Holy Sepulchre live in twelve monasteries, of which the largest is the Franciscan San Salvador. Only the Latins, Armenians, and Greeks have convents, of which the last have six in the city. The Jews, in addition to the great synagogue, have a number of smaller ones, in which service is held four times a day, and the Talmud busily studied in the mean while. The Muhammadans have six large and three small mosques, of which several were formerly churches. The largest and handsomest, Sakra and Aksa, are in the Harem Square, where the Temple stood, and are generally closed against Jews and Christians.

M. Busch is disposed to regard with greater favour the walls that enclose the Harem Square, and he entertains no doubt but that this square was the former site of the Temple. The pillar of Muhammad, which projects from the eastern wall, near the golden gate, like a gun from its embrasure, and on which the Prophet is to ride when he comes to judge the world, is a proof that Islam considers the spot specially sacred. Even more valuable is the opinion of the Jews about this site. They are convinced that the wall dates from Solomon's time, and as they were ever a race that had a tough memory for externals, and as the Temple was and is their greatest treasure, it is not improbable that their tradition is the correct one. As the Jews are refused access to the interior, they have chosen a spot on the western side, where they assemble every Friday afternoon to lament the Fall of Jerusalem, and pray for the restoration of the kingdom of David.

How many inhabitants Jerusalem contains has not yet been accurately decided. While some assert that they amount to twenty-four thousand, the Prussian consul considers that they are not sixteen thousand. The Christians are said to amount to three thousand five hundred, the Jews to above five thousand, and the rest are Islamites. The prevalent language is Arabic, but Italian, modern Greek, English, German, Russian, and Turkish, are frequently heard. The Latin monks belong, almost without exception, to the Romanic races. The number of residents living under the protection of the consulates is about two thousand, the great majority being Austrian and Russian Jews. The manners of the natives are much like those of other towns inhabited by Arabs, but less immorality appears to prevail here than in Egypt. Drunkards are rarely seen, and are generally Russian pilgrims or German artisans. Generally, however, the Hierosolymites have not a remarkably good reputation, for they are considered to be mendacious, indolent, and cowardly. As inhabitants of the Holy City, the members of the various sects are more

strict in the observance of their religious duties than they are in other countries. A wine-bibbing Muhammadau, a Jew who does not adhere closely to the prescriptions of the Koran, a Catholic who only attends mass now and then, or a Protestant who only goes to church once a day, is regarded here as a semi-infidel. Young Turkey, with its Frank fashions, its cravats, braces, and polished boots, is hardly represented in El Kods, and the reforming Jews have as yet gained no influence. Worse than the above faults, however, is the spirit of contention and the anxiety to take precedence of one another which pervades all sects, with the exception of the Moslem, and subdivides the sects again by nations. It seems as if a curse brooded over this city, which constantly produces fresh objects for jealousy, new occasions for collisions, and M. Busch declares, as the result of his observations, that there is no city in the world of the same size, in which the tree of contention flourishes so well, or in which people quarrel with such bitterness, such fanaticism, and such disgraceful means, as in this one which is called emphatically in all tongues the Holy City.

Apart from the great split between Greeks and Latins, and the faction fights which the orthodox and the Latin or Armenian Churches annually have in front of the Holy Sepulchre, the Roman Catholic party is divided into a faction of the monks and a faction of the patriarchs, into an Austrian and a French Church; the confessors of the true believing Eastern Church are divided into a Greek and a Russian party, while among the Russians again a clerical and a very secular school are struggling for precedence. Further, the Protestants have separated into partisans of the Bishop and partisans of the English consul, who hate each other most heartily, and calumniate and attack each other in the most refreshing manner. Lastly, the people of Israel are divided into half a dozen strictly separate sects, who only agree in quarrelling.

Over these heterogeneous elements stand the Turks, undivided, it is true, in doctrine, but whose rule is soon fated to end. We agree with M. Busch that this cannot take place too soon, for they behave in the most shameful manner to the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem. Fortunately, the consuls have gained greater power since the Crimean war, and interfere with success on behalf of their protégés, as the following anecdote will show:

When the Austrian consul had been here but a short while, the customs officer at the Jaffa Gate, probably on the supposition that the consul was not up to matters, refused to admit camels loaded with mules for Austrian subjects until the legal dues were paid. The consul sent to tell him that wines for home consumption would be made of the grapes, and such entered the city by agreement duty free. The officer would not know anything about this, and Von Pizamano then applied to the authorities. He received a very polite reply that they knew nothing about it, but would write to the head official at Beyrout. The consul answered that this would not at all help his protégés, as the grapes would spoil in the interim. As it was all of no avail, the consul resolved on action, and ordered his cavass to place himself at the head of the camels, bring them in, and if the customs officer resisted, do what he thought best. When the gatekeeper tried to interfere, the cavass drew his pistol, and threatened to put a bullet through his head, and the camels came in unimpeded. The next day, however, the Turkish officials called on the consul, and begged to apologise for the misunderstanding. There had been a misunderstanding, but of the person, not of the thing.

The Jews constitute about one-third of the population of Jerusalem, and of these about 1500 are Austrian subjects. By language and origin

they are divided into Sephardim and Ashkenazim, according to their religion into Peruchim, Chassidim, and Karaites. The Sephardim are Spanish Jews, descendants of those who, expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, settled in the Levant. They are said to number more than 3000 in Jerusalem, and are all Turkish subjects. At their head is the Chacham Bashi, or chief rabbi, who manages, with the aid of a council of rabbis, both the religious and secular affairs of the community. Non-rabbis have no voice in the administration, and the constitution is aristocratic. As a ruling caste the learned men occupy themselves with nothing beyond learning the Talmud by heart, and as they have caused great dissatisfaction by their arrogant conduct during the last few years, a portion of the governed are anxious for a separation. The general property consists of a few synagogues, some houses and building ground, and foundations, the interest of which is paid the rabbis for saying prayers for the deceased founders. To this must be added the sums paid by persons who join the community, and the property of members who die. Other revenue is produced by the privilege of killing animals, as well as the sale of burial-places. Very considerable, too, is the produce of alms collecting in Europe, and the Sephardim receive a deal of money from Amsterdam. For all that, though, the community is in debt, and most of the members live in extreme poverty, the reason for which we will explain presently.

There are about 1800 Ashkenazim in Jerusalem: their name means German, but most of them have immigrated from the Slavonic lands of Europe and from Hungary and Roumelia. Still they all speak a sort of German. They are divided into six small congregations, which attack each other most bitterly. The most powerful of these is the tribe of the Peruchim, or Pharisees. They are real descendants of the old Pharisees, extremely quarrelsome fanatics, and bigoted observers of the ceremonial law, but, at the same time, immoral. Most of these families are descended from Russians. Some years back they were ordered to return home, and when they refused, the Russian Government threw them off, upon which they sought shelter under the Austrian flag, which is also that of the King of Jerusalem. They have no clerical head, and the seat of government is Wilna, whence they receive a very considerable annuity.

The Chassidim are Jewish mystics, whose views resemble those of the Gnostics. They believe in transmigration of souls and a peculiarly constituted spiritual kingdom. Their president is called Zadek, and regarded as a species of supernatural being who stands in connexion with the angels. What he orders they must do, under penalty of expulsion. Some cabalistic writings are said to be held in great reverence by them, though they do not pay much attention to the study of the Talmud. They are less immoral and fanatic than the Peruchim. The Gallicians among them separated about ten years ago from the Volhynians on account of a monetary quarrel.

The total amount of support annually given the Hierosolymite Jews is 180,000 Turkish piastres, or about 8000*l*. This money is distributed in two ways: as Chaluka, i.e. per head, without reference to rank, sex, and age; and as Cadima, i.e. according to the rank of individuals. In those communities where the former system prevails, all are decently off,

and fathers of large families quite comfortable; where, on the other hand, the Cadima prevails, the rabbis dress their wives in silk and jewellery, while the lower orders have hardly enough to cover their nakedness. Not that the reverend gentlemen are actually guilty of peccolation, but they rank themselves too high above the common, and calculate their share in accordance. Persons proceed annually from Jerusalem to Europe and North America, for the purpose of collecting alms. Usually these are young rabbis, who wish to lay the foundation of their own fortune; they purchase their appointment by a species of auction, and receive one-third of the proceeds of the subscription as their payment.

In the Talmud it is said, "Better feed on carrion than to live on alms." A noble principle, which, however, is despised by the great majority of the Hierosolymite reverers of this book. It is universally considered good to receive alms. Statistics prove that not one twentieth of the Israelite population work; and if we deduct the women, children, and old persons, we have still only one workman to eight or nine beggars. The Jews here seem most attracted to trade, and their principal occupation is making wine and spirits. There are some tailors and bakers, but blacksmiths and masons, or those whose calling demands any expenditure of strength, are very rarely found among them. The idlers either excuse themselves with the study of the Talmud—which in the Holy Land must precede all else—or with the hot climate, which does not allow hard work. The Jerusalem Jews marry too early; boys of thirteen, sixteen at the most, are wedded to girls of even younger years, and the result is a weak race. As for the climate, Jerusalem lies high; and the west wind that blows nearly every summer afternoon renders it not much warmer than in Southern Europe. In spite of the weakness of the Jewish children, and their great mortality, the number of the Jewish population has increased rather rapidly. At the end of the sixteenth century there were hardly five hundred Jews in the Holy City, and now there are ten times as many. The cause must be sought in the immigration, which was remarkably large in some years. It rarely happens that Jewish pilgrims leave the city again, for most of them come to die here; and however wretched their existence may be, they can see the sacred Temple. And then they know, too, that no worm dare assail a corpse buried in the valley of Jehosaphat, and that the angels of chastisement, who arrive after the burial to punish the dead for sins committed on earth, have here no access to the coffins. One of the virtues that distinguish the Hebrew race is said to be found here, namely, wedded fidelity and family attachment. Still, M. Busch declares that divorces are very frequent, and that a portion of the Hierosolymite Jews marry two wives. The Sephardim do not recognise the law, passed in the twelfth century to abolish the polygamy of the earlier period. If the first wife be barren, or only gives birth to girls, they are allowed to take a second; but as the first wife can insist on a separate establishment, which is expensive, the permission is but rarely used, and at the present time there are only five Jewish polygamists in Jerusalem.

Among the Christian sects, the Copts and Abyssinians play a very subordinate part. The former, who form a community of about one hundred souls, have a monastery, while the latter—about twenty in number—have also a poor house on the eastern side of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Both are Jacobite Christians and Monophysites. The

Syrians are also few in number, though, after the downfall of the kingdom of the Crusaders, they were for a long time the only depositaries of the traditions. M. Busch visited their Natron, or bishop, and gives the following account of the interview :

The old gentleman in the black turban had very intelligent features, and any artist who required the portrait of an Eastern sage, could have safely drawn him. The subjects about which he spoke, however, and which, I may presume, interested him most, were of a very ordinary character. He alluded to the high price of charcoal, the progress of his new house, and the number of hadjis he could now shelter. He became more interesting when the consul led him to his Indian voyage, which he seemed to regard as a semi-miracle, and which he described with the simplicity of a mediæval tourist narrating his trip to the Holy Land. Thus he heard from his people at Travancore about snakes "as large as the chest in that corner." He had also seen trees "so thick, that boats could be hollowed out of them in which a full-grown man could lie across," and others "which could not be brought through any gate of El Kods." Strange were his statements about the number of tigers, the wild and tame elephants, and the condition and morals of the Indian nation. Still he spoke as if he believed what he said. He had written his travels in Syriac—assuredly a work that deserved translation—and had even determined to illustrate it, but, thank Heaven, he added, another person had saved him the trouble. At a sign he gave, a deacon brought in a roll, on which the bishop's procession from the coast to a Malabar Christian town was depicted. It was a very childish drawing, most accurate in the colours and number of persons engaged in the procession, but without a trace of perspective.

A striking contrast to this modest episcopal residence was offered by that of the Armenian patriarch, whither M. Busch next proceeded. Walls and ceilings were covered with stucco work, the floor was inlaid with marble; the window-curtains were European, and in the middle of the room were tables holding vases full of flowers. Round one side of the room ran divans, while on the other hung lithographs of Russian statesmen, probably ex-governors of Transcaucasia. The guests, while waiting for the bishop, who was enjoying his siesta, were provided with splendid jessamine pipes, glyko, and cut-glasses full of mastic, which the Greek popular wit has christened "priests' milk." The patriarch was a pleasant gentleman, with clever eyes and an extremely sensual mouth. The church contains the tomb of St. James, and the gold and silver ornaments about it are said to be worth above one million piastres. The patriarch is not the head of his Church, but stands under the Catholicos of Sis. The highest authority of the Church is the Patriarch of Echmiadzin, who alone has the right to consecrate bishops. The number of Armenians settled in Jerusalem is about six hundred; but in good years five times as many assemble at Easter. They live by trading and handicraft, some being bankers, others dragomans at the consulates. Nearly all are active fellows, while many are considered remarkably cunning and clever. Formerly they were mostly poor, but during the last hundred years have got on wonderfully. Their relations with the other religious sects are generally peaceful, and they are on very good terms with the Protestants.

The most powerful party in Jerusalem are indubitably the Greeks. They have been strongly represented here for centuries, but recently they have gained great wealth in addition to numbers. Wherever they have a chance they buy up land, and wherever you see a good plantation

outside the city, you are sure to find it belongs to a Greek. They are not liked in Jerusalem, and this probably emanates from their own hatred of the other sectarians, as well as their arrogance, greed, and faithless conduct. Nationally, the orthodox are Arab natives, Hellenes, from Greece and the Turkish provinces, and Russians. Pilgrimages to Palestine are a deeply-rooted fashion with the lower class of Russians, and formerly their government paid so little heed to them that the Turks treated them like rayahs. The truth was, the Emperor Nicholas did not care to establish a consul at Jerusalem, who must sooner or later have brought him into collision with the Greek clergy. As a specimen of the way in which the Greek clergy serve the pilgrims, we will quote an anecdote told our author by the Prussian consul. We must premise that Dr. Rosen met at Naples a Greek archimandrite looking for a horse which had been stolen from him, and as he had fair prospects of recovering it, he was remarkably pleasant and communicative :

"Do you know how I got this horse?" he asked Rosen. "The Archbishop of Petra appointed me president of the monastery at Jerusalem during the pilgrimage season, when the new arrivals are fed on the first evening at the cost of the patriarchate. The alms collected for the Church from the pious strangers after this meal are no slight income for our clergy. Now these alms, during the last few years, had not answered expectations, and it was said that the former president had stolen a part of the money. I treated the matter more sensibly. Before all, I gave the people better food than they had previously received, and then I served them with spirits, which they naturally indulged in to a considerable extent. When their hearts had become softened the plate was sent round, and the result was astounding. As I of course behaved most conscientiously in handing over the money, I delighted the archbishop so much that he made me a present of fifty names, with which I bought the mare." "Names?" asked Rosen. "Why, yes, names," the archimandrite said. "Everybody cannot make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and so several families will contribute to send one pilgrim. The latter is then commissioned to bring to our monastery the names of those needing salvation, for everybody would like to be saved. Of course there is a deal of haggling till a bargain is made. Well, I received fifty such names, and I did not dispose of them badly."

This archimandrite, who intoxicated pious pilgrims to swindle them of their money, enjoyed the best reputation in Jerusalem. After all, it was but a trifle to what sometimes takes place, for the Greek papas have been known to plunder Russian mujiks of all their travelling-money on the promise of eternal salvation, and then kick them out of doors to starve. Of course the mental wants of the Russian hadjis are but little cared for by the Greek clergy: they understand no Russian, and the mujik knows no Greek. The latter only comes to kiss the relics, filch sacred fire, and enrich the monasteries. Although the Russian government did not interfere, the synod did. Some years ago the latter sent a sort of clerical consul to Jerusalem in the person of the Archimandrite Porphyrius, with orders to remove the most glaring abuses. This was the origin of the fight between the Russian and the Greek portion of the Orthodox Church. The synod pressed for reforms and the establishment of schools, less for the value of such for the rising generation than to be on a level with the Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The synod forced compliance by threatening to keep back the Russian collections, which form one of the most important sources of the patriarch's revenue, and so the latter was

compelled to yield. Our space will not allow us to describe all the details of the fight, in which the Grand-Duke Constantine at length interfered, and for the present the Russian party appear to have the best of it. Still, the Greek Church progresses, partly because the number of pilgrims is so large, partly because their chief opponents, the Latins, are divided into two great camps, constantly assailing each other.

The Latins are composed of Arab converts, and immigrated Italians, French, Spaniards, and Germans. They are generally poor, and number about nine hundred souls. Their centre, or keep, has been for ages the Franciscan monastery of San Salvador, near the Jaffa Gate. Its president bears the title of Guardian and Custos of the Holy Land, and it contains a printing-press and several workshops, in which lay brothers supply the wants of the house. Although large sums annually reach the custos from Austria, the house is deeply in debt. For a long time the brothers got on famously, being only responsible to the Pope for their conduct; but some years ago a patriarch of Jerusalem was appointed over them in the person of Monsignore Giuseppe Valerga, a Piedmontese, who has become a thorough thorn in their flesh. The struggle between the two parties is so instructive as to repay description.

The motives that urged Valerga to make his attacks on the Franciscans, seem to have been his love of power and his attachment to France. Now, the Franciscans have always been Austrians, not only because they regarded Vienna as the surest protector of Catholicism, but also because most money came to them thence. When they saw the patriarch allied with the French consul, this feeling became that of partisans. For a long time France had been striving to gain the protectorate of the Eastern Churches, and Austria found that the only way of preventing this was by establishing special buildings, which should be distinctly Austrian, although accessible to all Catholics. It was from this idea that the Austrian religious house was built, but when it was finished the patriarch refused to consecrate it, and, as a rule, treated the Austrian consul in the most insolent manner. At the same time, he carried on his battle with the Franciscans most energetically, and though beaten on several occasions, as when he wished to introduce French Lazarists, and claim one-third of the Franciscan revenue for himself and his establishment, he tried all in his power to ruin his opponents. Here is a brilliant specimen :

A Spaniard, E., wrote to the Franciscans whether a rich old gentleman like himself could live pleasantly in Jerusalem, for, if so, he proposed to end his days there. An affirmative answer was sent him, probably in the hope of a handsome legacy. He arrived, bringing with him a pretty young lady, whom he called his niece, and whose behaviour fully justified her name—Dofia Innocencia. Now, it happened that some weeks after his arrival, uncle E. went on business to Jaffa, leaving his niece behind. As he remained away longer than was expected, the latter felt uncomfortable, a feeling which became so strong when she heard that one of the Franciscans was also obliged to go to Jaffa, that she asked leave to be allowed to join him. After some difficulty this was conceded, and so they rode to Ramleh, whither the chancellor of the French consulate followed them on foot. At Ramleh they received, as was proper, rooms far apart, and were just about to retire for the night, when the young lady expressed an alarm at the looks of the chancellor, whom she declared to have designs on her virgin innocence. Hence she begged the father to let her pass

the night in a room close to his, where she knew that there was no bolt in the door. The worthy father allowed it, thinking no harm, and it is not quite impossible that no harm did occur. The next morning they reached Jaffa, when the young lady rushed to her uncle, who happened to have a large party accidentally assembled, threw herself at his feet, and, amid floods of tears, confessed that the wicked Father A. had forced his way into the room during the night, and robbed her of her honour. The uncle pardoned her with a gentle and magnanimous smile, but seated himself at his table at once, and wrote a letter to the most reverend of Jerusalem, in which he described the crime, demanded satisfaction, and threatened to make the affair known unless the monastery paid him, without delay, the sum of eighty thousand Spanish dollars.

The monks would not yield, and so there was an inquiry. The French chancellor came forward as a witness, but the priest denied. Monsignore Valerga took up the affair as against the Franciscans, and it at length came before the papal tribunal. Here it was decided in favour of the monks, simply from the fact that an investigation of the past life of the complainants showed that Miss Innocence had already had a child in Algiers, and that the father was no other than the so-called uncle. The whole thing had been an intrigue of the patriarch and the French consul, and the representative of Spain in Jerusalem would have arrested the woman, and sent her to a Spanish house of correction for calumniating a priest, had she not been sent out of the country in male clothing.

There has been a Protestant community in Jerusalem for the last twenty years, although a few evangelicals had settled here several years earlier. The first settlers were agents of the English Jewish Mission, which began its work in Palestine in 1820. In 1834 Armenians appeared, who set about converting the Greeks, but as they met with no success they soon went off again. In 1842 the first stone of a Protestant church was laid, and it was finished in 1848. It stands on Mount Zion, probably at the spot formerly occupied by Herod's palace, and is rather handsome. The first bishop, Alexander Wolff, appointed here in 1841, was an Israelite by birth, but in 1846 a fresh element was infused. German artisans told Mr. Spittler, of Basle, of the wretchedness of the Jerusalem population, and he was induced to found a "brother-house;" it did not flourish greatly, and gradually merged into the Protestant Church, which, in 1846, received a new bishop in Samuel Gobat, a native of Berne, ex-missionary at Habesch, then director of a missionary establishment at Malta. At the present time the Protestant congregation consists of two hundred souls, of whom thirty-five to forty are English, forty-five to fifty Germans, while the rest are proselytes, eighty per cent. being converted Jews, the remnant Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. We can hardly reckon the so-called "inquirers," or Jews who have announced their wish for conversion, and visit the church without being christened. To the bishopric and mission are attached an excellent hospital and schools, and among the pupils are several Muhammadan boys. And now let M. Busch tell his opinion of the Jewish Mission :

This is not the place to discuss the value of missionaries generally, but when certain travellers announce that a special blessing of God dwells on those of Jerusalem, they must be contradicted. It is true that some children have been instructed, handicrafts taught, and the sick nursed and cured; and though I cannot refrain from the opinion that the large sums expended for the purpose could

have been better employed at home—say, in Ireland or Posen—still I am the last to refuse the proper recognition of such efforts, or deny their influence on the extension of education and civilisation. Little, however, has been gained for the main point—that is to say, the main point of the mission—Christianity. They have the satisfaction of having converted to the Church a number of Jews and heterodox Christians; but, on the other hand, as these Jews have been pampered as children of the chosen people, the proselytes become birth-proud, while the missionaries have assumed a certain semi-Jewish manner, which, as it is, already exists in the spirit of the Anglican Church; and if we inspect these christened Jews, the gain appears smaller than ever. The majority have been brought over, not through conviction, but by a treatment which, regarded from a common-sense point of view, does not differ greatly from a bargain. The mission is a speculation on the poverty of the Hierosolymite Jews. Jewish labourers are engaged on condition that they will hear a sermon two or three times a week. Jewish parents are paid for sending their children to Protestant schools; needy Jews receive loans, which become gifts if they behave properly—*i. e.* consent to be christened. Rent is paid, physic sent to the poor, food to young mothers, all with the design of enthralling them. The results of this mode of conversion are patent. Many of the proselytes announce themselves merely to be helped out of trouble, and some are even doubtful characters, about whose past life no questions must be asked, else the missionaries might be embarrassed. It is a notorious fact that a number of speculative Jews came expressly to Jerusalem to be baptised, because the pay is higher there than elsewhere, and instances have occurred where such gentlemen have let themselves be christened several times on the homeward journey in order to cover their travelling expenses. Moreover, a considerable number of proselytes, when they found that the pecuniary result did not answer their expectations, have gone back to the old faith; and while I was in Syria, I knew a Jew who was converted on a promise of being paid four pounds a month as Bible-hawker, and who relapsed because the mission would only pay two pounds.

M. Busch is good enough to add, that he does not believe the assertion sometimes made, that the missionaries were only anxious to supply, in the number of proselytes made, something to set off against the large sums of money sent them from London. As far as he knows, they are honest men, and the motive of their conduct, which is the same, he says, with most missions, lies in the fact that they attribute a magical power to the baptismal font.

It appears that a long dispute went on between the Anglican clergy and the Lutheran minister as to the joint tenancy of the Protestant Church. At length a compromise was effected which opened the Zion Church to the German pastor, and allowed him to use the Prussian liturgy, and the prayer for the King of Prussia. The reordination of the German clergy was also dispensed with; but, for all that, the position of the German portion of the community is still subordinate, for their pastor is only allowed to hold service every other Sunday afternoon, and when the bishop preaches in German, the translation of the English liturgy is always employed. Although a decent arrangement seemed to be thus made, and the clergy of the two communities got on tolerably, Asmodeus, or whatever is the name of the Sower of Discord in Jerusalem, found recently opportunity to sow tares amid the wheat, and a mighty quarrel broke out between the bishop and the English consul, which divided the parish into two parts in 1860. What the real origin was, M. Busch was unable to discover, but, as the episcopal party spoke very violently, he concludes that it is not without blame. Still he gives the following amusing paraphrase:

From what I heard, the quarrel was merely a struggle for precedence, like the majority of the squabbles among the Franks of El Kods, and its chief cause the ambition of a lady. The lady-consul, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Mac Caul, who wrote a learned contradiction of the Talmud, and herself a blue-stocking, wished to play a part in the community, be the first in it, interfere in the bishop's affairs, continue the old adoration of the Jews, have the chosen people preferred to the other proselytes, and so on. Bishop Gobat would not consent to this, and his wife, an honest German, perhaps rather rough and straightforward, did not exactly behave as etiquette prescribed. The consul, much after the fashion in which we represent Englishmen, strange and whimsical, stiff and obstinate, and, moreover, dependent on the will of his lady-wife, took up a bull-dog position, surrounded himself with several notorious individuals from the Jewry his wife protected, intrigued in the papers against the "Prussian bishop," and when his opponents would not yield, and also planted batteries against his heavy guns, got into such an utter fury, that he tried to force the bishop into concession by putting him under arrest. After a long and unrefreshing correspondence, he was found in fault both in London and Berlin; and that he was really wrong is proved by the fact that the Prussian consul was on the side of the bishop.

We mentioned, a little while back, a Spaniard writing to ask if he could live agreeably in Jerusalem, and we will here explain in what the amusements consist. Of course there is no theatre; a ball in the trebly sacred city of the pious would appear at least as a terrible desecration of Zion as the fights in the Holy Sepulchre, and crinolines must be reduced to very modest dimensions, on account of the narrowness of the streets. Still, the want of these things does not exclude a pleasant existence, though, unhappily, several others are wanting which we are accustomed to call comfort. Next, but slight attention is paid to music. M. Busch declares there are only five pianofortes in Jerusalem, and only two persons who can do more than run the keys. The English ladies only care for church music and waltzes; and among the Germans, Madame Rosen, daughter of Moscheles, is a distinguished pianiste. Singing is not much better; though the Germans have established an harmonic society. In addition to these, you only hear in Jerusalem, organs, Arab drums and flutes, Arabic songs sung through the nose, and the incessantly wailing howl of the Turkish bugles on the barrack-square and exercising-ground. Walks are prevented during the day by the heat, at night by the locking of the gates and the uncertainty of the neighbourhood. A few months before M. Busch's arrival, an English lady, who defied warnings, and paid a visit outside the city after sunset, was found murdered the next morning; while a German, who lived beyond the Jaffa Gate, was twice attacked by robbers, and his house plundered on the first occasion.

The ordinary promenade is a stony, treeless, unshadowed spot outside the Jaffa Gate, which has only one good thing about it, that you get the westerly breeze fresh as it comes from the sea, and without any mixture of eau-de-Jerusalem. At times a pic-nic is arranged under one of the trees in the valley of the Gihon, or beneath the huge turpentine-tree between the Jaffa and Damascus Gates. The ground must, however, be carefully examined beforehand, for the Arab women, who also hold their pic-nics here, are wont to leave living reminiscences which you do not care to take home with you. There are no clubs where to play a rubber of whist of nights, or circulating libraries. The papers arrive so late,

that people here are always a fortnight behindhand in political matters. Of course, there is no chance of obtaining tutors, music-masters, &c., as such must be imported from Europe at a great expense. Good servants are rare and expensive, and cooks must be imported, as Arab women can do absolutely nothing in the kitchen. Although clever craftsmen are scarce, there is just a possibility of getting a decent pair of boots or a tolerable coat. All appertaining to luxury must be ordered in Europe, and is, therefore, twice as dear.

That Jerusalem is a healthy place of residence can be concluded from its elevated position. The heat is rather great in summer, but not oppressive, owing to the freshness of the air. Rich persons, who find it too hot in the city, keep up a species of summer freshness by living in tents open to the breeze. It is not advisable to build country villas, on account of the Beduins. The principal diseases are agues, inflammation of the eyes, dysentery, and a species of neck disease, which begins with a swelling of the glands, and sometimes proves mortal. There are several English physicians, and the traveller is consequently not obliged to entrust himself to the tender mercies of Italian doctors, who pin their faith on leeches and the lancet. House rent is very high, and the price of provisions has risen considerably during the last ten years. A heated stove, which is a comfort here in winter, and hence not rare among the Franks, is an expensive article. The firewood consists of bushes and drift, brought from Hebron, and sold in bundles.

The choice of food is very limited, and hence the cooks have plenty of scope for their genius. Beef is scarce and never good, while veal is unknown. Here, as throughout the Levant, the sheep supplies the meat. In addition, well-to-do persons have fowls, turkeys, partridges, and wild pigeons, in winter, fish, and at times hares and gazelles on their table. America sends hams, Lombardy sausages. Cow-milk being scarce, you are obliged to content yourself with that of goats. The butter is remarkably good, and this has been a change for the better in the last few years. Green vegetables are only represented by the cucumber and the gourd, beans, peas, and lentils, lettuce, spinach, carrots, and artichokes. The Palestine figs are poor, but the melons are very fine, while the grapes of Hebron are world-renowned. Beverages are represented in the first place by water from the cisterns, which M. Busch found as sweet as the best spring water. It improves by keeping, and never assumes that atrocious colour and smell which are detected in water that has made a long sea voyage. Coffee is bad, but the tea is excellent, while the country wine is very decent.

The prevailing tone of society among the Franks, M. Busch does not consider satisfactory. It seems as if the houses, in spite of their thick walls, were transparent, for everybody knows his neighbour's business so thoroughly. The consuls naturally give the tone, and there is a great amount of formality and stiffness. These gentlemen are in reality judges and political agents, as there is no trade with Europe. Up to 1855 the Turks would not suffer them to hoist their flags; but the news of the fall of Sebastopol was the first opportunity to do so, and they have forgotten to strike them since:

Each consul has his dragoman—generally a Latin Arab—his cavasses, who

serve him as messengers, attendants, and policemen, and are ordinarily Turks or Arabs, and his chancellors. The dragomans are not merely interpreters, but also brokers and merchants. None of them speak German, for the official language is Italian. Each consulate has consular agents in the small towns of Palestine, generally with Arabs, who are said at times to be very grateful for an appointment, which gives them the right to have cavasses, hoist a flag, and enjoy other privileges which do not demand any excessive toil. Out of doors the consul is never seen without his cavasses, and when he is at home they stand in the gateway.

The power of the consuls varies with that of their respective envoys at Constantinople. The most esteemed, M. Busch thinks, is the Prussian; the most influential, up to a short time back, the French; though that was owing to the support of M. de Thouvenel. His last conquest in Jerusalem was the surrender of St. Anne's Church to the French, which created a great sensation, as it had been in the possession of the Muhammadans for centuries. But the present Sultan is not the man to be deluded by the idea that France is carrying out a mission of civilisation in the East, for the eyes of the Turks were opened in the following unpleasant way:

Although the Turks have always been inclined to extortion, and easy to be bribed, since the last appearance of the French in the Levant they have grown much worse. Not often, in more recent times, has a nation proved itself so greedy for money, so impudently covetous, as the French in Constantinople. Only to give one instance: Madame de St. Arnaud obtained from the Turkish Government a *kaik* with twelve carmen, and then declared she would be satisfied with a smaller one, begging that the difference might be paid her in cash. When this was conceded, the Porte had a house furnished for her, and it was hardly finished when the lady called in an auctioneer, sold off house, furniture, and *kaik*, and went back to Paris with the proceeds. Similar cuppings of the Sick Man are whispered about in the diplomatic circles of Stamboul. The Turks, however, noticed it, and imitate the boldness of the strangers.

One element of the Frank society in Jerusalem must not be overlooked, and that is the German *Handwerksbursche*, who are largely represented. It cannot be said that they in all respects do honour to their country, and the majority are scamps, who, to escape the clutches of the police, have crossed the border lines of civilisation. Few visit Jerusalem for the sake of working: obscure notions of the great sanctity of the city, the desire to be able to boast when they return home of having seen the Holy Sepulchre, together with free board and lodgings in the Latin monasteries, are the chief inducements. Many are terrible drunkards, and the monasteries and consulates hold them in terror. Many have made enormous tours, and the perseverance and courage they develop would be worthy of a better object. There are among them men who, without any motive but that of vagabondising, have been through Armenia and Kurdistan, on Mount Sinai, and at the Cataracts of the Nile. During M. Busch's stay at the Prussian Hospice, a cobbler arrived, who declared that he had walked from India to the Persian Gulf, thence to Bagdad and across the great Syrian desert to Damascus, and he had a certificate from the consul at Beyrout that he was worthy belief. He was a dark, bronzed man, with a large moustache and smoothly-shaven head. His clothing consisted of a red tarbusch, a blue cotton shirt, and continuations of the same. His bundle

could not contain more than one shirt, and his statement could be fully believed that the Beduins had let him pass unimpeded.

As a rule, however, their vices outweigh the above good qualities. If a present be made them, they generally spend it in drink, and if the consul refuse them the assistance they demand, they threaten to become Catholics, or even Mussulmans. The Casa Nuova grants them thirty days' free board and lodging, the Hospice fifteen, the monastery of St. John three days', and it often happens that a fellow does not leave the city till he has eaten his way through all these establishments. The monks make no attempts to convert their Protestant guests until this period has expired. Then the worthy gentleman must purchase his food by a promise of turning Catholic. Most pack up their traps at this proposal, but some express a desire to become better acquainted with the new faith, and deceive the credulous monks for weeks. Others have been known to be converted, and relapse half a dozen times over. Some of them, however, make their fortune, as the following instance will show :

Some years ago a German carpenter, owing to his name, which was Kapitän (captain), attained honour and title and a rich wife. After several years' wandering, he started from Constantinople, with a small sum he had saved, for Cairo, to try his luck there as a photographer. At first business was very bad, but the son of the viceroy heard accidentally of the photographing captain, took the name for the title, sent for him, and was so pleased with the sharp fellow that he kept him with him, and ere long appointed him his adjutant. As such he returned with the prince to Constantinople, got into the best circles, and eventually, by the advice and encouragement of his patron, married the daughter of one of the richest German inhabitants of Pera. It is not at all impossible that he may still play a great part, and help to govern Egypt as supreme favourite.

We have purposely dwelt on the moral aspect of Jerusalem, for it is impossible to say anything new about the sights and scenery of the Holy Land. The Prince of Wales is going to the Terra Santa for the purpose of improving his mind; but, after a perusal of M. Busch's volumes, we may fairly doubt whether it is worth going so far to learn so little.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE LAKE DISTRICTS OF CANADA.

Why the Lakes are Canadian?—Ship Route between the Lakes and the Atlantic—Civilisation of the Indians—Connexion between the Lakes and the Mississippi—Military Importance of St. Clair and Detroit—Canadian Railways—Niagara in a Military Point of View—Kingston and Sackett's Harbour as Rival Military and Naval Stations.

It is well deserving of consideration, as involving important political and geographical issues, how it is that the great lakes of North America have been always held to be "Canadian lakes." With regard to the word Canada, it is supposed to have been derived from the first contemplation of the narrows of the river St. Lawrence at and above Quebec by the Spaniards, and to have extended itself, with the progress of discovery, to the country around the great lake feeders of that mighty river. Canada, in its present boundaries, differs from Canada, or the province of Quebec, in its former dimensions; and both are different from that extensive country which was denominated Canada by the French; but still Canada has been ever held to comprise the valley of the St. Lawrence, as also both banks of that great river, until the State of New York obtained possession of a portion of the right bank below Lake Ontario, stretching towards Montreal, and including a portion even of the picturesque Thousand Islands.

The present boundary between the States and Canada is formed by a line drawn through Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, and the passages which unite these lakes to one another—an arrangement which makes Lake Michigan part of the North-Western States. But naturally all the lakes belong to the basin of the St. Lawrence, as the waters of all of them flow into that great river. All the great rivers of the United States—the Mississippi, the Illinois, the Ohio, the Delaware, and the Hudson—have their sources near the lakes, but apart from them, flowing as they do from an elevated land which constitutes the margin of the Lake Districts. The several rivers of short course which find their way in the States to the lakes naturally belong to the hydrographical basin of the St. Lawrence. In determining the boundary of Canada to the north, it has been usual to consider all the countries north of the great lakes, which are drained by the rivers that fall into the St. Lawrence, as belonging to Canada; while those drained by the rivers falling into the Atlantic, or Hudson's Bay, are considered as portions of other divisions of the British possessions. It is obvious that as the same thing applies geographically to the southern boundary, and that the great lakes constitute part of the great basin of the St. Lawrence, or of Canada in its widest acceptation, so the rivers that drain into them

to the south constitute the southern hydrographical boundary. The watershed distinguishing, in fact, Northern from Central and Southern North America. It is not so, however, politically; nor would such a boundary, however valuable with regard to the mainland of British America, as we have before shown, both in the east and in the west, be without great inconveniences in the Central or Lake Districts. Still, these lakes being in every point of view Canadian, it was carrying courtesy to excess, when the boundary was defined as following an imaginary line drawn through certain of the lakes, leaving one of the first class as appertaining to Central America.

The whole basin of the St. Lawrence, considering Lake Superior as its head, has been calculated to contain 537,000 square miles, of which the upper basin, or that of Lake Superior, contains 90,000; the middle basin, terminating at the great Falls of Niagara, 160,000; the lower basin, to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, 287,000; total, 537,000. Of this area, about 149,000 square miles are covered with water, not including in the calculation the smaller lakes, and taking into the account only the five larger and the St. Lawrence, with its wide estuary. Lake Superior covers 43,000 square miles; Lake Huron, 16,500; Lake Michigan, 13,500; Lake Erie, 10,900; Lake Ontario, 12,600; River St. Lawrence, and its wide estuary, 52,500; total, 149,000. According to this calculation, there remain 386,000 square miles, of which about 270,000 belong to Canada, and 98,000 are included in the United States of America. But Lake Superior is not the true source of the St. Lawrence: it is difficult to determine the true and remote sources, but they lie between the tributaries to Lake Nepigon on the one side, and those to Vermilion Lake, in Minnesota, and the St. Louis on the other. If such portions of the territory of the Ojibway Indians as are comprised within the British portion of the more remote tributaries to Lake Superior were, however, included in this calculation, it would by no means be equal to what was lost by the Ashburton treaty (for the above calculation was made previous to that treaty), and such lands have as yet little industrial or political importance, while the ceded territory was all-important in both points of view.

Lake Superior is the greatest fresh-water lake on the globe, measuring on a curved line drawn through the centre more than 400 miles in length; its extreme breadth is 175 miles; and its circumference, following the sinuosities of the coast, about 1740 miles. Its surface is 600 feet above the tide-water in the Atlantic; but its greatest depth descends below it, being 792 feet.* Were the obstructions which give rise to the

* The elevation of Lake Superior above the ocean has been variously estimated by different observers. Captain Bayfield considered it to be 627 feet above the level of the sea, which altitude is adopted by the narrators of Agassiz's tour in that region, and by Mesara, Foster and Whitney in their report on the geology of the Lake Superior Land District. Sir William Logan, in his Geological Report for 1846-7, states that its surface is 597 feet above the ocean. In Professor Hall's Geology of the Fourth District, N. Y., 596 feet is its assigned elevation. Sir John Richardson assumed its level to be 641 feet above the ocean. The altitude deduced by Mr. Keefer, for the map prepared for the Canadian Commissioners at the Paris Exhibition in 1855, with the advantages and information derived from the levels obtained in the construction of various railways and canals, from the ocean to Lake Superior, established a difference of only three feet in excess of that obtained by Sir William Logan in 1847.

Falls of Niagara to be thus swept away with the progress of time, there would still be a small Lake Superior. It is subject to a considerable rise at the time of the spring-freshes, especially after a rigorous winter, and when its surface is agitated by storms it resembles the Ocean.* Some fifty rivers pour their floods into this great lake, but in general they are not navigable save to the canoes of the Indians and of the voyageurs, and even these are soon embarrassed by portages. The St. Louis is, however, the channel of communication with the Upper Mississippi. Along the north shores of the lake the rocks are from 300 to 1500 feet high, and would render the navigation dangerous during a gale but for the numerous small islands near the entrance of inlets and bays, in which vessels find shelter. A low sandy beach, intersected with rocks of limestone, rising 100 feet above the surface of the water, extends along the south shore, and the navigation is rendered dangerous owing to there being no bay on the whole extent of the coast. Islands only occur along the north shore and towards each extremity of the lake; the largest is called Isle Royal, and is said to be 100 miles in length by 40 in breadth. Fogs are very frequent on Lake Superior; and Mr. Hind† says, that on looking over the side of the vessel, a double halo of very brilliant colours might be seen encircling the shadow of the observer's head, projected on the dark-coloured waters. Every man saw his own halo, but not that of his neighbour. From the mountain in Michipicoten island, at an elevation of 800 feet above the lake, these fogs may be seen resting on the waters of the lake as far as the eye can reach. The scenery of Thunder Bay, at the north-west extremity of the lake, is of the most imposing description. Pie Island, with its round eminence whence it derives its name, 850 feet above the lake, and Thunder Cape, rising boldly 1350 feet, stand on either hand as you enter the deep inlet. Mackay's Mountain uplifts a broad front to the height of 1000 feet, on the mainland, in the direction of Fort William. The waters of Thunder Bay are coloured by the Kaministiquia for a considerable distance from the three mouths of that river.

The present position of Lake Superior, as indeed that of the whole Lake District in relation to Montreal and the Atlantic seaboard, is wholly changed since the period when the old North-West Company, established in 1783, and amalgamated with the Hudson Bay Company in 1821, maintained large establishments at Fort William and at Fort Charlotte, on the Pigeon River. In those days of canoe transportation, merchandise was conveyed up the Ottawa, across the height of land to Lake Huron, thence by the north shore of Lake Superior to Fort William, the starting-

* The variations in the levels of the Great Canadian Lakes are phenomena of the utmost importance to commercial interests. The supply of water to the Erie and Welland Canals is dependent upon the relative height of the waters of Lake Erie. Periods of great anxiety have occurred among mercantile men at Buffalo respecting the supply of water to the great artery which unites Lake Erie with the Hudson River. If Lake Erie should subside to the zero of comparison adopted by Dr. Houghton, the depth of water on the mitre-sill at the Black Rock Guardlock would be less than five feet, through which all the water for the supply of a canal 150 miles long would have to flow. This contingency formed the subject of a memorial to the legislature of the State of New York in 1854.—(Hind: "Narrative of the Canadian Exploring Expedition," vol. i. p. 19.)

† Op. cit., vol. i. p. 10.

point of the long journey into the great interior valleys of the Red River, the Saskatchewan or Bow rivers, and the Mackenzie. In these days ships can sail from European or Atlantic ports, and, without breaking bulk, land their cargoes at Fort William for less than one-fiftieth part of the cost involved during the period when the North-West Company became a powerful, wealthy, and influential body.

The completion of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which is one mile and an eighth in length, 70 feet wide at bottom, and 100 at water-line, with a depth of 12 feet, in May, 1855, established an uninterrupted water communication for sea-going vessels between Lake Superior and the ocean. The first ship which sailed from Chicago to Liverpool was the *Dean Richmond*, in 1856. This craft measured 379 tons American measurement, or 266 tons according to the English method of determining the tonnage of a vessel. Since that period the number of sea-going vessels from the Upper Lake ports has been increasing with great regularity. The trade of Lake Superior is also becoming of unexpected importance. In 1859, between the 1st day of June and the 1st of November, the value of the different articles which passed through the St. Mary's Canal amounted to 5,703,433 dollars, and the number of passengers to 11,622. Fifteen years since three schooners constituted the entire fleet engaged in the Lake Superior trade. The rapids of St. Mary, nearly two miles long, and with a fall of $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet perpendicular height, presented at that time an insuperable obstacle to navigation between Lakes Huron and Superior, and a portage for canoes. The number of vessels which passed through the St. Mary's Canal in the seasons of 1858 and 1859 were respectively 443 and 847, with a tonnage 149,307 and 304,860. (*Detroit Advertiser*. From Official Returns, quoted by Hind, op. cit. p. 15.)

As this ship route, extending from the Atlantic to Fort William, at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, Lake Superior, has become one of the most remarkable means of defence of the Great Lake Districts by permitting of the passage of gun-boats from the Atlantic to any part of the said Lake District, as some misrepresentations have been made regarding its details, and as we shall further have occasion to refer to some of the means of communication in the course of our discussion, we will at once proceed to give a summary of distances. They are as follows: From Anticosti to Quebec, 410 miles; to Montreal, 590 miles; Lachine Canal, 598 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Beauharnais Canal, 614 miles; Cornwall Canal, 662 miles; Farren's Point Canal, 673 miles; Rapid Plat Canal, 688 miles; Point Iroquois Canal, 699 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Galop's Canal, 714 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Lake Ontario, 766 miles; Welland Canal, 1016 miles; Lake Erie, 1041 miles; Detroit River, 1280 miles; Lake St. Clair, River St. Clair, and Lake Huron, 1355 miles; River St. Mary, 1580 miles; St. Mary Canal, 1650 miles; Fort William, 1910 miles; or to Superior City, 2080 miles.

With the single exception of St. Mary's Canal, all the great public works which have been contrived and executed for the purpose of reducing the obstacles to uninterrupted navigation between the great lakes and the ocean lie within Canadian territory, and are under the control of the Canadian government. The cost of these remarkable links in the chain of unbroken communication, which now penetrates a distance exceeding 2000 miles into the interior of the North American continent, approaches

15,000,000 dollars, and the annual revenue has risen from 131,000 dollars, in 1850, to 369,110 dollars in 1858.

It is in the face of such considerations, opening as they do a vista to the future, the whole bearings of which it is impossible to anticipate in the present day, that we feel the full force of Kohl's expressions in the most recent work of his that Messrs. Chapman and Hall have introduced to English readers.* "Much has been sung and said about the four or five brilliant stars in the Southern Cross, but these five 'Canadian lakes,' which it has pleased nature to develop in the upper regions of the St. Lawrence, spread more light on this earth, and are still more worthy of the poet's praise.

"Taken together, they exceed the Caspian Sea in extent. Not one of them but is about the size of a German kingdom. Their basins are deeply hollowed out, and in some places they are twice the depth of the Baltic in its deepest parts. They are therefore as navigable for large vessels as the sea, and this, too, for a distance of between eight and nine hundred miles in the middle of a continent. The waters of all are sweet, and those of the largest lake are so agreeable to the taste that they are in great request, and transported to distant places.

"Each of the more western of these lakes lies upon higher table-land than its neighbour, and the isthmuses which separate them are pierced by canals, in which the waters that pour from the upper lakes form numerous cataracts and whirlpools. Large peninsulas extend into these basins, like vast wedges, separating them from one another. These peninsulas are remarkable for fertility and beauty, and each one forms the main territory of a separate state—viz. of Upper Canada, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The produce of these lake-peninsulas is greater than the kingdom of Saguenay. Two of them abound in the most fruitful corn-fields, and the third has hidden under its woods such a wealth in metals, in iron and copper ore, that here only the *embarras de richesses*, the difficulty of breaking up and transporting such masses, checks their being turned to account."

It is impossible, in contemplating the mineral wealth of the northern shores of Lake Superior, not to be deeply struck by the manifestation contained therein of the infinite wisdom and goodness of a Great Creator. It is difficult to imagine a more dreary country than the one in question—one vast and desolate succession of rocks, forests, and morasses—although now said not to be so bad in the interior as previously reported, still with a cold climate and game and esculent plants exceedingly scarce. Yet it is in such a country, as yet barely ready for pasture or agriculture, that a kind Providence has most fittingly placed mineral riches in the bowels of the earth! The Newfoundland fisheries, placed out as it were in advance of the sea-board, tempted Europe to the colonisation of Canada, as the fine prairie lands of the Mississippi tempted the American to the Far West; and a new Bridgewater Treatise might be written upon the extraordinary and totally unprecedented manner in which it has pleased Providence to tempt mankind in our own times to

* A Popular History of the Discovery of America: from Columbus to Franklin. By J. G. Kohl. Translated from the German by Major R. R. Noel. Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

the colonisation of new lands by scattering gold broadcast over the soil; Australia, California, Otago, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, to witness. These will be most likely followed by the opening of new regions, more especially the East African ghazals and those of India. But in these cases the produce is superficial, and soon exhausted. The purpose seems to be to invite to settlement, not to provide a home for a mining population. In the unproductive Ojibway territory it is otherwise, and the destiny of Lake Superior seems to be to assist industry and agriculture by its products, without robbing either.

Lake Superior, then, without having any prominent military interest, is beginning to possess considerable importance to mankind. It has been hitherto as the Gitchie-gumee, or Big Water of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, a realm favoured by poetry, or the scene of one of the most perfect pictures we perhaps possess of Indian life, of Indian superstitions, mysteries, and mind-development, in Kohl's "*Kitchi-Gami*."* Pleasant pictures and strange stories:

From the forests, from the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways—
I repeat them as I heard them.

But Lake Superior, with its townships of "Superior City," Bayfield, and Ontonagon springing up where but a short time ago were Indian villages, with steam communication already established, and presenting, under the new arrangement of things, a seaport to Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, and all the Far West, with its mineral resources in Canadian territory, and, above all, with the promise that the discovery of a great belt of available land along the valley of the Upper Saskatchewan, and of passes through the Rocky Mountains in British territory, hold out of an almost certain future prolongation of the ship route and railroad, overland from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has a far more important future before her than that which artist's pencil or poet's pen can as yet delineate.

St. Mary's River, or strait, between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, divides into several channels, enclosing numerous islands, of which the most considerable are Sugar Island, St. Joseph, and Drummond: the two former belong to Canada, and the latter to Wisconsin. Below Drummond Island the river widens, and enters Lake Huron, after a course of above forty miles, in which it falls thirty-two feet, the rapids included. There is a small town called the Sault Ste. Marie on the American side, which contained seven or eight hundred inhabitants in the time of Mr. Paul Kane ("*Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America*," p. 46); but this must have much increased since the opening of the new canal. It has also, according to the same authority, "a well-built garrison, prettily situated on the river's bank." On the Canadian side, about half a mile direct across, the Hudson's Bay Company have a trading establishment, and the custom-house

* Hind has it *Kitchi-gum-mi*, or Great Lake. It is curious that *Katchuk-gami* signifies "small ship" in Turkish.

Kitchi-Gami. Wanderings Round Lake Superior. By J. & Kohl. Chapman and Hall.

officer, Mr. Wilson, a tolerably handsome house. Considering that, with these two exceptions, the British side presents to the traveller a collection of poor miserable hovels, occupied solely by half-breeds and Indians, the "well built garrison" is a step decidedly in advance.

Lake Huron is only second to Lake Superior in extent, its greatest length in a curved line between St. Mary's Strait and its outlet being above 240 miles. From south to north it is 186 miles. Its extreme breadth, which lies nearly west-north-west and east-south-east, is about 220 miles; its circuit exceeds 1000 miles. The surface is 595 feet above high water in the Atlantic, and its greatest depth exceeds 450 feet. It is divided into two unequal portions by a series of islands called Manitoulin Islands, and which begin in the east of Drummond's Island, in the very mouth of St. Mary's Strait, and extend east, with an inclination to the south, for 120 miles. One of them, Great Manitoulin, is 185 miles long, and varies in breadth from three to twenty-five miles, being singularly indented by inlets and coves, which give it a very irregular and broken outline. Its name is derived from the language of the Indians, who consider it as the dwelling of the Great Spirit, or Manitou. The shores of the island are hilly, and clothed with cedar, pine, and birch. The soil of the hills is stony and barren. In the interior are about twenty lakes, some fully 15 to 18 miles long, and from 8 to 10 miles wide, and from 3 to 20 fathoms deep. They abound with trout, pike, white fish, &c. The extent of arable land in the island is about one-third of its area. The trees on the arable land are elm, maple, birch, cherry, and a few oak and beech. The climate is remarkably healthy.

No better illustration of the results attending the isolation of Indians, and their instruction in the arts of civilisation, can be afforded than that offered by the Manitoulin Islands. In 1836, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Francis Head proposed to collect on Manitoulin not only the wandering bands on the north shore of Lake Huron, but also the tribes settled in all parts of Upper Canada. The scheme was a failure, the only Indians availing themselves of the offer being some from the United States and from the shores of Lakes Superior and Huron. The village of Manitouaning was built by the Canadian government, and placed under the management of a resident superintendent, assisted by a clergyman, a surgeon, and a schoolmaster. Artisans were induced to go there and take charge of workshops, in which the Indians were to be taught useful mechanical trades. The population in 1848 was estimated at 90 individuals. The only other village on the island at that time was Wikwemikong, founded previous to 1836 by Ottawa Indians from Michigan, who had long been converted from heathenism by Roman Catholic missionaries, and possessed some knowledge of agriculture before their arrival on the island. In 1843 this village contained 73 Indian houses, and was estimated to comprise 376 individuals. There were also a church, a school-house, and a saw-mill, together with a house for the missionary and one for the schoolmaster.

In 1857 the total population of the island was 1290, being composed of 977 Catholics, 104 Protestants, and 145 pagans, occupying 13 stationary villages and 60 birch-bark tents. With respect to the Protestant village of Manitouaning, the commissioners appointed to investigate Indian affairs in Canada said: "Many of the buildings are deserted and

ruinous—the school-house is dilapidated and untenable, and the workshops, from which the mechanics are withdrawn, are destitute of tools, deserted by the Indians who formerly worked there, and in an utter state of decay. The church is in tolerable repair, but we found no Indian attending the services.” The commissioners reported the Rev. Mr. Jacob’s settlement to be in a much more prosperous condition than Manitouaning, both houses and farms being tidy, and kept in better order. Of Wikwemikong, the Roman Catholic settlement, it was said that, although not so well situated as Manitouaning, prosperity smiled upon it. The Indians appear respectable in their dress, industrious in their habits, healthy and contented; the services of the church are reported to be numerously attended; the schools were crowded with clean, healthy, intelligent children of both sexes. It was a subject of deep regret to members of the Church of England that the Canadian commissioners felt it their duty to recommend that the Protestant missionary be withdrawn, and the Protestant English school be abandoned, whilst it was recommended that a schoolmaster be appointed in the Roman Catholic mission at Wikwemikong. With respect to the other villages on the Manitoulin Island, the commissioners say: “Notwithstanding that Christianity is making slow and painful progress among them, they must still be considered as almost at the bottom of the scale of civilisation.”

The northern coasts of Lakes Huron and Superior, it is to be observed, remained in the occupancy of nomadic bands of Ojibway Indians until the year 1850, when the whole of this vast extent of country, with the exception of certain reserves, was surrendered to the Canadian government for the sum of 16,640 dollars paid down, and 4400 dollars in perpetual annuity, of which 2400 are payable to the tribes on Lake Huron, and 2000 to those inhabiting the shores of Lake Superior.

The number of Indians inhabiting the northern shores of Lake Huron in 1850 was only 1422, and of Lake Superior, 1240: making a total Indian population of 2662 souls, over an extent of country exceeding England in area, and not yet approached by civilisation, except at the Hudson’s Bay Company’s ports, and at a few mining locations. Of the 1422 Indians on the north side of Lake Huron, 317 are Christians, divided as follows: Catholics, 294; Wesleyans, 20; Church of England, 3.

Since the time when the north shore of Lake Huron attracted public attention on account of its mineral wealth, it has been the general custom to draw conclusions respecting the features of the country in the interior from the aspect of the coast, and to predicate a condition of soil and climate wholly at variance with the facts which have been recently established. Not only did Mr. Salter, who was employed to survey the interior north and north-east of St. Mary’s Strait, find very extensive areas of excellent land covered with a fine forest-growth of hard-wood trees, but Mr. Murray, of the Canadian Geological Survey, has drawn special attention to the geographical characteristics of a large area in the region indicated. Mr. Murray says: * “It has been remarked in former reports that the north coast of Lake Huron, in many parts picturesque, appears

* Geological Survey of Canada; Report of Progress for the year 1858.

too rocky near the margin to be suited for agricultural settlement, though likely in time to become of importance to the province by the development of the metalliferous ores which the geological formation of the region is known to contain. But while this description is applicable to the coast line and the margin of some of the rivers and larger lakes of the interior, it is by no means so to the country in general. On the contrary, there are in many parts, especially in the valley of the Thessalon and its tributaries, extensive tracts of the finest land, covered with a luxuriant growth of hard wood interspersed with stately pine-trees, probably equal in average size to any of the same species known in the province."

The interior of the country north of Lake Superior is now being surveyed for the purpose of laying off mining locations; its extraordinary mineral wealth cannot fail to draw a large mining population, which will cause the agricultural lands in the valleys of the rivers to be sought after; the fisheries are also of great importance. Under these favourable circumstances there is every probability that the country north of Lakes Huron and Superior will speedily grow in importance, and the day is not far distant when uninterrupted communication with the North-Western Railway termini in Canada will be established during the winter months.

Summer communication has been already established by means of a line of steam-packets that ply between Collingwood Harbour and Chicago, on Lake Michigan. This line runs due north from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, skirting part of the southern shore of the lake, and of Georgian Bay to Collingwood Harbour. This is at present one of the most pleasant and available routes to the west. The distance from Toronto to Collingwood is nothing, and all by sail from the sea-board; passing between the islands grouped in the northern portion of Lake Huron, the traveller steams through the Strait of Michilimakinak, or Mackinaw; stopping at the little town of the same name, now, as it has been these two centuries, a military post, and getting a glimpse of the rocky and hitherto supposed inhospitable region of the copper mines of Lake Superior; thence along the picturesque shores of Wisconsin to Chicago. Georgian Bay, which has thus come into recent importance, is divided off from Lake Huron by Cabot's Head, which projects from the south shores of the lake about fifty miles into the lake, with an average width of twelve miles. It is about two hundred and twenty-five miles long, with an average width of fifty miles. At Natawasanga Bay the shores are high, but the lake is free from rocks, except in the north. Canada has in the present day another port and railway terminus on Lake Huron, at Goderich. This is the terminus of the so-called "Buffalo, Brentford, and Goderich" Railway, which connects Buffalo and the State of New York with Lake Huron at Goderich by a line of a hundred and sixty miles, and which saves, as compared with the water route by Lake Erie and the Straits, a distance of four hundred miles. This line crosses the Grand Trunk at Stratford and the Great Western at London, whence there is a line to Port Staley on Lake Erie, and it will, it is expected, divide the traffic from Lakes Huron and Superior, by sending that intended for the United States to Buffalo, and that for Canada and Portland by the Grand Trunk. Collingwood, which affects a junction with the Grand Trunk at Toronto, and is joined by the

Hamilton and Toronto Railway to the Great Western and Buffalo, is the only rival to this grand double scheme, which brings the Upper Lakes in railway communication with Lower Canada, the United States, and the sea-board.

While such, then, is the aspect of the northern or British shores of the Upper Lakes, Michigan, by taking a southerly run of some three hundred miles, has a far more favourable climate and better soil, and hence has arisen an amount of prosperity utterly unknown on Lakes Superior and Huron. Great towns, as Chicago, Milwaukee, and Michigan city, or New Buffalo, have sprung up as if by enchantment, and a positive network of railways unite these favoured and youthful cities with Green Bay, the Mississippi, Illinois, Indiana, and the Ohio, Detroit, Lake Erie, and New England. There are already actually some five or six lines of railway communication from southern Michigan to the river Mississippi, with cross branches attached to them! What is of more importance in an offensive or defensive point of view, the Yankees, stimulated by the success of their gun-boats on the waters of the American rivers, are pushing forward the works of the Illinois Canal, by which the Mississippi will be united with the lakes, and the means of transfer possessed by the British from the sea-board will be counterbalanced by the Yankees pouring their river gun-boats into the Canadian lakes.

The city of Chicago is the "wonder of the west." Owing its origin to the formation of a canal, which first connected the waters of the lakes with those of the Mississippi (this was in 1880, when the surrounding country was an almost unbroken wilderness), it has advanced, with a rapidity unparalleled even in the history of American cities, by the aid of an advantageous position and the enterprise of its citizens, to the position of a commercial capital of some seventy thousand inhabitants.

The city lies spread over the borders of a low-lying level prairie, extending for thirty miles to the westward on the shore of Lake Michigan; and though, like all newly-built towns in America, abounding in wide straggling thoroughfares of wooden houses, has some well-built streets in the centre portion, with a court-house and other public buildings of elegant design.

Some idea of the gambling that goes on in land in Chicago may be formed from the fact, that "a corner lot" in one of the principal thoroughfares, on which stood a chemist's shop, was sold during Mr. Hancock's residence in the city for sixty-four thousand dollars, or 12,800*l.*; the same lot having been bought twenty years previously for a sum about equal to the cost of one of the shop-windows—namely, 20*l.**

Land is, indeed, the grand topic of conversation in the streets, hotels, and liquor saloons of Chicago, and the acquisition of wealth by its sale and purchase is the ruling passion among the citizens of the "Prairie City." The columns of the newspapers are crowded with advertisements of "eligible lots," and the land-agents suspend huge maps in their windows to attract the speculator. Auction-rooms are crowded with bidders, and the cry of every one is that of the distressed mariner, though in a different sense, "Land! land! land!"†

* An Emigrant's Five Years in the Free States of America. By William Hancock. F. Cautley Newby. 1860.

† "A wonderful narrative," says a correspondent to the daily press in more

Railroads we have seen radiate from Chicago in every direction. By the Michigan Central, the Michigan Southern, and the Pittsburg lines, the ever-flowing stream of emigration is brought from the east; the Illinois Central and the St. Louis Railways enter from the southward. Hence, from the commencement of spring to the time when the snow begins to fall, Chicago is all alive with the bustle and excitement consequent on the arrival and departure of thousands of emigrants. The greater number of these are German or Irish.

The western shore of Lake Michigan is high and fertile, rising abruptly from the lake, save at the mouths of the rivers, where are situated the towns—now rapidly rising to the dignity of cities—of Kenosha, Waukegan, and Racine. A pleasant rivalry is carried on between these places, each of which is throwing out its iron arms to grasp the trade and traffic of the country to the westward, and each of which lays claim to some superiority as a port or as a place of residence.

Milwaukee is a hundred miles from Chicago, and divides with it, though not equally, the trade of Lake Michigan. It is a clean, well-built town, and is celebrated as producing the finest bricks and the best "lager-bier" in the west. The consumption of the latter article must be considerable, for a very large proportion of the population are Germans, who have things pretty much their own way.

North of Milwaukee, the state of Wisconsin, like that of Michigan in its northern portion, is one vast pine-forest; the principal port for the timber trade being at Green Bay. The only settlement to the north of Milwaukee is Sheboygan. When the American government declared war in 1812, flattered with the idea of the easy conquest of Canada, the British had a small detachment at Joseph's Island, before noticed, about forty miles from Michilimackinac, which is nine miles in circumference, and which, as we have before seen, commands the entrance into Lake Michigan.* The officer in command of the detachment, which consisted of only one company, embarked, assisted by about two hundred Canadian voyageurs and double the number of Indians, and attacking the fort in which the Americans had a garrison of sixty men, captured the place. In 1814, the Americans had, as objects in view, the recapture of this fort, that of Fort Niagara, and an attack upon Kingston. In order to reinforce the former, an active and intelligent officer, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Dowal, conducted sixty-five soldiers and twenty-five seamen, with a supply of provisions and ammunition, from York to Lake Simcoe, and from thence to Nottawasaga Creek, on Lake Huron. There was no "Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron" Railway in those days. Here he embarked his party in twenty-four open row-boats, and boldly ventured

recent times, "might be written exhibiting the inner history of speculation throughout America during these last ten years, and notably in relation to Chicago. It is hard to realise what were the wild exuberant hopes of 1856, and to contrast them with the abject, hopeless dejection of 1862. In 1856, land was selling in the most valuable streets of Chicago at a price equal to the highest rates given for sites in the city of London. How are the mighty fallen this day! Many men would think twice before they accepted, as a free gift, lots in any part of Chicago except the two or three principal streets of the town; and it is doubtful whether, in the present uncertainty where taxation will fall, any man could be found to accept an acre of uncultivated Illinois land, which, five years ago, was eagerly bought at twelve dollars."

* The strait is six miles long and eight wide.

across Lake Huron. He effected his passage in twenty-five days, and landed at Michilimakinak on the 11th of May. The Americans, who had no idea of the possibility of the fort being supplied by this route, had calculated upon the surrender of the island for want of provisions. They now sent a detachment of nine hundred men from Detroit to take possession of Michilimakinak. The party landed on the 4th of August, but were repulsed by the garrison. Two armed schooners, each carrying a twenty-four pounder, and which had convoyed the American troops, were even boarded and captured.

The River St. Clair issues from the south point of Lake Huron, and runs 30 miles between moderately high banks, till it expands into Lake St. Clair, which is about 30 miles in diameter, and shallow, but has sufficient depth in its channel to admit steam-boats and schooners, and the same is the case with the River St. Clair. The shores of the lake are low and level, and it receives two considerable rivers from the east—the Great Bear River and the Thames. Issuing from the south-west angle of the Lake St. Clair, the river is called Detroit—the straits or narrows. This latter first runs west, and then bends in a regular curve about due south to its influx into Lake Erie. Its length is 29 miles, and it is navigable for such vessels as are employed upon the lakes, being from seven to eight feet deep. There is an excellent harbour near its mouth at Amherstberg. The banks of the river are moderately elevated; the fall between Lake Huron and Lake Erie is 30 feet.

This district, which brings Upper Canada into contact with the United States as closely almost as at Niagara and the St. Lawrence, has always been the seat of important events in time of war; and now that towns and cities have sprung up in the neighbourhood, that the two great Canadian railways—the Grand Trunk and the Great Western—terminate, the one in St. Clair, the other in Detroit, and that navigation, intercommunication, and commerce have increased to an extraordinary degree, it will assume still far greater importance. On the invasion of Canada by the Americans in 1812, a corps, consisting of 2500 men, was assembled at Detroit to act against Amherstberg. The garrison of the latter place, which consisted of only 420 men, of whom 300 were militia and 150 Indians, resisted, however, so successfully, that the Americans could not even force the passage of the River-aux-Cunards, which runs into the Detroit between Sandwich and Amherstberg, and a small reinforcement of 460 men, 260 of whom were Upper Canadian militia, having come up under General Brock, the British crossed the river, and the American general surrendered Fort Detroit by capitulation. The Amherstberg district became in 1813 the seat of melancholy events. The Americans having assembled in force at Sandusky, the British, under Colonel Procter, attacked them in front of French Town, and gained a complete victory, taking the American general and 500 of his troops prisoners. Colonel Procter was, however, subsequently unsuccessful in attacks upon Fort Meigs, on the Miamis River, and upon a fort at the mouth of the Sandusky River. The Americans having been further reinforced by a flotilla from Presqu' Isle, on Lake Erie, an action was fought, in which the British were defeated, rendering the Americans masters of the lake, as also of Detroit and Amherstberg, the British retreating up the Thames. The little band of 500 dispirited, tired, and ill-fed men were followed up by the Americans,

5000 strong, were overwhelmed, and on their arrival at Ancaster there were only 204 rank and file remaining out of the thousand, which was the strength of this division when it evacuated Amherstberg.

As the great use of the study of history and of the knowledge of past events is to enable us to profit by the experience and to avoid the errors of those who have gone before us, it is to be hoped that the melancholy interest which attaches itself to this district will show the importance of having an adequate citadel or strong place between the two lakes. It is true that all intercourse could be stopped by a few gun-boats on Lake St. Clair; but still, considering the exigencies of the climate, and the great preponderance of population on the American side of the Straits, no permanent security can be attained without the construction of a respectable stronghold. Such a place is necessary in many points of view—as an arsenal for military, naval, and other stores, as a place for troops to retire to if pressed by an overwhelming force, as in 1813, and, further, to compel the Americans, if they ever again invade the province, as they are continually threatening to do, to come in force and prepared for an important siege.

The same arguments that General Sir J. C. Smyth uses in favour of a fortress at Niagara applies with equal strength to one at Detroit.* “If by the construction of this and the other proposed fortresses we can cause a war in America to be more assimilated to a war in Europe—if we can force the Americans to move in large corps, and to undertake heavy sieges, we shall have every prospect of beating them. In long and harassing marches through the woods and uncultivated parts of the country, in a war of posts and skirmishes, their knowledge of the country and habits of life give them every advantage. It ought to be our policy, as it is evidently our interest, to avoid all petty warfare; to oppose to the enemy’s desultory attacks, as much as possible, the militia and provincial corps, thereby encouraging a spirit of rivalry and contention, and to keep the regular troops more in reserve, occupying the important points and military features of the country.

“By such arrangements the regular regiments will be assembled together in greater numbers, to the advantage of their discipline, the maintenance of their efficiency, and to their consequent possession of every facility for acting with vigour when required.”

Had the British troops had a fortress (the general further adds) on the Thames, containing a sufficient supply of provisions and ammunition, to which they could have retired, the Americans would not have been able (notwithstanding their command of Lake Erie) to have overrun the district of the Thames. The militia, supported by such a work, would have continued to the last. The Indians, who only quitted the British when they commenced their retreat, would, in all probability, not have left them, as the troops would have had no occasion to retire. The British kept the field sufficiently long to have prevented the enemy from laying siege to any fortress during the season. The contest in the Amherstberg district would, consequently, not have been concluded in 1813; and the

* *Précis of the Wars in Canada, &c.* By the late Major-General Sir James Carmichael Smyth, Bart. Edited by his Son, Sir James Carmichael, Bart. Tinsley Brothers.

Americans would have been foiled in the only operation in which they were successful. These considerations, added to the beauty and fertility of the country, the loyalty and good disposition of its inhabitants, its fast improving state, and the facilities it will, consequently, hereafter afford for an invasion by the Thames, seem to point out the propriety of placing a respectable work, capable of serving as a point d'appui to the troops and militia of the district, upon this river. The termini of two great railways in the same neighbourhood, with the vast increase of population on the American side, render what might have sufficed in the general's time—a respectable work—no longer sufficient. There should be a second-class strong place at this important point.

Sandusky is in the present day, notwithstanding its railroad conveniences, a small, dreary-looking town, built partly of limestone. There are now also the townships of Ottawa, Toledo, and Monroe betwixt Sandusky and Detroit, between which two towns there is also steam-boat communication. Detroit, the commercial, though not the legislative capital of the state of Michigan, has about 50,000 inhabitants, and is a clean, well-built town, with a frontage on the river of no less than three miles in extent, and with extensive and substantial buildings in connexion with the Michigan Railroad, over which vast quantities of grain are brought, on their way to the European markets. The communication between the terminus of this line and that of the Great Western of Canada, at Windsor, on the opposite side of the Strait, is kept up by steam-boat. A belt of heavily-timbered land, twenty miles deep, skirts the state on its lake boundaries, and the interior is gently rolling prairie-land, with a fertile soil, in which the apple, pear, peach, and other fruits thrive luxuriantly. Wheat, oats, and Indian corn are likewise "raised," but not in very large quantities. There are few manufactories. The comparison between the Canadian side with that of Michigan is said not to be to the credit of the former.

There is an island, called Walpole Island, at the entrance of the St. Clair River (going northward), on which the Canadian government have formed an Indian settlement, after the fashion of that described in Manitoulin. It was to this island that the young English lady who married one of the Ojibways, exhibited in London by Catlin some years back, was taken to end her wretched days. The town of Algonac is opposite, on the American shore. A few farms are to be seen on the American side of the St. Clair, but on the Canadian the woods have scarcely echoed as yet to the sound of the woodman's axe. At St. Clair itself—a lumber town—there is but one idea, and as that is land at Chicago, so at St. Clair it is wood. The traveller emerges from a wooden hotel on to a wooden "side walk." He passes down a wooden street, crosses a wooden bridge, and looks upon rafts of wood logs, backed by wooden saw-mills and piles of planks. There are wooden churches and a wooden court-house, in which judge, counsel, prisoner, and juryman may be seen "whistling" away with surprising energy at fragments of the same superabundant material. North of a line drawn to the westward from the point where Lake Huron enters the St. Clair River the entire country may be described as a vast forest of yellow-pine, and large fortunes are made by the owners of saw-mills. St. Clair has its two weekly papers, with nothing to do but to abuse one another, its Dorcas societies,

its balls, and its debating clubs, in which democratic anathemas are fulminated against the despots of our own and other unhappy lands.

According to Mr. Hind, 3065 steamers passed up from Lake Erie to Lakes Huron and Superior, by Detroit, in 1859, and 3121 passed down. The greatest number up in a single day was 85, down, 73. Detroit statistics show that 5 steamers, 7 propellers, 4 barques, 7 brigs, and 85 schooners, were more or less engaged in the Lake Superior trade during the same year. Forty vessels left during the season for European and outward ports, some of which have returned, and one has taken her second departure.

The great future that lies in store for the St. Clair and Detroit districts are sufficiently attested by their remarkable geographical position—a point of union between the north-east and the west and south-west—and the working of this natural peculiarity is further shown by the termini being there of the two great railways of the north-east.

The Great Western runs from Windsor, on the Canadian side of the Detroit River, to the river Niagara, which it crosses two miles below the Falls by a fine suspension-bridge, and thence communicates with the railways of New York and Boston.* Its receipts for the month of April, 1854, shortly after its opening, amounted to 26,735*l*., and in the corresponding month of the following year to 57,684*l*. It was also stated at that time that large quantities of merchandise were accumulating at both ends of the line, from its being impossible to convey them with sufficient rapidity. (Kohl's Trav. in Canada, vol. ii. p. 347.)

The Grand Trunk Railway has a twofold commencement: one at the harbour of Portland, in the state of Maine, on the Atlantic coast; the other at Quebec, on the St. Lawrence. The Portland section of the Grand Trunk has been leased to the company at the rate of six per cent. When Mr. Seward offered to permit of the passage of the Canadian reinforcements, it was then by a Canadian railway carried unfortunately through the United States. The two branches unite at Richmond, on the Canadian frontier, and the line runs thence to Montreal, where it meets lines from Boston and New York, and then, crossing the St. Lawrence by the magnificent Victoria Bridge—unrivalled as a specimen of engineering skill—it enters a county where it has no competitors, but meets many shorter lines, till it reaches Toronto, from whence it is prolonged to Sarnia, on the St. Clair Strait. In this course of 1112 miles it connects all the principal towns of Canada, and receives as tributaries lines that have struck out through the forest to new and remoter regions, which they are rapidly awakening to life. Such are the Bytown or Ottawa Railway, the Bytown and Prescott Railway, the Coburg and Peterborough Railway, the Buffalo, Brentford, and Goderich line, and the Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron Railway.

The Grand Trunk Railway had in the second year of its existence, when only four hundred miles were open, diverted a large portion of the trade that had previously flowed to the United States, and its receipts were as great as those of the Great Western, which had been five years

* Windsor is the ardently-desired goal of fugitive slaves, who have arrived in such vast numbers, Mr. Weld—who wrote in 1853—says, as to have founded a settlement called Dawn, a short distance from the river, and where he was told they were thriving.

in operation. What is wanted is a junction with Halifax and St. John's, and not with a foreign port liable to be in hostile hands; and we observe that Sir J. C. Smyth has enumerated among his most important desiderata a citadel at Halifax for the protection of the dockyard and large naval establishment, and for upholding a communication essential to the welfare of the British North American provinces.

The grand system of water communication afforded by the St. Lawrence and the lakes connected with it, though of incalculable value to Canada in the earliest stages of its settlement, when the population was too scanty to admit of more expensive modes of transit, is liable to the disadvantage of being closed for more than half a year by frost. Even in the season favourable to navigation it has, from the natural obstacles in its course, to be supplemented by canals, in which the navigation is unavoidably tedious. The Welland Canal, for instance, by which the passage is effected from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, and the Falls of Niagara are avoided, has no less than thirty locks. So great is the traffic, nevertheless, that in one year (1853) there passed through it 2748 British and 2705 American and other vessels; but all this busy traffic is stopped by the ice, that locks river and canals from November to May. (This canal has been lately placed in a state of defence by earthworks.) The advantage, then, of the Grand Trunk Railway is, that it keeps a permanent open communication from one end of Canada nearly to the other—from St. Clair Strait to Quebec, and to the Atlantic at Portland “without break of gauge or bulk”—an advantage which is peculiar to itself, for all other routes involve several transshipments. It transfers, indeed, the productions of Europe and of the far west of America from the Upper Lakes to the Atlantic by one continuous line, which only requires a terminus at Halifax to be perfect—to be in British territory throughout, and to work for the benefit of the colonists without competition.

Lake Erie is 265 miles long and $68\frac{1}{2}$ broad at its centre: its circumference is computed at 668 miles, and its surface is 565 feet above the sea. Its greatest depth is about 100 feet, with a rocky bottom. The navigation on this lake has rapidly increased since the Great Erie Canal, in the State of New York, and the Welland Canal, in Canada, have been formed; but several circumstances combine to render it tedious and dangerous. There is also a want of deep harbours, especially on the low and level northern shores. The southern shores have some harbours for small vessels, such as the mouth of the Cattaraugus, Presqu' Isle, and the bays of Sandusky and Miami. On Cunningham's Island, which belongs to the United States, there is a fine harbour, called Put-in-Bay, which has 12 feet of water and is well sheltered. The possession of this harbour would be of great importance to a Lacustrine belligerent party.

As it is with the shores of Lake Huron so it is also with regard to Lake Erie. Canada is making progress: it has its stations at Niagara, its Welland Canal, and it has its Port Stanley, with railroad communication to London on the Great Western, to Stratford on the Grand Trunk, and to Goderich on Lake Huron; but the United States have, among other places, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Erie, Cleveland, and Sandusky, the Erie Canal and the Ohio Canal, and a railway along every inch of shore, uniting with an interior network.

Buffalo is, with Chicago and Detroit, one of the most remarkable examples of the rapid growth of American cities. Founded in 1801, and destroyed by the British in 1813, it now contains a population of above 60,000, and official returns show that its commerce, valued in 1850 at 67,000,000 dollars, had increased in 1851 to 76,000,000 dollars. This extraordinary prosperity is due principally to its having been hitherto the great national gateway between the marts of the East and the producing regions of the West for the passage of the lake commerce. The tonnage of the port was composed, in 1851, of 107 steamers and 607 sailing-vessels. The steam-boats on the St. Lawrence, famed for their magnificence, sink into insignificance compared with the mammoth ships that ply on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit.

Dunkirk is described by Mr. Hancock as "a dreary little town," which has, however, railway termini and steam-boat accommodation; but next to Buffalo the most important of the lake ports is Cleveland, which has a population of about 25,000 souls. It is pleasantly situated, and from the uneven character of the ground on which it stands, and the occasional departure from Yankee regularity in its plan, is somewhat picturesque. The American congress, it is to be noticed, has voted considerable sums of money towards establishing navy dockyards and depôts at all the chief towns and available harbours on the lakes, including Chicago, Detroit, Sandusky, Cleveland, and Sackett's Harbour.

The waters of Lake Erie descend to Ontario by the Niagara River, which runs $33\frac{1}{2}$ miles in a general direction from south to north. Its breadth varies from half a mile to one mile and more. The stream is broken by several islands, the largest of which, Grand Island, belonging to New York, contains 11,200 acres. The Great Falls are $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles below this island, and 20 from the beginning of the river. In this distance its waters fall 66 feet, of which they descend 51 feet in the space of the half-mile immediately below the falls, so that the river is navigable to the village of Chippeway, on the river of the same name. Above the Falls the banks of the river are very little elevated above the water's edge, but below the current flows rapidly in a bed several hundred feet deep, and walled in on both sides by perpendicular rocks. The cataract consists of two falls, divided from one another by a small island called Goat Island. The fall on the American side is 162 feet high and 375 yards wide. The fall on the Canadian side is 700 yards wide and 149 feet high. The face of Goat Island measures 330 yards. The whole breadth of the river at this point is 1405 yards, and the greater portion of the fall is on the Canadian side. Five miles lower down is a very strong eddy called the Whirlpool; and five miles below it the river emerges from the rock-bound chasm, and flows in a deep and gentle current between banks of moderate elevation. At some remote period the falls were much farther down the current, between the towns of Queenstown and Lewistown, but the rocks have gradually given way to the continual friction of the rapid current, and the Falls have receded to their present situation. As more than one-third of the Niagara is not navigable, the navigation of Lakes Erie and Ontario has, as before seen, been united by the Welland Canal on the Canadian side.

The chief military events associated with the Niagara River embrace General Shirley's expedition in the Seven Years' War, which had no results, and the expedition in 1759, when Fort Niagara, on the American

side, was captured from the French by Sir William Johnson, after the fall of General Prideaux. The Americans reduced the fort on their invasion of Canada in 1775. In the campaign of 1812 the American force on the Niagara was divided into three corps: 1100 men were at Fort Niagara, 3200 at Lewistown, and 2000 at Black Rock and Buffalo. The British troops opposite, consisting of 1200, occupied Fort Erie and Fort George, the two extreme points of their line. The flank companies of the 49th, and two companies of militia, were stationed at Queenstown. They were the first to be attacked, and were repulsed, with the loss of their general, Brock; but reinforcements having come up from Fort George, the Americans were attacked in their turn, and 1 general officer, 71 officers, and 858 non-commissioned officers and men, laid down their arms; the remainder escaped in their boats. The Americans next attempted to pass the Niagara above the Falls in great force. The British had only 700 men to oppose to them, and they had four different landing-places to protect. This, however, they did so effectually, that they compelled the Americans to give up the attempt, after losing thirty prisoners.

The next year, however (1813), the American army, protected by the guns of Fort Niagara and the fire of their flotilla, and divided into three brigades, and consisting of 7000 men, effected their landing, although opposed by the British, who were not 1600 strong, with great spirit. General Vincent had then, from want of an adequate stronghold, no alternative but to withdraw from Fort Erie and the Chippeway, the Americans in pursuit. But in a night attack at Stony Creek, with the bayonet, the Americans were driven back, and 2 brigadiers, 123 officers and men, and 4 pieces of artillery, were taken. The Americans having fallen back on Forty-mile Creek, they were dislodged by the guns of a squadron of British gun-boats and schooners, which had sailed from Kingston, and being followed up, were hemmed in by very inferior numbers in the neighbourhood of Fort George, whence they ultimately embarked for Oswego and Sackett's Harbour. They did not, however, evacuate Fort George till December, when they retreated across the Niagara, having first, in the most wanton and unnecessary manner, burnt all the farm-houses and buildings in the neighbourhood, and also the small town of Newark, close to Fort George. The conduct of the American general upon this occasion is characterised by Sir J. C. Smyth as "most cruel and disgraceful." The evacuation of Fort George was followed on the 18th of the same month by the reduction of Fort Niagara by 550 men. Its garrison consisted of 400 men, and 27 pieces of ordnance were mounted on the ramparts. Lewistown, Black Rock, and Buffalo, were then burnt in retaliation for the wanton destruction of Newark. Navy Island, above Grand Island, it only remains to be noticed, attained an unenviable notoriety as the head-quarters of the leaders of the Canadian insurrection, and a rebel steamer was fired and sent down thence to the Grand Falls. Now-a-days, that wonderful work of art, the Niagara suspension-bridge, is carried across the most narrow chasm that is met with in the whole of the Lake Districts on a line of a thousand miles, about a mile and a half below the Falls. Queenstown and Lewistown have become handsome towns, and the approach to the Falls reminds one more of the approach to a great city than of a wild and lonely abode of the water nymphs and nixies. Three miles from the Falls the houses begin to be close and

numerous, handsome villas of landowners alternate with spacious and excellent hotels, and between these you find numbers of small farm-houses. The ground is torn up like a ploughed field, with rails, tunnels, viaducts, and deep cuttings for the railroads, and magnificent suspension-bridges and other works of art rise out of it like rocks. Finally, on the level plateau of the peninsula point which the Niagara rushes round, more than one half on the Canadian side, there lies the so-called village of Niagara Falls, which is no ways distinguishable from what is usually in America called a city. The streets are straight, broad, and miles long; it has numbers of new houses, great and small; half a dozen churches, and a dozen of the great eating, drinking, sleeping, and doing-nothing establishments, known in all American towns as hotels. Great saw-mills, corn-mills, and paper-mills crowd to the very edge of the Falls. The Canadian shore, with its great Horse-shoe Fall and celebrated Table Rock, though by no means lonely or desolate, is much more rural and less town-like than the American. Except a row of pretty little prospect houses and curiosity shops, there is only a great hotel—the Clifton House—but it is the most renowned at the Falls.

Such progress, and the existence of a bridge which brings the two countries into much more intimate relations than have hitherto subsisted between them, ought to be bonds of perpetual amity and peace. But the frequent past invasions of Canada, and the perpetually-reiterated threats of fresh invasions, only postponed till a fitting opportunity presents itself, demand the construction of a respectable fortress on this part of the frontier. The necessity of not leaving so valuable a district open to the attempts of the Americans, Sir J. C. Smyth points out, and its defence to the chance of our being able to allot, in time of war, a sufficient number of troops for its protection, show the necessity for such a construction. It has been also justly remarked by Kohl, that a limitrophal line should be painted half way across the bridge. It would save many a poor fugitive negro, for this bridge is one of the points, like Detroit, to which the victims of American slavery hurry for a refuge, and they are sometimes dragged back into captivity when nearly over the bridge, and without regard as to whether they are on the British or on the American side.

Lake Ontario, the last of the series of lakes, is 172 miles long, and nearly 60 in extreme width: its circuit is stated to be 467 miles; the depth varies from 3 to 50 fathoms, except in the centre, where it sinks to 100 fathoms. Its surface is 234 feet above the tide-water of the Atlantic. The southern shores are in general low, and are destitute of harbours, except at the east end of the lake, where there is the well-known harbour called Sackett's. The Canadian shores have in this respect the advantage, possessing two excellent harbours for gun-boats and schooners at York and Kingston: the Bay of Quinté also affords at several places excellent anchorage. The largest island is Wolf Island, opposite Kingston, at the efflux of the Catarqui, or St. Lawrence, beyond which are the beautiful Thousand Islands, before described.

Lake Ontario has, with Quebec, Montreal, and Lake Champlain, been the scene of active military and naval operations in every war that has taken place in British America. Oswego, Fort Frontinac (Kingston), York, and Sackett's Harbour, have been the chief seat of conflicts. An ineffective attempt was made in 1813 to destroy the naval and military

stores at this last place, which is the depôt and head-quarters of the Americans on Lake Ontario.

The defence of that part of the Canadian frontier which is bathed by Lake Ontario, must, Sir J. C. Smyth remarks, be naval. There seems no good reason (except the facilities of sending up gun-boats and schooners by the canals completed since J. C. Smyth's time, during the summer season) why we should not maintain a naval superiority on this lake. If that superiority was dependent upon the comparative extent of commercial shipping, it would be ours decidedly, as the sloops and merchant vessels employed in navigating Lake Ontario, and in carrying produce at the western end of the lake, are chiefly British. The Americans have but little traffic on Lake Ontario, except by steam-boats. But that power which has the best naval establishment, and is the most active in forwarding seamen and supplies, must command Lake Ontario. Our harbour and naval establishment at Kingston are very good indeed, and beyond what the Americans possess at Sackett's Harbour. There cannot be a finer basin in the world than the Bay of Quinté. We have, moreover, Burlington Bay and York Harbour for sloops and small vessels to run into. The Americans have only Sackett's Harbour, Rochester, and the port of Oswego, which last is dangerous and unsafe. From the Niagara to Kingston there are few points which, with a view to the general defence of Canada, require to be held. The Americans took York twice during the last war, but experience has shown that the capture of the place did not materially advance the conquest of Canada. Still it ought to be fortified to a certain extent, so as to be secured from insult, as also to protect town and shipping.

Kingston is, however, not only the port, naval station, and dockyard of Lake Ontario, but, situated at the commencement of the St. Lawrence (if it does not effectually prevent the entrance into that river of an hostile flotilla), it can contain and protect an armament to be sent in pursuit, and, as was done by Colonel Morrison's brigade in 1813, to hang upon and discomfit the enemy's rear. If also, from unfortunate circumstances, the Americans should be for a time in superior force upon Lake Ontario, it was consolatory to know, even in Sir J. C. Smyth's time, that, whilst we held Kingston, we had in our own hands the power of creating a navy, and of resuming the command whenever we thought proper to make the requisite exertion. How much more so is it now, then, when the Rideau Canal has been terminated, to think that a flotilla of gun-boats can pass from the Atlantic into Lake Ontario, or indeed into any of the lakes? Kingston judiciously fortified, and placed as it now is with railway and canal communication on both sides, it may be asked, with far more confidence than when Sir J. C. Smyth wrote, what enemy could think seriously of invading any part of the frontier between Kingston and Montreal, or, excepting he was in very great force indeed, would undertake the siege of either, connected together as they are by a retired water and railway communication; capable, in consequence, of affording to each other mutual aid and assistance, and from either of which troops might be detached upon his rear, flank, or front, as occasion may require? With Kingston and Montreal fortified, it would indeed scarcely require aught but a few militia detachments upon the whole extent of frontier between the two.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN."

PART THE SEVENTH.

I.

ONE STICK DISCARDED.

THE morning sun shone on the green lawn, on the clustering flowers, rich in their many colours, sweet in their exhaling perfumes, before the breakfast-room at Ashlydyat. The room itself was in the shade: as it is pleasant in summer for a room to be: but the windows stood open to the delights of out-door life.

Janet presided at the breakfast-table. She always did preside. Thomas, Bessy, and Cecil were disposed around her; leaving the side of the table next the windows vacant, that no obstruction might intervene between the sight of any and the view of the summer's morning. A summer that would soon be on the wane, for September was approaching.

"She ought to be here by four o'clock," observed Bessy, continuing the conversation. "Otherwise, she cannot be here until seven. There's no train comes in from Farnley between four o'clock and seven, is there, Thomas?"

"I think not," replied Thomas Godolphin. "But I really know very little about their branch lines. Stay. Farnley? No: I remember: I am sure there is nothing in between four and seven."

"Don't fash yourselves," said Janet, in composure, who had been occupied with the urn. "When Mrs. Bricow sends me word she will arrive by the afternoon train, I know she can only mean the one that gets here at four o'clock: and I shall be there at four in the carriage to meet her. She is early in her notions, and she would have called seven the night train."

Cecil, who appeared to be more engaged in toying with the black ribbons that were flowing from the pretty white sleeves round her pretty wrists, than in eating her breakfast, looked up at her sister. "How long is it since she was here last, Janet?"

"She was here the summer after your mother died."

"All that while!" exclaimed Cecil. A few years do seem an "all" to the young.

"It is very good of her to leave her home at her age, and come amongst us once again!" said Bessy.

"It is George who is bringing her here; I am sure of that," returned Janet. "She was so concerned about his illness. She wants to see him, now he is getting better. George was always her favourite."

"How is George this morning?" inquired Thomas Godolphin.

"George is alive," replied a voice from the door, which had opened. There stood George himself.

Alive decidedly; but weak and wan still. He could walk with the help of one stick now.

"If I don't make an effort—as somebody says, in that bookcase—I may remain a puny invalid, like a woman. I thought I'd try and surprise you."

They made ready a place for him, and put a chair, and set good things before him; all in affectionate eagerness. But George Godolphin could not accomplish much breakfast yet. "My appetite is capricious, Janet," he observed. "I think to-morrow I will try chocolate and milk."

"A cup can be made at once, George, if you would like it."

"No, I don't care about it now. I suppose the doctors are right: that I can't get into proper order again, without change. A dull time of it, I shall have, whatever place they may exile me to."

A question had been mooted, bringing somewhat of vexation in its discussion, touching the accompanying of George. Whether he should be accompanied at all, in what he was pleased to term his exile: and, if so, by whom. Janet could not go; or thought she could not: Ashlydyat wanted her. Bessy was deep in her schools, her district visiting, in parish affairs generally, and openly said she did not care to quit them just now. Cecil was perfectly ready and willing. Had George been going to the wilds of Africa, Cecil would have entered on the journey with enthusiasm: the outer world had attractions for Cecil and her inexperience. But Janet did not deem it expedient to trust pretty Cecil to the sole guardianship of thoughtless George, and that was put down ere Cecil had well spoken of it. George's private opinion was—and he spoke it publicly—that he should be better without any of them, than with them; that they would "only be a bother." On one point, he turned entirely restive. Janet's idea had been to despatch Margery with him; to see after his comforts, his medicines, his warm beds, and his beef-tea. Not if he knew it, George answered. Why not set him up with a staff of women at once—a lady's-maid, and a nurse from the hospitals, in addition to Margery? And he was pleased to indulge in so much ridicule upon the point, as to anger Janet and offend Margery.

"I wish I knew some fellow who was going yachting for the next six months, and would give me boat-room," observed George, stirring his tea listlessly.

"That would be an improvement!" said Janet, speaking in satire. "Six months' sea-sickness and sea-wetting would about do for you what the fever has left undone."

"So it might," said George. "Only that we get over sea-sickness in a couple of days, and sea-wettings are healthy. However, don't let it disturb your placidity: the yacht is wanting, and I am not likely to get the opportunity of trying it. No thank you, Janet"—rejecting a plate she was offering him—"I cannot eat it."

"Mrs. Briscow comes to-day, George," observed Bessy. "Janet is going to meet her at the station at three. She is coming purposely to see you."

"Very amiable of the old lady!" responded George. "What's she like, Janet? I have forgotten her. Does she wear a front, or her own grey locks?"

Cecil laughed. Janet administered a reproof: to George for his ridicule, to Cecil for laughing at it. "You will see what she is like, if you wait patiently until dinner-time, George."

"I fear the pleasure will have to be deferred a little later," returned George. "I am going out to dinner."

"Nay, George," quickly returned Janet, "but you must be at home or dinner to-day."

"I have promised to go out, Janet."

Even Thomas looked surprised. George was not yet in precisely going-out-to-dinner condition.

"I have promised Mrs. Verrall to get as far as the Folly this afternoon, and stay to dine with them. *En famille*, you know."

"Mr. Verrall is not at home," said Bessy, quickly.

"But she and Charlotte are," responded George.

"You know you must not be out in the night air, George."

"I shall be home by sundown; or thereabouts. Not that the night air would hurt me now."

"The doctors say it would, George," urged Bessy.

"Of course they do. Doctors must croak, or how would their trade go on? They intend dining at five to accommodate me. I shall not stay afterwards."

"You cannot partake of rich dishes yet," urged Bessy again.

"*Bien entendu*. Mrs. Verrall has ordered an array of invalid ones: mutton-broth à l'eau, and boiled whiting au naturel," responded George, who appeared to have an answer ready for all dissentient propositions.

Janet interposed, looking and speaking very gravely. "George, it will be a great mark of disrespect to Mrs. Briscow, the lifelong friend of your father and your mother, not to be at home to sit at table with her the first day she is here. Only one thing could excuse your absence—urgent business. And, that, you have not to plead."

George answered tartly. He was weak from his recent illness, and, like many others under the same circumstances, did not relish being crossed in trifles. "Janet, you are unreasonable. As if it were requisite that I should break a promise, just for the purpose of dining with an old woman! There'll be plenty of other days that I can dine with her. And I shall be at home this evening before you have well risen from table."

"I beg you to speak of Mrs. Briscow with more respect, George. It cannot matter whether you stay at the Verralls to-day or another day," persisted Janet.

"It matters to me. I have set my mind upon it. You can tell Mrs. Briscow that it was an engagement entered into before I knew she would be here: that I would not have made it, had I known. As I would not."

"I'd not say a word against it, were it an engagement of consequence. You can go to the Folly any day."

"But I choose to go to-day," said George.

Janet fixed her deep eyes upon him, her gaze one of sad penetration, her voice changed to one of mourning. "Have those women fixed a spell upon ye, lad?"

It drove away George's ill humour. He burst into a laugh, and returned the gaze: openly enough. "Not they, Janet. Mrs. Verrall may have spells to cast, for aught I know: it's Verrall's business, not mine: but they have certainly not been directed to me. And Charlotte——"

"Ay," put in Janet, in a lower tone, "what of Charlotte Pain?"

"This, Janet. That I can steer clear of any spells cast by Charlotte Pain. Not but what I admire Charlotte very much," he added, in a little spirit of mischief. "I assure you I am quite a slave to her fascinations."

"Keep you out of her fascinations, lad," returned Janet, in a tone of solemn meaning. "It is my first and best advice to you."

"I will, Janet, when I find them grow dangerous."

Janet said no more. There was that expression on her countenance which they well knew; telling of grievous dissatisfaction. Thomas rose. He had finished his breakfast.

"You will be home to dinner?" Janet said to him, with emphasis, as he prepared to leave.

"Certainly," he answered, turning to her with a slight gesture of surprise. "I generally do come home to it, Janet."

"Ay." And Janet sat beating her foot on the floor softly and slowly. As was her custom when in disquietude, or in deep thought.

The rising earlier than his strength was as yet equal to, told upon George Godolphin: and by the middle of the day he felt so full of weariness and lassitude, that he was glad to throw himself on the sofa in the large drawing-room, quiet and unoccupied then. Pushing the couch, first of all, with his feeble powers, close to the window, that he might be in the sunshine. The warm sunshine was grateful to him. Here he dropped asleep, and only woke from it considerably later, at the entrance of Cecil.

Cecil was dressed for the day. In a thin, flowing black dress, a jet necklace on her slender neck, jet bracelets on her fair arms. A fair flower was Cecilia Godolphin: none fairer within all the precincts of Prior's Ash. She knelt down by George and kissed him.

"We have been in to glance at you two or three times, George. Margery has got something nice for you, and would have aroused you to take it, only she says sleep will do you as much good as food."

"What's the time?" asked George, too indolent to take his own watch from his pocket.

"Half-past three."

"Nonsense!" cried George, partially starting up. "It can't be so late as that."

"It is, indeed. Janet has just driven off to the railway. Don't rise this minute: you are all in a perspiration."

"I wonder Janet let me sleep so long!"

"Why should she not? Janet has been very busy all day, and very——"

"Cross?" put in George.

"I was going to say, silent," replied Cecil. "You vexed her this morning, George."

"There was nothing that she need have been vexed at," responded Mr. George.

Cecil remained for a few moments without speaking. "I think Janet is afraid of Charlotte Pain," she presently said.

"Afraid of Charlotte Pain! In what way?"

"George"—lowering her voice, and running her fingers caressingly through his bright hair as he lay—"I wish you would let me ask you something."

"Ask away," replied George.

"Ay, but will you answer me?"

"That depends," he laughed. "Ask away, Cely."

"Is there anything between you and Charlotte Pain?"

"Plenty," returned George, in the lightest possible tone. "Like

there is between me and a dozen more young ladies. Charlotte, happening to be the nearest, gets most of me just now."

"Plenty of what?"

"Talking and laughing and gossip. That's about the extent of it, pretty Cely."

Cecil wished he would be more serious. "Shall you be likely to marry her?" she breathed.

"Just as likely as I shall be to marry you." And he spoke seriously now.

Cecil drew a sigh of relief. "Then, George, I will tell you what it is that has helped to vex Janet. You know our servants get talking to Mrs. Verrall's, and her servants to ours. And the news was brought here that Charlotte Pain has said she should probably be going on a journey: a journey abroad, for six months or so: somewhere where she should stop the winter. Margery told Janet: and—and——"

"You construed it, between you, that Charlotte was going to be a partner in my exile! What droll people you must all be!"

"Why, George?"

"Why! Are wedding toilettes got up in that hasty fashion, Miss Cecil? I must be away in a fortnight. It would take you ladies longer to fix upon your orange wreath alone."

"There's no doubt, George, that Charlotte Pain was heard to say it."

"I don't know what she may have been heard to say. It could have borne no reference to my movements. Cecil?"

"Well?"

"Did you ever hear of old Max's hounds losing their scent?"

"No—I don't know. What do you mean?"

And while George Godolphin was laughing at her puzzled look, Margery came in. "Be you a'most famished, Mr. George? How could you think of dropping off to sleep till you had had something to sustain you?"

"We often do things that we don't 'think' to do, Margery," quoth he, as he rose from the sofa.

Nothing more true, Mr. George Godolphin.

Ere long he was on his way to Mrs. Verrall's. Notwithstanding Janet's displeasure, he had no idea of foregoing his engagement. The society of two attractive women had more charms for listless George, than quiet Ashlydyat. It was a lovely afternoon, less hot than it had been of late, and George really enjoyed it. He was beginning to walk so much better. That long sleep had rested and refreshed him, and he believed that he could walk well into Prior's Ash. "I'll try it to-morrow," thought George.

Up the steps, over the terrace, across to the open windows of the Folly. It was the easiest way in, and George was not given to use unnecessary ceremony. He supposed he might find the ladies in the drawing-room, and he stepped over the window's threshold.

Only one was there. Charlotte. She did not see him enter. She was before a pier-glass, holding up her dog, King Charley, that he might snarl and bark at the imaginary King Charley in the glass. That other dog of hers, the ugly Scotch terrier which you have heard of before, and a third, looking something like a bull-dog, were leaping and howling at

her feet. It would appear that nothing pleased Charlotte better than the putting her dogs into a fury. Charlotte wore a dark blue silk dress with shaded flounces, and a lighter blue silk jacket; the latter, ornamented with braidings and buttons of silver, somewhat after the fashion of her green riding-habit, and as tight to the shape as that was. A well-formed shape!—and George Godolphin thought so, as she stood with her arms lifted, setting the dog at the glass.

"Hi, King! Seize him, Charley! Go at him!—hiss! Let fly at him, dog! Tear him! bite him!—hiss-ss-ss!—"

The noisy reception by the other dogs of Mr. George Godolphin, brought the young lady's words and her pretty employment to a standstill. She released the prisoned dog from her arms, letting him drop anywhere, and turned to George Godolphin.

"Have you come at last? I had given you up! I expected you an hour and a half ago."

"And, to while away the time you set your dogs on to snarl and fight!" returned he, as he took her hand. "I wonder you don't go distracted with the noise, Charlotte!"

"You don't like dogs! I often tell you so."

"Yes I do—in their proper places."

Charlotte turned from him with a pout. The terrier jumped upon her.

"Down, Pluto, down! There's a gentleman here who thinks I ought to hold you poor dogs at arms' length."

"At the yard's length, if you please, Charlotte," corrected George, who did not feel inclined to compromise his words. "Hark at them! they may be heard at Prior's Ash."

"And his name's George Godolphin, good Pluto!" went on Charlotte, doing all she possibly could, in a quiet way, to excite the dogs. "Down, then, Pluto! down!"

"I should muzzle you, Mr. Pluto, if you were mine," cried George, as the dog jumped up at him furiously, and then turned to attack his former adversary. "*Pluto!*" he continued, meaningly; "who gave him that name, Charlotte?"

"I did," avowed Charlotte. "And I named this other one King Charley, in accordance with his species. And this one is Deuce. What have you to say against the names?"

"Nothing," said George. "I think them very good, appropriate names," he added, his lips parting.

They were certainly very good dogs—if to make a most excruciating noise constitutes goodness. George Godolphin, his nerves in a shattered state, lifted his hand wearily to his forehead. It brought Charlotte Pain to her recollection.

"Oh, George, I forgot! I did, really! I forgot you were not as strong yet as the rest of us. Be quiet, then, you three horrid brutes! Be quiet, will you! Get off, and quarrel outside."

Using her pointed toe rather liberally, Charlotte set herself to scatter the dogs. They were not very obedient. As soon as one was got out another sprung in, the noise never ceasing. Charlotte snatched up a basket of macaroons that happened to be on a side-table, and scattered the cakes on the terrace. "There! quarrel and fight over those!"

She put down the empty basket, closed the window to shut out the

noise, and turned to George. Pulling her dress out on either side, after the manner once in vogue for ancient ball-rooms, she dropped him an elaborate curtsy.

"Mr. George Godolphin, what honour do you suppose is thrust upon me to-day?"

"You must tell me, Charlotte, if it's one you wish me to know," he answered. "I can never attempt to guess when I feel tired, as I do now."

"Your walk has tired you?"

"I suppose it has. Though I thought how well I felt as I came along."

"The great honour of entertaining you, all by my own self, is delegated to me," cried Charlotte, gaily, dropping another curtsy. "I hope we shall not quarrel, as those dogs are doing."

"The honour of entertaining me!" he repeated, not catching her meaning. "Entertaining me for what?"

"For dinner, sir. Mrs. Verrall has gone to London."

"No!" he exclaimed. He did not believe her.

Charlotte nodded conclusively. "She went at mid-day."

"But what took her away so suddenly?" exclaimed George, in surprise. "She had no intention yesterday of going."

"A freak. Or, impulse—if you like the word better. Kate rarely acts upon anything else. She has been expecting Verrall home these last three days: but he has neither come nor written: and this morning, after the post was in, she suddenly declared she'd go to town, and see what was keeping him."

"They may cross each other on the road."

"Of course they may: and Kate have her journey for her pains. That's nothing to her: she likes travelling. 'What am I to do with Mr. George Godolphin? Entertain him?' I said to her. 'I suppose you can contrive to do it,' she answered. 'I suppose I could,' I said. 'But, what about it's being proper?' I asked," added Charlotte, with a demure glance at George. "'Oh,' said Kate, 'its proper enough, poor sick fellow: it would never do to disappoint him.' Therefore, sir, please take care that you behave properly, considering that a young lady is your hostess."

She threw a laughing glance at George; and, sitting down at the table, took a pack of beautifully painted cards from an ivory box, and began that delectable game that the French call "*La patience*." George watched her from the sofa where he was sitting. A certain thought had darted into his mind. What fit of prudence called it up? Did he think of Charlotte's benefit?—or of his own? Did the recollection of what Cecil had whispered actuate him? There's no telling. It was very far indeed from George Godolphin's intention to make a wife of Charlotte Pain, and he may have deemed it well to avoid all situations where he might compromise himself by a hasty word. Such words are more easily dropped than taken up again. Or perhaps George, free and careless though he was, reflected that it was not altogether the thing for Charlotte Pain to entertain him alone. With all his faults, George Godolphin was a gentleman: and Charlotte was not altogether constituted for a gentleman's wife.

"I am glad of it, Charlotte," he remarked. "I shall now have to make excuses to one only, instead of to two. I came to ask Mrs. Verrall to allow me to break through my engagement."

Charlotte had a knave in her hand, pondering where she could place it. She dropped it in her surprise.

"I must dine at home to-day, Charlotte. An old friend of my father and mother's, Mrs. Briscow, is arriving for dinner. I cannot be absent."

The flush deepened on Charlotte's face. "It is unkind of you!" she resentfully said. "But I knew, before, what your promises are worth."

"Unkind? But, Charlotte, I did not know until this morning that Mrs. Briscow was coming. There's nothing unkind about it."

"It is unkind!" flashed Charlotte. "If you were not unkind, you would not leave me here by myself, to pass a solitary evening, and play at this wretched patience."

"But I am not going to leave you here. I wish to take you back with me to Ashlydyat to dinner. If you will put on your bonnet, we can be walking thither at once."

"You did not come, intending to ask me."

"I did not. I did not know that Mrs. Verrall would be absent. But I ask you now, being alone as you say. And I intend to take you."

"What will Miss Godolphin say?"

"Miss Godolphin will be very happy to see you." Which little assertion Mr. George knew to contain more of politeness than truth. "Will you get ready, Charlotte. I must be returning."

Charlotte pushed the cards from her in a heap, and came and stood before George Godolphin, turning herself about for his inspection. "Shall I do without further embellishment?" she asked.

"Admirably," gallantly returned George. "Why dress more for Ashlydyat than you would for home?"

Charlotte marched to the glass, and surveyed herself. "Just something in my hair," she said, ringing the bell.

A maid came in by her desire, and fastened some blue and silver flowers in her hair. Charlotte Pain wore her hair capriciously: rarely two days alike. To-day it was all strained back from the face, that most trying of all styles, let the features be ever so pretty. A shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and then she turned to George.

"I am ready now."

"But your bonnet?" returned that gentleman, who had looked on with laughing eyes at the mysteries of the hair-dressing.

"I shall not put on a bonnet," she said. "They can bring it to me at Ashlydyat, for returning at night. People won't meet us: the road's not a public road. And if they should meet us," she added, laughing, "they will rejoice in the opportunity of seeing me abroad like this. It will be food for Prior's Ash."

So they started. Charlotte would not take his arm: she said he must take hers: that he needed support, and she did not. That, George would not agree to: and they strolled on, side by side, resting on benches between whiles. George found he had not much to boast of yet, in the way of strength.

II.

AN INVITATION TO ALL SOULS' RECTORY.

"WHO'S this, coming up?" exclaimed Charlotte, when they had nearly gained Ashlydyat, and were resting for the last time.

George followed the direction of her eyes. Advancing towards Ashlydyat, was a lady, her bright grey silk dress gleaming in the sun, a light Cashmere shawl folded round her. There was no mistaking the lady-like figure of Mrs. Hastings.

"Don't you see who it is?" said George.

"I do now. Is she to be one of your dinner-party?"

"Not that I am aware of."

Mrs. Hastings joined them. She sat down on the bench by George's side, affectionately inquiring into his state of health, speaking kindly and truthfully her pleasure at seeing him, so far, well again. Whatever prejudice may have been taken against George Godolphin by the rector of All Souls', it did not extend to his wife. She liked him much.

"I am getting on famously," said George, in a merry tone. "I have promoted myself now to one stick: until yesterday, I was forced to be embellished with two. You are going to Ashlydyat, Mrs. Hastings?"

"I wish to say a few words to Bessy. We have discovered something not pleasant relating to one of the schools, in which the under-mistress is mixed up. A good deal of deceit has been going on, in fact. Mr. Hastings said Bessy should hear of it at once: that she was as much interested in it as we are. So I came up."

Mrs. Hastings, in speaking, had taken two or three glances at Charlotte's head. That young lady set herself to explain. Mr. George Godolphin had given her an impromptu invitation to go back with him to dine at Ashlydyat.

Then George explained. That he had been engaged to dine at the Folly; but he found, on arriving, that Mrs. Verrall had departed for London. "My friends are all kind to me, Mrs. Hastings," he observed. "They insist upon it that the change of a few hours must be of benefit to me, and encumber themselves with the troubles of a creachy invalid."

"I am sure there's nothing like change and amusement for one, growing convalescent," said Charlotte.

"Will you let us contribute in some little way to it?" asked Mrs. Hastings of George. "If a few hours' sojourn in our dull house would be agreeable to you, you know that we should only be too happy for you to try it."

"I should like it of all things," cried George, impulsively. "I cannot walk far yet, without resting, and it is pleasant to sit a few hours at my walk's end, before I begin to start back again. I shall soon extend my journeys to Prior's Ash."

"Then come to us the first day that you feel yourself able to get as far. You will always find some of us at home. We will dine at any hour you like, and you shall choose your own dinner."

"A bargain," said George.

They rose to pursue their way to Ashlydyat. Mrs. Hastings offered her arm to George, and he took it with thanks. "He would not take mine!" thought Charlotte, and she flashed an angry glance at him.

The fact was, that for some considerable time Charlotte Pain had put Maria Hastings nearly out of her head, as regarded her relations to George Godolphin. Whatever cause she may have seen at Broomhead to believe he was attached to Maria, the impression had since faded away. In the spring, before his illness, George had been much more with her than with Maria. This was not entirely George's fault: the rectory did not court him: Charlotte Pain and the Folly did. A week had now passed since Mr. Verrall's departure for town, when George and his two sticks appeared at the Folly for the first time after his illness; and, not a day of that week since but George and Charlotte had met. Altogether, her hopes of winning the prize had gone up to enthusiastic heat: and Charlotte believed the greatest prize in the world—taking all his advantages collectively—to be George Godolphin.

George went at once to his sister Janet's chamber. She was in it, making herself ready for dinner, after bringing her aged guest, Mrs. Briscow, from the station. He knocked at the door with his stick, and was told to enter.

Janet was before the glass in her black silk dress trimmed heavily with crape still. She was putting on her sober cap, a white one, with black ribbons interspersed. Janet Godolphin had taken to wear caps at thirty years of age: her hair, like Thomas's, was thin; and she was not troubled with cares of making herself younger than she was.

"Come in, George," she said, turning to him without any appearance of surprise.

"See how good I am, Janet!" he cried, throwing himself wearily into a chair. "I have come back to dine with you."

"I saw you from the window. You have been walking too far!"

"Only to the Folly and back. But I sauntered about, looking at the flowers, and that tires one far worse than bearing on steadily."

"Ay. Lie yourself down on that couch at full length, lad. Mrs. Hastings is here, I see. And—was that other Charlotte Pain?"

"Yes," replied George, disregarding the injunction to lie down.

"Did she come from the Folly in that guise?—Nothing on her head, but those flowers? I could see no bonnet, even in her hand."

"It is to be sent after her. Janet"—passing by quickly the other matter—"she has come to dine with us."

Miss Godolphin turned round in amazement, and fixed her eyes reproachfully on George. "To dine with us?—to-day? Have you been asking her?"

"Janet, I could not well help myself. When I got to Lady Godolphin's Folly, I found Charlotte alone: Mrs. Verrall has departed for town. To break through my engagement there, I proposed that Charlotte should come here."

"Nay," said Janet, "your engagement was already broken, if Mrs. Verrall was away."

"Not so. Charlotte expected me to remain."

"Herself your sole entertainer?"

"I suppose so."

A severe expression arose to Miss Godolphin's lips, and remained there. "It is most unsuitable, Charlotte Pain's being here to-day," she resumed. "The changes which have taken place render our meeting with Mrs. Briscow a sad one: no stranger ought to be at table. Least of all, Charlotte Pain. Her conversation is at times unfeminine."

"How can you say so, Janet?" he involuntarily exclaimed.

"Should she launch into some of her favourite topics, her riding and her horses and her dogs, it will sound unfeminine to Mrs. Briscow's ears. In her young days—in *my* days also, George, for the matter of that—these subjects were deemed more suitable to men's lips than to young women's."

"I will tell her the good lady is of the antediluvian school, and drop her a hint to mind her manners," cried George, with the mocking expression that Janet never liked.

"George, had your mother lived, it would have been a sore day to her, the one that brought the news that you had fixed your mind on Charlotte Pain."

"It was not to my father, at any rate," George could not help saying.

"And, was it possible that you did not see how Charlotte Pain played her cards before your father?" resumed Janet. "Not a word, that could offend his prejudices as a refined gentleman, did she ever suffer to drop. I saw; if you did not."

"You manage to see a great deal that the rest of us don't, Janet. Or you fancy that you do."

"It is no fancy, lad. I'd not like to discourage a thing that you have set your heart upon; I'd rather go a mile out of my way than do it: but I stand next door to a mother to you, and I can but warn you that you will repent it, if you ever suffer Charlotte Pain to be more to you than she now is."

George rose. "If you'll suffer Charlotte to be one of us to-day with a good grace, Janet, I'll tell you a secret."

"Eh, lad, but I must suffer her. Have not ye brought her here?"

"But with a good grace, Janet."

"It's of little consequence, that," said Janet. "I shall not receive a guest at my table with a frown upon my brow."

"Then now I'll set your mind at rest, Janet. It has never been my intention to marry Charlotte Pain: and—so far as I believe at present—it never will be."

Janet Godolphin's heart leaped within her. "I'm thankful to hear it!" she said, in a low tone. "Then she's not going with you abroad, George?"

"Scarcely," returned George. And he laughed at the notion as he quitted the room.

The dinner went off pleasantly. Mrs. Briscow was a charming old lady, although she was of the "antediluvian" school, and Charlotte was on her best behaviour, and half fascinated Mrs. Briscow. George, like a trespassing child, received several hints from Janet that bed might be desirable for him, but he ingeniously ignored them, and sat on. Charlotte's bonnet and an attendant arrived, and Thomas Godolphin put on his hat to see her to the Folly.

"I need not trouble you, Mr. Godolphin. I shall not get run away with."

"I think it will be as well that I should see you do not," said he, smiling.

It was scarcely dark. The clock had not struck ten, and the night was starlight. Thomas Godolphin gave her his arm, and the maid walked behind them.

"Let us take the path by the ash trees!" Charlotte exclaimed.

"It is farther round."

"Not much farther. I often feel a sort of superstitious hankering to look at the Dark Plain at night: but I feel timid at going thither alone. Since the time that I saw something there."

"What did you see?"

"The shadow that people talk of. I *know* I saw it, and you need not smile at me, Mr. Godolphin. This is the turning. Let us go!"

Thus urged—for Charlotte went that way and pulled him with her—Thomas Godolphin had no plea for declining. And they shortly emerged from the trees in view of the Dark Plain. Charlotte halted. "I am looking for the shadow," she said.

"I do not see any shadow," remarked Thomas Godolphin. And it was now his turn to draw her on: which he did, when she had apparently satisfied herself. There was no appearance of any shadow; of anything unusual. The arch and the gorse-bushes were tolerably visible in the starlight: nothing else. Thomas drew her on, the smile, which looked like an incredulous one, still hovering on his lips.

"I suppose it will not do for me to ask you in, as there's nobody at home," said Charlotte, with one of her lapses into freedom, when they arrived at the Folly.

"Thank you. I cannot stay to-night."

He shook hands with her and turned away. Charlotte stood for a few moments, and then turned on her heel and entered the hall. The first thing that caught her notice was a hat; next a travelling coat. They had not been there when she left, that afternoon.

"Then Verrall's back!" she mentally exclaimed.

Hasting into the dining-room, she saw, seated at a table, drinking brandy-and-water, not Mr. Verrall, but Rodolf Pain.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Charlotte, with more of surprise in her tone than satisfaction, "have you come?"

"Come to find an empty house," rejoined Mr. Pain. "Where's Mrs. Verrall? They tell me she is gone to London."

"She is," replied Charlotte. "Verrall neither came back nor wrote; she got a restless fit upon her, and started off this morning to him."

"Verrall won't thank her," observed Mr. Pain. "He is up to his eyes in business."

"Good or bad business?" asked Charlotte.

"Both. We have got into a mess, and Verrall's not yet out of it."

"Through what? Through whom?" she questioned.

Rodolf Pain gave his shoulders an upward jerk, as if he had been a Frenchman. "It need not trouble you, Charlotte."

"Some one came down here from London a week ago; a Mr. Appleby. Is it through him? Verrall seemed strangely put out at his coming."

Mr. Pain nodded his head. "They were such idiots in the office as to

give Appleby the address here. I have seen Verrall in a tolerable passion once or twice in my life; but I never saw him in such a one as he went into when he came up. They'll not forget it in a hurry. He lays the blame on me, remotely; says I must have left a letter about with the address on it. I know I have done nothing of the sort."

"But what is it, Rodolf? Anything very bad?"

"Bad enough. But it can be remedied. Let Verrall alone for getting out of pits. I wish, though, we had never set eyes on that fellow, Appleby!"

"Tell me about it, Rodolf."

Mr. Rodolf declined. "You could do no good," said he, "and business is not fitted for ladies' ears."

"I don't care to know it," said Charlotte. "It's no concern of mine: but, somehow, that man Appleby interested me. As to business not being fitted for my ears, I should make a better hand at business than some of you men make."

"Upon my word I think you would, Charlotte. I have often said it. But you are one in a thousand."

"Have you had anything to eat since you came in?"

"They brought me some supper. It has just gone away."

"I had better inquire whether there's a room ready?" she remarked, moving towards the bell.

"It's all done, Charlotte. I have told them I have come to stay. Just sit down, and let me talk to you."

"Shall you stay long?"

"I can't tell till I hear from Verrall to-morrow. I may be leaving again to-morrow night, or I may be here for interminable weeks. The office is to be clear of Mr. Verrall just now, do you understand?"

Charlotte apparently did understand. She took her seat in a chair near, listlessly enough. Something in her manner would have told an accurate observer that she could very well have dispensed with the company of Rodolf Pain. He, however, saw nothing of that. He took his cigar-case from his pocket, selected a cigar, and then, by way of sport, held the case out to Charlotte.

"Will you take one?"

For answer, she dashed it out of his hand half way across the room. And she did it in anger, too.

"How unequal you are!" he exclaimed, as he rose to pick up his property. "There are times when you can take a joke pleasantly, and laugh at it."

He sat down again, lighted his cigar, and smoked a few minutes in silence. Then he turned to her. "Don't you think it is time, Charlotte, that you and I brought ourselves to an anchor?"

"No, I don't," she bluntly answered.

"But I say it is," he resumed. "And I mean it to be done."

"You mean!"

Something in the tone aroused him, and he gazed at her with surprise. "You are not going from your promise, Charlotte!"

"I don't remember that I made any distinct promise," said she.

Mr. Rodolf Pain grew heated. "You know that you did, Charlotte. You know that you engaged yourself irrevocably to me——"

"Irrevocably!" she slightly interrupted. "How you inappropriate words!"

"It was as irrevocable as a promise can be. Have you not led me on, this twelvemonth past, believing month after month that you would be my wife the next? And, month after month, you have put me off upon the most frivolous pretexts!"

He rose as he spoke, drew up his little figure to its utmost height in his excitement, and pushed back his light hair from his small insignificant face. A face that betrayed not too much strength of any sort, physical, moral, or intellectual. Charlotte retained unbroken calmness.

"Rodolf, I don't think it would do," she said, with an air of reasoning candour. "I have thought it over and over, and that's why I have put you off. It is not well that we should all be so closely connected together. Better get new ties, that will shelter us, in case a—a——"

"A what?" asked Rodolf Pain, his eyes strained on Charlotte through their very light lashes.

"In case a smash comes. That—if we are all in the same boat—would ruin us all. Better that you and I should form other connexions."

"You are talking great nonsense," he angrily said. "A smash!—to us! Can't you trust Verrall better than that?"

"Why, you say that, even at this present moment——"

"You are wrong, Charlotte," he vehemently interrupted; "you misunderstood me entirely. Things go wrong in business temporarily; they must do so in business of all sorts; but they right themselves again. Why! do you know what Verrall made last year?"

"A great deal."

"My little petty share was two thousand pounds: and that is as a drop of water to the ocean, compared with his. Whatever has put you upon these foolish fancies?"

"Prudence," returned Charlotte.

"I don't believe it," was the plain answer. "You are trying to blind me. You are laying yourself out for higher game, and, to shut my eyes, and gain time to see if you can play it out, you concoct a story of 'prudence' to me. It's one or the other of those Godolphins."

"The Godolphins!" mockingly repeated Charlotte. "You are clever! The one will never marry as long as the world lasts; the other's dead."

"Dead!" echoed Rodolf Pain.

"As good as dead. He's like a ghost, and he is being sent off for an interminable period to some warmer climate. How ridiculous you are, Rodolf!"

"Charlotte, I'll take care of ways and means. I'll take care of you and your interests. Only fix the time when you will be mine."

"Then I won't, Rodolf. I don't care to marry yet awhile. I'll see about it when the next hunting season shall be over."

Rodolf Pain opened his eyes. "The hunting season!" he cried. "What has that to do with it?"

"Were you my husband, you would be forbidding me to hunt; you don't like my doing it now. So, for the present, I'll remain the mistress of my own actions."

"Another lame excuse," he said, knitting his brow. "You will take very good care always to remain entire mistress of your own actions, whether married or single."

Charlotte laughed, a ringing laugh of power. It spoke significantly enough to Mr. Rodolf Pain. He would have renewed the discussion, but she peremptorily declined, and shaking hands with him, wished him good night.

III.

A REVELATION TO ALL SOULS' RECTOR.

GEORGE GODOLPHIN was not long in availing himself of the invitation to All Souls' rectory. The very day after it was given, he was on his way to it. He started with his stick: made one halt in a shop on his road, and arrived about twelve o'clock.

Not a soul was at home but Maria. Mrs. Hastings, who had not expected him for some days, for she did not suppose his strength would allow him to get so far yet, had gone out with Grace. Mr. Hastings was in the church, and Maria was alone.

She sat in that one pleasant room of the house, the long room looking to the lawn and the flower-beds. She looked so pretty, so refined, so quiet in her simple dress of white muslin spotted with violet, as she pursued her employment, that of drawing, never suspecting how she was going to be interrupted.

The door of the porch stood open, as it often did in summer, and George Godolphin entered without the ceremony of knocking. The hall was well matted, and Maria did not hear him cross it. A slight tap at the room door.

"Come in," said Maria, supposing it to be one of the servants.

He came in and stood in the doorway, smiling down upon her. So shadowy, so thin! his face utterly pale, his dark blue eyes unnaturally large, his wavy hair damp with the exertion of walking. Maria's heart stood still. She rose from her seat, unable to speak, the colour going and coming in her transparent skin; and when she quietly moved forward to welcome him, her heart found its action again, and bounded on in tumultuous beats. The very intensity of her emotion caused her demeanour to be almost unnaturally still.

"Are you glad to see me, Maria?"

It was the first time they had met since his illness; the first time for more than four months. All that while separated; all that while fearing that he was about to be removed by death! As he touched Maria, her emotion broke forth: she burst into tears: and surely it may be excused to her.

He was scarcely less agitated. He clasped her tenderly to him, and kissed the tears from her face, his own eyelashes glistening. There was no great harm in it after all; for, that each looked forward to the hope of being bound together at no great distance of time by nearer and dearer ties, was indisputable. At least, no harm would have come of it, if—— Look at the window.

They did. And there they saw the awful face of the rector glaring in upon them, and by its side, the more awful of the two, that of Charlotte Pain.

Why had she followed George Godolphin to the rectory? Was she determined not to allow him a single *chance* to escape her? She, bearing in remembrance the compact with Mrs. Hastings, had watched George

Godolphin's movements that morning from the windows of the Folly ; had watched the road leading from Ashlydyat to Prior's Ash. She saw George and his stick go tottering down it : and by-and-by she put on her things and went out too, imperatively declining the escort of Mr. Rodolf Pain.

Her intention was to make a call at the rectory—all unconscious, of course, that she should find Mr. George Godolphin there. By dint of a little by-play with Mrs. Hastings—who was too thoroughly a lady to be given to suspicion—she might get an invitation to remain also for the day. With these very laudable intentions Charlotte arrived opposite All Souls' church, where she caught sight of the Reverend Mr. Hastings emerging from its door. She crossed the churchyard, and accosted him.

"Is Mrs. Hastings at home, do you know? I am going to call upon her."

Now Charlotte was no great favourite of that gentleman's : nevertheless, being a gentleman, he answered her cordially as he shook her by the hand. He believed Mrs. Hastings and Grace were out, he said, but Maria was at home.

"I am doomed to death!" exclaimed Charlotte, as she and Mr. Hastings entered the private gate to the rectory garden. "Mrs. Verrall is gone to London, and there am I! I came out intending to go the round of the town till I could find some Samaritans or other who would take compassion on me, and let me stay an hour or two with them."

Mr. Hastings gave no particular reply. He did not make for the side door of the house, his usual entrance from the church, but turned towards the front, that he might usher in Charlotte in state. This took them by the windows of the drawing-room : and there they saw—what they did see. Mr. Hastings, in his astonishment, halted : Charlotte halted also, as you may be very sure.

George was the first to see them, and a word of anger broke from his lips. Maria hastily raised her head from its resting-place—and felt almost as if she should die. To be seen thus by Charlotte Pain was bad enough : but by her strict father! Her face grew white.

George Godolphin saw the signs. "My darling, only be calm! Leave all to me."

That an explanation was forced upon him somewhat prematurely, was undoubted. But it was no unwelcome explanation. Nay, in the second moment, he was deeming it the very best thing that could have happened : for certain visions of taking Maria with him into exile had crossed his brain latterly. He would try hard now to get them realised. It is true he would have preferred, all things considered, not to speak before Miss Charlotte Pain : but necessity, as you know, has no law.

The rector came in at the door : Charlotte following. "Mr. George Godolphin!" he frigidly began ; but George interrupted what he would have further said.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, taking a step forward ; "allow me one word of explanation before you cast blame to me. I was about asking your daughter to be my wife. Will you give her to me?"

Mr. Hastings looked like a man confounded. That he was intensely surprised at the words was evident : perhaps he half doubted whether

Mr. George Godolphin was playing with him. He cast a severe glance at Maria. George had taken her on his arm, and she stood there before him, her head drooping, her eyelashes resting on her white cheek. As for Charlotte Pain?—well, you should have seen her.

Ah no, there was no deception. George was in true earnest, and Mr. Hastings saw that he was. His eyes were fixed beseechingly on those of Mr. Hastings, and emotion had brought the crimson hectic to his wasted cheek.

"Do not blame Maria, sir," he resumed. "She is innocent of all offence, and dutiful as innocent. Were you to interpose your veto between us, and deny her to me, I know that she would obey you, even though the struggle killed her. Mr. Hastings, we have loved each other for some time past: and I should have spoken to you before, but for my illness intervening. Will you give her to me at once, and let her share my exile?"

Mr. Hastings had no insuperable objection to George Godolphin. That report had given Mr. George credit for bushels and bushels of wild oats, which he would have to sow, was certain: but in this respect he was no worse than many others, and marriage is supposed to be a cure for youthful follies. Mr. Hastings had once suspected that Maria was acquiring more liking for George than was good for her: hence his repulsion of George, for he believed that he was destined for Charlotte Pain. Even now, he could not comprehend how it was, and the prominent feeling of his mind was surprised perplexity.

"I love her as my own life, sir. I will strive to render her happy."

"I cannot understand it," said Mr. Hastings, dropping his tone of anger. "I was under the impression—I beg your pardon, Miss Pain," turning to her, "but I was under the impression that you were engaged to Mr. George Godolphin."

If ever Charlotte Pain had need to fight for composure, she had dire need then. Her hopes were suddenly hurled to the ground, and she had the cruel mortification of hearing him whom she best loved, reject and spurn her for a long-hated rival. If her love for George Godolphin was not very deep or refined—and it was neither the one nor the other—she did love him after a fashion; better, at any rate, than she loved anybody else. The *position* she would take up as George Godolphin's wife was hurled from her; and perhaps Miss Charlotte cared for that more than she did for George himself. The Verralls and their appearance of wealth were all very well in their places—as George had said by the dogs—but what were they, compared to the ancient Godolphins? There are moments which drive a woman to the verge of madness, and Charlotte was so driven now. Anything like control of temper was quite beyond her: and malevolence entered her heart.

"I engaged to Mr. George Godolphin!" she echoed, taking up the rector's words in a shrieking tone, which she could not have helped had her life depended on it. "Engaged to a married man? Thank you, Mr. Hastings."

"A married man!" repeated the puzzled rector. Whilst George turned his questioning eyes upon her.

"Yes, a married man," she continued, her throat heaving, her breath panting. "They may have chosen to hoodwink you, to blind you, Mr.

Hastings, but I saw what I saw. When your daughter—innocent Miss Maria, there—came home from Scotland, she had been married to George Godolphin. A false priest, a sort of Gretna Green man, had married them: and I saw it done. I engaged to George Godolphin!”

Charlotte Pain knew that the words were false: called up to gratify her rage in that angry moment. Scarcely anything else that she could conjure up would so have told upon the rector. In his straightforward right doing, to his practical mind of sense, a clandestine marriage appeared one of the cardinal sins. His face turned pale, and his eye flashed as he grasped Maria’s shoulder.

“Girl! is this so?”

“Oh, papa, no!” returned Maria, with streaming eyes. “It is a wicked untruth. Charlotte! to tell such an untruth is wicked. Papa, I affirm to you——”

“Hush, my dearest,” interposed George, “let me deal with this. Mr. Hastings, it is a thing that you need scarcely *ask* of Maria—whether it is true, or untrue. Is she one, think you, to enter into a clandestine marriage? You know better, sir. Nothing has ever passed between myself and Maria more than has passed before you this day. Were I base enough to solicit her to enter into one—and you need not think of *me* a whit better than you choose—Maria would only repulse me. Miss Pain, will you unsay your words?”

For answer, Miss Pain entered into a scornful account of Sandy Bray and his doings. She reiterated her assertion. She declared that she saw Maria and George standing before him, their hands clasped together in the attitude of a couple being married, when she entered suddenly with a message from Lady Godolphin, and she finished up by saying she had always believed since that they were married, only it had been no business of hers to proclaim it. The rector’s brow grew moist again, and George Godolphin looked significantly at Charlotte. He spoke significantly, too.

“No, you have not thought it, Charlotte.” And he turned and related to Mr. Hastings as much as he knew of Sandy Bray, emphatically repeating his denial. “If you will take a moment’s thought, sir, you may be convinced that the truth lies with me. I am beseeching you to give Maria to me; I crave it of you as the greatest boon that I can ask in life. I know not whether you will accede to my petition: but, what argument could I urge, to induce it, with half the force as the one that she was already my wife in secret? Nay, were she indeed my wife in secret, why should I care for the ceremony to be repeated? I should only have to confess it, and throw myself and Maria upon your forgiveness. I heartily wish it had been so!”

“You are bold, Mr. George Godolphin!”

“Bold, sir?” returned George, with emotion. “Not more bold than I ought to be. I don’t care to defend myself, but I do care to defend Maria. Give her to me, Mr. Hastings! give her to me!” he added, changing his tone to one of tender entreaty; “I will defend her through life with my best blood.”

Mr. Hastings looked at him; he looked at the tearful, but certainly not guilty countenance of his daughter; he turned and looked at the furious one of Charlotte Pain. “Step this way,” he said to George Godolphin. “I would speak to you alone.”

He took him to another room, and shut the door. "I want the truth," he said, "upon one or two points——"

"Mr. Hastings," said George, drawing himself up, "I have told you nothing but the truth upon all points."

"Were you never engaged to Charlotte Pain?" proceeded Mr. Hastings, taking no notice of the interruption.

"Never. I never sought or wished to be."

"Then, what did your good father, Sir George, mean when he alluded to it, the night he was dying? He asked if you and Charlotte were married yet, and you replied, 'Plenty of time for that.'"

"I said it merely in answer to his words: it was not an hour for dissent or explanation. He was not conscious of what he said."

"Had you expressed to him any particular liking for Charlotte Pain?"

"I had not; at any time. Sir George believed Miss Pain had a large fortune, and he recommended me, more than once, to think of her, and it. He said she was a handsome girl, and none the worse for possessing a fortune. He had heard she would have thirty thousand pounds. I used to laugh it off. I cared for Maria too much to cast a thought to Charlotte Pain. That is the whole truth, Mr. Hastings, on my honour."

"Would he have objected to Maria?"

"To Maria I am certain he would not have objected. To her want of fortune he might. But that is a thing that only concerns myself. I do not require fortune in my wife, and I do not seek it. You will give her to me, Mr. Hastings. You will dispense with unnecessary ceremony, and let her go abroad with me!" he urged. "She will do me more good than all else."

"I will give you no promise of any sort, Mr. George Godolphin. As to taking her abroad with you, it is absurd to think of that. And no daughter of mine shall enter a family where she is not sure of a hearty welcome. I must first know the sentiments of yours."

George looked radiant. "Mr. Hastings, if they heartily welcome Maria, will you allow me to welcome her?"

"Possibly I will."

"Then it is an affair decided. Janet will be relieved of a nightmare, and Maria is, I believe, Thomas's prime favourite in all the world, now Ethel's gone."

"Of what nightmare will it relieve Miss Godolphin?" inquired the rector.

A smile crossed George's lips. "She, like you, has been fearing that I intended to connect myself with Charlotte Pain. Only yesterday I assured Janet she was mistaken, but I scarcely think she put entire faith in me. She does not like Miss Pain."

"Do you think you have pursued a wise course in giving cause for this talk, relative to Miss Pain?"

"I have not given cause to Miss Pain herself, Mr. Hastings," replied George, warmly. "I am convinced that she has known in her heart of my attachment to Maria. As to whiling away a few hours with her occasionally in idle talk, it is a pastime that Charlotte Pain is given to favour."

And myself also, Mr. George might have added.

They left the room together. A servant came up to Mr. Hastings as

he was crossing the hall, and said an applicant at the door craved speech of him. The rector turned to it, and George entered the drawing-room alone.

Maria stood, pale, anxious, excited, leaning against a corner of the window, half shrouded by the muslin curtains. She scarcely dared look up when George entered. It was not *his* gaze that she dreaded to meet, but that of Mr. Hastings. To anger or displease her father was worm-wood to Maria.

George cast a glance round the room. "Where's Charlotte Pain?" he asked.

"She is gone," was Maria's answer. "Oh, George!" clasping her hands, and lifting to him her streaming eyes, "it was cruel of her to say what she did!"

"I could give it a better name than that, Maria. Never mind: we can afford to be generous to-day."

"Is papa fully convinced that—that I do not deserve blame?"

"He was convinced of that before he quitted this room. You are to be mine, Maria," he softly added in a whisper. "And very shortly. I must take you abroad with me."

She stood before him, not daring to look up now: shrinking from his ardent gaze, the crimson mantling in her pure cheek.

"Mr. Hastings demurs at the haste, calling it absurd," continued George, his tone changing to one of gaiety: "but, if you will consent to waive ceremony, surely he may. Which would be more absurd, Maria? your marrying without the three months' preparation of millinery, deemed necessary by fashion, or my going away alone for an indefinite period, perhaps to die?"

"Not to die, George!" she involuntarily answered in a tone of painful beseeching—as if he held the fiat of life or death in his own hands. "But—about the haste—I don't know—I heard you thought of departing soon."

"I ought to be away in a fortnight's time."

That startled her. "A fortnight's time!" she echoed, in a voice of alarm. "Then it could not be. What would Prior's Ash say?"

"Maria," he gravely answered, "some nine months ago, when Sarah Anne Grame was seized with the fever, my brother, alarmed for Ethel's safety, would have married her hastily, so that he might have the right to remove her from danger. Ethel's answer to him was 'What would Prior's Ash say?'—as you have now answered me. Thomas bowed to it: he suffered the world's arrogated notions to reign paramount—and he lost Ethel. What value do you suppose *he* sets now upon the opinions of Prior's Ash? The cases may not be precisely parallel, but they are sufficiently so to decide me. If I go away from home, I take you: if I may not take you, I do not go. And now, my darling, I will say farewell to you for the present."

She was surprised. She thought he had come to stay for some hours.

"Yes," he replied; "but affairs have changed since I entered. Until they shall be more definitively settled, Mr. Hastings will not care that I remain his guest."

He bent to kiss her. Not in the stolen manner he had been accustomed to, but—quite gravely, turning her shy face to his, as if it were

his legal province so to do. "A little while, young lady," he saucily whispered, "and you'll be giving me kiss for kiss."

Mr. Hastings was in the porch still, holding a colloquy with ill doing and troublesome Mrs. Bond. George held out his hand as he passed.

"You have not rested yourself," said the rector.

"I shall get back as far as the bank and rest there," replied George.

"I presume, sir, that you intend to see my brother?"

"And also Miss Godolphin," curtly said the rector.

His eyes followed George down the path to the gate, as he and his stick moved unsteadily along. "Marry now!" mentally cried Mr. Hastings, his brow contracting: "he looks more fit to take to his bed, and keep it. Now, Mrs. Bond," he added, aloud, "let me hear the conclusion of this tale."

George took his way to the bank. He had not passed it in coming, having cut across from Ashlydyat by a nearer way at the back of the town. He took them by surprise. Mr. Crosse was out, but the clerks were warm in their congratulations: they had not believed him yet equal to the exertion.

"You look very tired," said Thomas, when they were alone in the bank parlour.

"I feel fagged to death," was George's answer. "I shall get you to send out for a fly for me, and go home in that. Thomas," he continued, plunging into his business abruptly, "I expect you will have an application made to you, regarding me."

"In what way?" quietly asked Thomas.

"Well—it is not exactly a certificate of character that's required," returned George, with a smile. "I—I am thinking of getting married. Will you approve?"

"I have no right to disapprove," said Thomas, in a kind, grave tone. "You are your own master; free to act as you shall judge best. I only hope, George, that you will, in choosing, consider your future happiness."

"Has it never occurred to you that I had chosen?"

"I used to think at times that you had chosen, or felt inclined to choose, Maria Hastings."

"Right," said George. "I have been speaking to Mr. Hastings, and it appears to have taken him entirely by surprise. He would give me no answer until he should have ascertained whether the alliance would be agreeable to you and Janet. He is a man of crotchets, you know. So I expect he will be coming to you, Thomas."

Thomas Godolphin's eyes lighted up with pleasure. "He shall receive my hearty approval," he said, warmly. "George"—changing his tone to sadness—"in the days gone by I thought there were two young beings superior to the rest of the world: Ethel and Maria."

"I said so to Mr. Hastings. I conclude he fears that Maria's want of fortune would render her unpalatable to my family," remarked George.

"Certainly not to me. Ethel, whom I chose, had even less. If you think well to dispense with fortune in your wife, George, we have no right to cavil at it. I am glad that you have chosen Maria Hastings."

But there was Janet to come yet. George went home in the fly, and threw himself on the first sofa he could find. Janet, full of concern, came to him.

"I said you were attempting too much, George!" she cried. "But you never will listen to me."

"I'm sure, Janet, I listen to you dutifully. I am come home to consult you now," he added, a little spirit of mischief dancing in his gay blue eyes; "it is not fatigue or illness that has brought me. Janet, I am going to be married."

Janet Godolphin's pulses beat more quickly. She sat down and folded her hands with a gesture of pain. "I knew it would be so. You need not have tried to deceive me yesterday, lad."

"But the young lady's friends refuse her to me, unless my family openly sanction and approve of the match," went on George. "You'll be cordial over it, won't you, Janet?"

"No, lad. I cannot forbid it; I have no authority; but, sanction it, I never will. What has put it into your head to marry in this haste? You, with one foot in the grave, as may be said, and one out of it!"

"Well, you see, Janet, you won't trust me abroad without somebody to look after me," he slowly answered, as if he were arguing some momentous question. "You say you can't go, and Bessy can't go, and Cecil may not, and I say I won't have Margery. What was I to do, but marry? I cannot take a young lady, you know, without first marrying her."

Janet Godolphin's grave eyes were fixed on vacancy, and her thin lips drawn in to pressure. She did not answer.

"Thomas heartily approves," he continued. "I have been with him."

"Thomas must do as he likes," said Janet. "But, unless you have unwittingly misunderstood him, George, you are telling me a deliberate falsehood. He will never approve of your marrying Charlotte Pain."

"Charlotte Pain!" repeated George, with an air of as much surprise as if it were genuine, "who was talking about Charlotte Pain? What put her in your head?"

Janet's face flushed. "Were *you* not talking of Charlotte Pain?"

"Not I," said George. "In spite of the compliments you pay my truthfulness, Janet, I *meant* what I said to you yesterday—that I did not intend to make her my wife. I am speaking of Maria Hastings."

"Eh, lad, but that's good news!"

George burst into a laugh. "What green geese you must all have been, Janet! Had you used your eyes, you might have detected, this long while past, that my choice was fixed on Maria. But the rector doubts whether you will approve. He will not promise her to me until he has your sanction."

"I'll put my shawl on and go down at once to the rectory, and tell him that we all love Maria," said Janet, more impulsively than was common with her: but in truth she had been relieved from a great fear. There was something about Charlotte Pain that frightened sedate Janet. Compared with her, Maria Hastings appeared everything that was desirable as a wife for George. Her want of fortune, her want of position—which was certainly not equal to that of the Godolphins—were lost sight of.

"I could do with some broth, Janet," cried out George, as she was leaving the room. "I have had nothing since breakfast."

"To be sure. I am growing forgetful. Margery shall wait upon

you, my dear. But, to go down to the rectory without delay, is a courtesy due from me."

So, no impediment was placed upon the marriage. Neither was any impediment placed upon its immediate celebration: the rector permitting himself to be persuaded into allowing it. Whether he would have done so but for that absurd fable of the private marriage, may be doubtful. Charlotte Pain contrived that the story should become public property. What with that—which, however, nobody believed—and what with the present real marriage, Prior's Ash had a dainty dish of gossip served up to it.

Three weeks subsequent to the day when it was broached to the rector, George Godolphin and Maria stood before that rector, in the church of All Souls'. George did not appear very ill now: he was not so shadowy, his fine complexion had come again, and stick the second was discarded. Maria was beautiful. Her soft bridal robes floated around her, her colour went and came, as she glanced shyly up at George Godolphin. A handsome couple; one that is seldom seen.

It was quite a private marriage—so to speak; but few guests being present, and they relatives, or very close friends. Lady Godolphin had responded to the invitation (which Janet had not expected her to do), and was the guest of Ashlydyat. Very superb was she in silks and jewels this day. Old Mrs. Briscoe had also remained for it. Mr. Crose was present, and some relatives of the Hastings family: and Grace and Cecil were bridesmaids. The rector joined their hands, speaking the necessary words slowly and emphatically; words that bound them to each other till death.

Then came the breakfast at the rectory, and then the going away. The carriage waited at the gate. The rector laid his hand upon George Godolphin's arm as he was going out to it, and addressed him in a low tone:

"I have confided her to you in entire trust. You will cherish her in all love and honour?"

"Always!" emphatically pronounced George, grasping the rector's hand. "You shall never have cause to repent the gift."

Thomas Godolphin was placing Maria in the carriage. She looked out through her tears, nodding her last adieus. George took his place beside her, and the postboys started on the first stage towards Dover.

As they were passing the house of Lady Sarah Grame, by which their route lay, that lady herself sat at the window, as did also Sarah Anne; both on the tiptoe of curiosity, beyond all doubt. Between them, laughing and talking with a gay air, and looking out, stood Charlotte Pain. Maria gave vent to an involuntary exclamation.

Another moment, and they had whirled by, beyond view. George turned impulsively to Maria and drew her close to him. "Thank God! thank God!" he earnestly said.

"For what?" she murmured.

"That *you* are mine. Maria, I dreamt last night that I had married Charlotte Pain, and that you were dying. The dream has been haunting me all day. I can laugh at it now. Thank God!"

CLAUDINE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PART I.

THE RHÔNE—INTRODUCTION OF THE HEROINE.

A TALE of the affections—scorn ye not,
 Who on the wings of wisdom proudly rise;
 What cheers the winter of our dreary lot?
 Glimpses of sun from feeling's changeful skies:
 A record of the spirit's inner life,
 Its agonies, its raptures, and the strife
 Of good and evil—suffering Virtue's wail,
 And Crime, the scourger—such our human tale.

Day tow'rd the pillowing mountains slow retires,
 Warm with his travel o'er heaven's glowing plains;
 His eye is languid, shooting softened fires;
 Around, above, the soul of stillness reigns.
 The western sky is like a mighty rose,
 The clouds, the leaves, unfolding in repose,
 And as they fold more deeply red they turn,
 Till all the outspread hill-tops seem to burn.

The Rhône forgets its blueness, golden gleaming,
 The groves of dull-green olives yellower shine;
 Each little gadding rill is blushing, streaming,
 As if by magic turned to ruby wine:
 Vineyard and tree, each flower that droops and sleeps,
 All catch the tints flung back from western steeps;
 Awhile on Nature, dropped from burnished skies,
 A mantle rich, half fire, half colour, lies.

On Rhône's deep waters broods the dove of peace;
 At evening hour do angel-forms descend,
 And by their presence make all discords cease?
 Their holy calm with eve's now seems to blend;
 The waves sound softly as an infant's prayer,
 The marging lilies sip cool nectar there,
 And amber clouds, that slowly float and glow
 High in mid heaven, float mirrored all below.

Sweet in the thickets up the bosky dells
 The hermit thrush his vesper-hymn is singing;
 From calm Vienne the memory-waking bells,
 Adown the listening vale, are echoing, swinging:
 A whisper from God's spirit seems to bless
 The world resigned to hallowed gentleness;
 We feel borne far from passion, guilt, and strife,
 And all that wears the heart, and saddens life.

Facing the west, and sloping to the wave,
 Inviting to calm thought and soft repose,
 A garden spread its sweets; the wild bee gave
 His heart to riot up; the bashful rose,

Prevailed on by the sun, expanded there
Her fragrant bosom to the loving air ;
And many a flower of many a beauteous dye
Peeped from the earth to laugh upon the sky.

In marble life the Mythic famed appeared,
Breathing of eld, the guardians of the place ;
Here Time his ruthless scythe defiant reared,
There Ariadne bent her mournful face ;
Here Cupid smiled, and Venus looked all blushes,
While a small fountain, with its ceaseless gushes,
And plashes o'er its basin, with bright leap,
Made classic music, alumbrous, soft, and deep.

An old château adorned the verdant bank,
Its porch close clasped by arms of Nature's love—
Sweet woodbine-stems, whence breezes perfume drank ;
Ancestral trees reared high their boughs above,
Where oft the linnet oped its cheerful bill,
And nightingales by moonlight sang their fill ;
In front stood pedestals where, grand as vain,
The peacock sat, and spread his glittering train.

But screened below, and nearer olived Rhône,
A mossy arbour shunned the prying view—
As fair a nook as Love e'er made its own,
Or fancy asks, when love and life are new.
Not ours to paint a weird Calypso's grot,
Though still Ulysses, in such magic spot,
Might linger long, forget the stormy wave,
Worship bewitching eyes, and bow a slave.

The sunset now washed softly with its gold
The ancient mansion, flowers, and turf of green,
And strove with eager ray, like robber bold,
To force an entrance through that arbour's screen :
But all the level shafts the leaves repelled,
Save when a straggling beam the eye beheld,
Piercing the verdant gloom with quivering fire,
And running through the stems, like golden wire.

Ye enter—are the wild birds nestling here,
Or fairies gathering for their evening dance ?
No speckled throats or fluttering wings appear ;
No elfin warrior shakes his rush-green lance ;
But one of human mould, and passing bright,
And lovely as a sylphid, meets the sight,
Combining all the ideal's gorgeous dreams,
With all the warmth of Beauty's living beams.

A deep voluptuous calmness held the place ;
Ye heard the faintest air that kissed the trees,
The dipping oar that touched the river's face,
The drowsy hum of hive-returning bees ;
The rosy wavelets, creeping to the land,
Just shook the pebbles on the sloping sand,
Their murmurs, bidding harsher thoughts depart,
Rising like whispers from the water's heart.

She leant upon her hand ; before her lay
An open book, but those deep, museful eyes
From the late thralling page were turned away,
And through the arbour's entrance sought the skies :

There is a something calming, sweet, and blest,
That all have felt, when watching the red west;
The clouds of glory lift the soul that seems
Nearer to Heaven, and borne away in dreams.

Claudine was gazing motionless and hushed,
The gentle heaving of her breast alone
Declared she breathed, while tenderest feeling gushed
Warm o'er her heart, like music's melting tone:
As her eye followed slow the floating mass
Of cloudy splendour, fancy seemed to pass
Along those opal battlements, and rise,
Step after step, to God's bright paradise.

No Spring-like beauty was she, with a glow
Subdued and mild, and cool with April showers;
No Summer dame, all splendour, till we grow
Sated and tired with constant beams and flowers;
She likened Autumn, mellow, ripe, with all
Its wealth of fruits, but fruits not yet to fall,
Amidst her beauty and her gorgeous bloom,
Not gay, but touched with sadness, e'en with gloom.

Her image fills mine eyes—in sun-scorched Spain,
In Southern Italy; in those bright Isles
Whose marble cliffs gleam o'er th' *Ægean* main,
Fair beings, like Claudine, may shed their smiles:
There is a sorcery in such forms, to sway
All who may gaze—hearts struggle, yet obey—
Creatures, once seen, whate'er our strong endeavour,
They haunt the soul, and memory's world for ever.

She leant upon her hand—unchecked, unbound,
Fell from her head a cataract of tresses,
In Nature's sweet profusion, wreathing round
Her arms, her shoulders, with their wild caresses:
Those locks were sable as our dreams of death,
Black as a thunder-cloud, when not a breath
Disturbs the gloom, yet glossy their rich mass,
As though you saw quick lightning o'er it pass.

Her cheek no roses tinted, but its brown
Was soft and glowing as a sunset heaven,
And witched with dimples; her high brow looked down,
As if dominion to her soul were given;
And yet there was a sweetness in her pride,
A gushing forth of feeling nought could hide;
The mind and heart might oft at variance be,
But heart, warm struggler, won the victory.

Her eyes were not like those which meekly beam,
The window of a gentle soul that looks
All timid forth, where mild emotions gleam,
Plainly as pebbles mirrored in the brooks—
Eyes that ne'er glow with proud ambition's ray,
But from the great and glorious turn away,—
Turn from the stars, the ocean in its power,
More pleased to view a rill, or mark a flower.

Hers, a black, large, and stag-like orb was seen,
Swimming in liquid beauty, with a light
That, did not longest lashes form a screen,
Had blazed too fiercely warm, too wildly bright:

Yet nothing evil or malignant shone
In that dark orb, by feeling lit alone,
As Nature formed it large and brilliant too,
To match the soul, and all that sparkled through.

Her eye of orient splendour rare unclosed
To its full width, but, softening, veiled its ray,
As if within unuttered thoughts reposed,

And from the outer world would steal away:
Who strove in pleasure, or in hour of pain,
Its shining depths to fathom, strove in vain;
As with the sky, so depths still lay behind,
Barring from view the strange, perplexing mind.

Yet with each glance a fascination came;
That great bright eye could conquer while it blazed;
A softness and a witchery in its flame,
It drew you to her, spell-bound, as she gazed:
Who hated still must hate, who loved could ne'er
Unlove again, but held her prized as dear;
All dreams of beauty that can wake the sigh,
All power, all love, were glowing in that eye.

Claudine had dignity, but not that cold
Estranging stateliness some forms display;
Juno and Love's bright queen, in one sweet mould,
Harmonious blended; like the twisted ray
Of gorgeous Iris, their mixed beauties beamed;
Yet more akin to passionate earth she seemed,
Than those ideals of the Greek, that shone,
Marble immortals, in the Parian stone.

But while a faultless model, Nature cast
The figure of that maiden, and a charm
Sorcerian gave, no Grecian skill surpassed,
To alabaster neck, and rounded arm,
To polished shoulder falling graceful, low,
The small slight foot, and taper hand of snow,
Naught she displayed unfeminine or bold,
Like Gallic, Attic beauties, famed of old.

But purity, like moonlight, shone around her,
And modesty, with sweet angelic grace,
Defence more strong than breastplate, closely bound her;
Her form was chastely beauteous as her face;
Beholders might be ravished, but her air,
Her brilliant presence, like some magic there,
Repelled th' intruder, placing her on high,
A white-beamed star in virtue's stainless sky.

GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Incidents of a singular nature sometimes occur that gratify us unexpectedly. In similar cases we may be permitted to speak of ourselves, because we can then more clearly explain what we wish to communicate. The small sympathy, judging from what we see, that in the present day exists between public taste and the productions of those who have received a glory never to be overshadowed, may cause little regard to be paid to an incident connected with Goldsmith the poet. Still there may remain a few who partake in that admiration of his works they once excited, and to them what I am about to state may not be uninteresting.

At a time when London contained not many more than a million of inhabitants, the mode of living among young men differed much from that seen at present. I lodged in Gough-square. Drs. Johnson and Goldsmith, of whom my mind was full, interested me in everything concerning them. I was in the locality where they had lived and moved. Johnson had been dead little more than twenty years, and I had read all about their sayings and doings before I visited London. I saw the places where they had both dwelt in their "life's pilgrimage," and dined often at the Mitre and Cheshire, as they had done. In those days, bed and breakfast taken, dinner was eaten, and the evening, if otherwise unengaged, at the same coffee-house, and seldom without company.

The men of the law, half-pay officers, and substantial tradesmen who had come to pass the evening, were certain to be met after a fixed time. In one room smoking was allowed at any time, but in the dinner-room only after a certain hour. Clubs have since altered all similar arrangements with the classes to which I allude. The same seats were occupied nightly by the same men, and there were those extant who had visited there from the time of Goldsmith and Johnson. There were several who talked as familiarly of them both as if only a year or two had elapsed since they saw them, and they pointed out to me the places where they sat almost always near together. I lately had the curiosity to visit the Mitre, which appeared somewhat altered, but the Cheshire is precisely the same still, even to the seats, tables, and, I verily believe, the colour of the walls; but it is now visited by a very different class of persons.

In my cursory "Recollections" I have mentioned the above circumstances more fully, and, among other things, my acquaintance with a silk-merchant on Ludgate-hill, named Tyers, Mr. Adams, a man of considerable scientific acquirements, and a Colonel Laurence. The latter was proud of belonging to the 20th Regiment, which bore the brunt at the battle of Minden, in which he carried the colours of the regiment.* These had all spent many of their evenings there with the two celebrated men before mentioned.

* Fought 1759.—See "Recollections," vol. i. p. 26, second edition.

I was passing a week or two ago through the Temple, and observed in the burying-ground that a tomb has been recently erected to the memory of Goldsmith. It is pleasing to find that I have been the means of this being done, and that nothing mars the pleasure of the recollection but the departure of the main actor in the benevolent affair, out of pure love to the memory of the poet, to another and a better world. He was, I believe, taken off in the full strength of manhood. On reading what I had stated about Colonel Laurence, and that he directed me to Goldsmith's tomb, in the north-east corner of the Temple churchyard, which I had subsequently seen again and again, Mr. Seaman wrote me as follows :

"For many years I have been lamenting that there is neither stone nor inscription to mark the spot, in the precinct of the Temple Church, where Oliver Goldsmith was buried. Though I have more than once mentioned the circumstance to different members of the Inner Temple, I regret to say they did not seem to know nor to care very much about it. But *I do*. And I was greatly pleased to notice in your "*Recollections*," &c., that you know and can point out the exact locality. I think I have sufficient influence with the present treasurer of the Temple, to get leave either to put a stone, or some mark on an existing slab, by which your knowledge could be perpetuated. The object of my writing to you is to ask you to spare the time, and to take the trouble to go with me to the Temple, that I may learn from you what I should be so glad to know. Mr. Bohn, on whom I called to obtain your address, thought I might safely do so.

"It may interest you to know that Mrs. Brunel, the wife of the engineer, and who is granddaughter to Dr. Hawes, who attended Goldsmith in his last illness, has got the poor fellow's writing-desk.

"I am, sir, yours truly,

B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

"4, Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square."

I made an appointment in consequence. We visited the spot, and I there related what will be found in my "*Recollections*," and how I found the tomb shattered, and the way in which Colonel Laurence—a great admirer of Goldsmith—told me it had occurred. I think the tomb was there when I left England, soon after the battle of Waterloo. I returned in 1818, but I cannot remember when I saw it last, but believe it was some time between 1820 and 1830. Going into the burying-ground by accident one day, after my return I think several years, I found all the gravestones gone, except those placed against the walls, and the whole spot gravelled, evidently not a great while before. I thought it treating the poor poet shabbily.

A second letter from Mr. Seaman ran as follows :

"DEAR SIR,—After parting from you I called on Sir David Dundas, one of the benchers, a great lover of books, and who has a fine library. He gave me a card of introduction to the sub-treasurer of the Temple, who very civilly went with me into the burying-ground, and to whom I pointed out the spot you indicated to me. He afterwards took me into

the vestry of the Temple Church, and showed me a tablet,* which was put up when the present Chief Baron Pollock (I think) was treasurer. It mentions that Goldsmith was buried in the adjoining ground, and not much more. I think its date is 1830, or thereabouts. Is it not strange that they should not then have made some inquiries about it? Is the person you mentioned as also having seen it comeatable? Not that I question your evidence, but anything to substantiate it is worth having. In one life of Goldsmith it is mentioned that the spot *is known*, but that 'there is nothing to indicate it to the pilgrim or the stranger.' I wrote to the treasurer, enclosing your note to me. As I told you, he is grandson to Dr. Hawes, who attended poor Goldsmith in his last illness. I also wrote to another friend, trying—I hope successfully—to interest him about it. It shall not sleep, *now*.

"Many thanks for the Milton. I shall have a new coat put on him by Bedford, who is, I think, the best clothier of the present day.

"Dear sir, I am yours truly,

"B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

"4, Upper Gower-street, April 24."

It is a truth, which the world in general will not credit, that the preservation of our better literature, and the recollections of the great names which have adorned it, are only kept in remembrance by a few educated persons and literary men—the latter through their works—but that the public at large have little or no interest in the great departed or their labours. It seems extraordinary that those who have lived in and about the Temple should have had no knowledge of the circumstances I have detailed as within my memory.

Another communication from Mr. Seaman was to the following effect :

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday (promiscuously, as Mrs. Malaprop would say) I met Mr. Gurney, the present treasurer of the Temple, to whom I wrote about the information which I had gotten from you. He told me that he had mentioned the thing to the Benchers, and that they had given him 'leave and license' to put up a memorial on the spot if it could be satisfactorily identified. I will call on Mr. T., the bookseller, and I shall also get at Forster, Goldsmith's biographer. Would there be any objection to sending an inquiring letter either to the *Athenæum*, or to the *Notes and Queries*, or to both, that we may get at all possible information now existing about it, and which would satisfy the treasurer? Or can you suggest any other or better mode?

"Though no lawyer, I know a friend of Baron Pollock, and I will ask him to inquire why the tablet was put up at that particular time. He may remember something about it.

"Dear sir, I am yours truly,

"B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

"4, Upper Gower-street, April 27, 1858."

* I do not remember this tablet in the Temple Church when I lived in Gough-square, nor did Colonel Laurence ever speak of it to me. I presume it was put up in the church after the tomb in the churchyard was removed, as Goldsmith's name was an honour to the locality. It being up in 1831, seems to confirm this.

I had made some inquiries to little effect, except in one case, where the part of the stone placed over the poet was well recollected in its place, when I received the following note, dated May 18, 1848:

"DEAR SIR,—As Mr. Forster has said in his *Life of Goldsmith* the place of his burial *was known though unmarked*, I thought I would write to him about it. In answer to my inquiries, he says that I quoted from the wrong edition, and that later he has described the result of a very long and tedious search made in the burying-ground by himself and Chief Baron Pollock. The tablet, which is now in the vestry, was put up during Pollock's treasurership. I think either in 1831 or 1837, in the church, and removed to its present site when the beautification took place, three or four years ago. That tablet was paid for, I have no doubt, out of the society's funds, though I did not ask the question of the sub-treasurer. Who would be likely to put up the tomb of which you speak? Mr. Hawes had the arranging of his affairs and funeral pretty much, I believe; but then he was in debt to him, and to a good many other people. The society did not do it I should think, and his brother Maurice went back to Ireland when he found there were no effects.

"There seems to be no collateral clue—does there? I have been very busy with building in Leicestershire, or I should have written to you some days ago, and I am still busy.

"He was buried, I conclude, in the Temple burying-ground because he lived at 2, Brick-court, and for no other reason, I suppose.

"I have known one or two persons who were acquainted with Dr. Johnson. The late Mr. Rogers and the Bishop of Durham (Maltby) both told me that they went together to call on him, but ran away again, after knocking at the door, for fear of what sort of a reception they might meet with!

"Dear sir, I am yours truly,

"B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

"4, Upper Gower-street."

I wrote a note saying I would call in Gower-street. I did, and missed Mr. Seaman. Soon afterwards I wrote him another, requesting a reply, but I received none, at which I wondered. Taking up the *Times* a few days afterwards, I found that poor Seaman, apparently a man likely to live many years, and in full health, had followed Goldsmith, about whom he was so anxious, to "the house appointed for all living."

From that time until I went by accident through the Temple the other day, and saw a tomb placed over the poet's remains, on the spot I had indicated, I had no idea but that the anxiety of Mr. Seaman about the memorial had died with him, because, had it been erected by him when living, I must have known it. Nor have I any clue to the discovery if he left the task to his executors, unless I search out his will at Doctors' Commons, as I have no knowledge of his relatives or connexions.

The Temple churchyard is a very contracted spot, and there are a few monuments of Templars against the walls. Goldsmith's was a table tomb, with a thick Portland stone slab over all. This slab was fractured in the middle by the fall of some brickwork from a printing-office which was burned down years before I had visited London or the Temple. This

fire at Hamilton's printing-office is a matter of chronological record: "Feb. 2, 1803, a fire in Falcon-court, Fleet-street, which destroyed Hamilton's printing-offices."—*Whittaker's Chronology*, 1824.

In regard to Goldsmith, who died on the 4th of April, 1774, and was buried on the 9th, I can only find that a pompous funeral was intended; but a slight inspection into his affairs showed the impropriety of the design, and most of his friends sent excuses. A few coffee-house acquaintances, rather suddenly collected, attended his remains to the grave.

I have known many persons who were acquainted with Johnson, but only those I have mentioned who knew Goldsmith. Indeed, as late as 1837, I saw in Lichfield a person, alive and hale, who remembered seeing Johnson on a visit to his native city.

In regard to Goldsmith, it is a puzzle who erected the table tomb over his remains, which must have been there between forty and fifty years, or until the Temple churchyard was cleared out and gravelled, most probably when the slab was put up in the church, perhaps as a sort of compensation for the removal of the tomb in the churchyard. The inscription to his memory in Westminster Abbey fully answered as a memorial of his literary worth—his works still better. As to his remains, they must have returned to their original elements, whenever they were inhumed, in obedience to the great law of nature that "the destruction of an existing generation becomes the means for the production of a new one, and death becomes the source of life."

It would be a thing of small moment where the ashes of great men, or of our dearest relatives, rest in reality, but that "from the tomb the voice of nature cries" with all our race, and we cannot help paying the "passing tribute of a sigh" even to the nothingness of our humanity.

I have thought the foregoing incident worthy of commemoration in the pages of an old acquaintance, not less from its connexion with a true poet than with the singular regard evinced for his memory by him to whom the poet has been indebted for a renewal of his sepulchral stone, and who was so suddenly snatched away from among us.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

CYRUS REDBONE.

St. John's Wood, March 6, 1862.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH is a stock illustration in poems and hemlines on the Vanity of Human Wishes. He is to Johnson* what Hannibal is to Juvenal. Possibly a mistake underlies the argument. One hears it commonly said, that Hannibal and Charles XII. wished to be great generals, and their wishes were vain, because they met with reverses in war, and died ingloriously. Now, as a recent essayist puts it, there is a fallacy in this mode of statement: the second half of the contrast does not match the first. It is as if a man should say, "How foolish it is to wish for good health, for A. B. had very good health, yet his wife ran away with C. D." It was not the object of the life of Charles XII. to avoid being defeated and to die in his bed. His object was to be a great general, and he attained his object. Men are not like children who look in at shop-windows and wish for the goods exposed there without wishing to pay for them. When a man wishes for distinction, he should, in point of prudence, and generally does in point of fact, wish not for a naked result miraculously thrown in his way, but for the result attended with its usual and natural consequences. Probably, if Charles XII.

* On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Beheld surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 To show his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
 He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

JOHNSON: *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

had had full notice of all the events of his career, he would have said that, though there were some unpleasant things about it, it was, on the whole, better suited to his tastes than a quiet life of uniform prosperity.*

In another essay, published more than a year later, not only in the same periodical, and on the same topic, but with the same title, "The Vanity of Human Wishes,"—the same (self-evidently the same, and that a very thoughtful and clear-sighted) essayist thus discriminates a material point at issue: when we say that human wishes are vain, we mean either that the persons who form the wishes discover that they are vain, or that other persons, who survey the whole career of these formers of vain wishes, see how unsatisfactory their career has been, and how completely they have been baffled and disappointed in the long run. "Juvenal has invited us to weigh the dust of Hannibal, and find out into how many pounds the body of the conqueror of Rome has been resolved. Johnson invites us to consider the fortunes of Charles XII., and notice how suddenly his course of brilliant success was arrested." This, it is objected, is all very well in poetry, but has very little to do with prose. Hannibal, the objector observes, wished to conquer Rome in order to save his country: he had some success, and ultimately failed; but it can make no difference whatever as to the character of his wishes that, after his death, his dust did not weigh much. "Had he wished to turn into a particularly heavy sort of clay, he would have been disappointed; but he wished nothing of the sort. He wished to effect a particular object before he was turned into dust, heavy or light, and the vanity of his wishes must be tested by the point to which they were directed.

"He failed in attaining this object, just as Charles, in spite of his first triumphs, failed in arresting the advance of Russia. As both failed in their wishes, it is possible to describe their wishes as vain. But the ultimate result of wishes is only a very small part of the wishes themselves, and of the effect they produce. Posterity surveys the whole of a great man's life, and as it knows the end of the plot, it reads all the events by the light of the final catastrophe. But the man himself has the pleasure for years of believing in the wishes ultimately discovered to be vain. Charles XII. enjoyed his triumphs quite as much as if he had not subsequently met with reverses. His wishes were not entirely vain, for he had the great delight of planning enterprises on a large scale, and of executing them."

In fact, as we are further admonished, in order to ascertain the vanity of wishing, we must estimate the vanity of not wishing—for there can

* Indeed, as this essayist subsequently goes on to remark, it is curious to observe how different the principles on which people speculate about life are from those on which they act when engaged in its business,—a spectator almost always attaching infinitely more importance than an actor to the dramatic completeness of life. "People constantly look at the history of a man's career as if its character depended principally on its catastrophe. A man's life is looked upon as successful if it ends triumphantly, and as a failure if it ends gloomily. In point of fact, if a man lives seventy years, his seventieth year contains neither more nor less than one-seventieth part of his life, and will surely effect its success or failure to that and no greater extent."—See the essay on *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, in *Saturday Review*, No. 257.

be none of the delight of dreaming, of daring, of exerting the highest powers of the mind, if possible disappointment deters a man from forming any wishes whatever. Torpidity, this practical moralist affirms to be a much greater curse to energetic natures than failure; and inaction is spread over a much larger field of life than the sense of disappointment. "Every one knows this from experience who has outlived the dreams of youth. The wishes of love, and ambition, and adventure that haunt a young man, do not seem vain to him when years have shown him that they cannot be gratified. He would much rather have had the wishes than not. He does not test them by their final want of fruition, but by the memory of the impulse they give to his mind, and of the sense of teeming and abounding life they awakened in his breast.

"Nor is it true that, even to outside observers, wishes seem generally vain, unless the attention is arbitrarily fixed on the one point of contrast between the end of the wisher and his wishes. No one would have been more suited to point a moral and adorn a tale, according to Johnson's view, than Napoleon. The conqueror of a hundred battle-fields, the man who gave away crowns as others give away halfpence, died in exile, surrounded by enemies, and cut off from every object that could possibly interest him. Here was an instance of the vanity of human wishes. But the world does not think so. Not only French historians who have sworn on the altar of their country to devote every incident of recent European history to the glory of Napoleon, but unprejudiced and even hostile critics cannot avoid allowing that Napoleon did a good deal—that he succeeded in establishing much which he tried to found, and that he changed the mode in which questions of European policy are regarded. It would seem absurd to say that Napoleon was a failure and his wishes vain. Neither to himself nor to posterity was his exile in St. Helena very material. We do not ordinarily judge of men by their failures only."*

So that, upon the whole, neither Hannibal in exile and self-slaughter, nor Napoleon eating his own heart on a lonely rock, nor Charles the Twelfth moping in moody defeat and degradation, is accepted as a standard type of Johnson's night-side view of human aspirations. Be the diverging doctrine sound or otherwise, it is at least acutely propounded and ably enforced.

This doctrine clearly contravenes Gay's *fabulous* couplet—the second line of it at least—for it may be said to admit and endorse the first,

What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.†

Perhaps the prosperous conqueror's real feelings find accurate expression in the self-communing of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, when he asks himself,

—What profits me my name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it:
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;
Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?‡

* The Vanity of Human Wishes, *Sat. Review*, No. 326.

† Gay's Fables, Second Part.

‡ Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*: Elaine.

The sudden appearance of a young fighting Swede-King among the luxurious Kings and Kinglets of the North, all "loaung about and languidly minueting, regardless of expense," is aptly likened by Mr. Carlyle to the bursting of a cataract of bombshells in a dull ball-room. "Friedrich IV. of Denmark rejoicing over red wine; August the Strong gradually producing his 'three hundred and fifty-four bastards;' these and other neighbours had confidently stepped in, on various pretexts; thinking to help themselves from the young man's properties, who was still a minor; when the young minor suddenly developed himself as a major and maximus, and turned out to be such a Fire-King among them."^{*}

Patkul was the manager of the league entered into [A.D. 1699] by Russia, Denmark, and Saxon-Poland, to take advantage of a boy's accession to the throne of Sweden. This Patkul is called by Menzel "a patriotic Livonian, who had been greatly ill-treated by the Swedes"[†]—and had eventually to run for his life, which, however, he lost, fast and far as ever his running might be. (Mr. Buckle[‡] reprehaches Charles for "the infamous murder of Patkul,"—and Burke compares it§ to the assassination of Monaldeschi by Charles's renowned predecessor, Queen Christina.||) The league being duly formed, and the high contracting parties being all prepared to divide and conquer—or rather to conquer first and divide afterwards,—the Danes made a descent without delay on Holstein; Augustus, that gigantic king of Poland, overran Swedish Livonia; and the hordes of Muscovy sounded the mettle of Narva— which they found to ring sound. The allies had, as Wolfgang Menzel says, egregiously misjudged the "youthful scion of the house of Wittelsbach. Charles XII. unsheathed his sword, never again to restore it to the scabbard." Boy though he was, his pluck when he put on the "golden rigol" of his fathers, was equal to that expressed by, or for, our sweet Hal in the play:

Lo, here it sits,—

[*putting the crown on his head.*]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the whole world's strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me.¶

Therefore, let not the heathen (or unholy alliance) rage, or neighbouring

* Carlyle, *Hist. of Friedrich II. of Prussia*, book iv. ch. v.

† *Geschichte der Deutschland*, 229.

‡ *Hist. of Civilization in England*, I. 731.

§ Works, vol. i. p. 412, edit. 1841.

|| Southey, too, in one of his early and now long-forgotten Odes, thus congratulates Patkul on Charles's defeat and ruin at the battle of Pultawa:

"Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest!
To him who suffers in an honest cause
No death is ignominious; not on thee,
But upon Charles, the cruel, the unjust,
Not upon thee,—on him
The ineffaceable reproach is fix'd,
The infamy abides.

Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest."

SOUTHEY'S *Lyric Poems: The Battle of Pultowa.*

¶ King Henry IV., Part II., Act IV. Sc. 4.

rulers imagine a vain thing. Kings with their armies should flee apace—and mighty men should bow down, and be discomfited—before the face of this young man upon the despoiling of whom they had counted as a matter of course.

Who would have thought it of the chit?—he was but midway in his teens, and hardly that. The case almost outdid the somewhat analogous one of young Philip of Macedon, on succeeding his brother Perdiccas, —Philip's situation appearing, at first sight, not merely difficult, but almost hopeless; for, as Mr. Grote says, not the most prescient eye in Greece could have recognised in the inexperienced youth struggling at his first accession against rivals at home, enemies abroad, and embarrassments of every kind, the future conqueror of Chæroneæ, and destroyer of Grecian independence.* Except, however, in the main feature of adventurous conqueror, there was little of characteristic affinity between Charles and Philip, or Philip's warlike son. Philip drunk, as a man to be appealed from, is a proverb; and Alexander's excesses are still more notorious, if less systematic or habitual. Whereas Charles of Sweden was content, in the best of times, with a bite and a sup—though the bite were from an outside crust, and the sup, of cold water only. He could (and did) go without bite or sup of any kind, for five days running, without being perceptibly a jot the worse for it. And as with wipe, so with womankind. His temperament, as regards the tender passion, was singularly cold and sluggish. In this respect he affords as edifying a contrast as need be, to that royal namesake of his, whose reign over these British isles came to an end when Prince Charlie the Swede was some three years old. Between the two Caroline constitutions, so to speak—Scandinavian and Britannie—the Stockholm prince and the Stuart—how wide an interval, how radical an opposition, how distinct a difference! Sweden's Charles the Twelfth cared less about mistresses, than our Charles the Second did for his—wife. So far from accounting womankind the better half of the human race, the Swede appears to have reckoned them a superfluity altogether, neither useful nor ornamental—which his scheme of the universe would do better without.

Gibbon has his fling at “the unfeeling critics, who consider every amorous weakness as an indelible stain on the memory of a great emperor”—he is alluding to Theodosius; and proceeds to avow, “For my own part, I shall frankly confess, that I am willing to find, or even to seek, in the revolutions of the world, some traces of the mild and tender sentiments of domestic life;” adding, that amidst the crowd of fierce and ambitious conquerors, he can distinguish, with peculiar complacency, a gentle hero, who may be supposed to receive his armour from the hands of love.†

On which showing, Charles the Twelfth is not by any means a conqueror, or man of war, after the historian's own heart. He—Mr. Gibbon, not Charles Rex—would have said ditto to that *rex regum*, that *anax andrôn*, the doughty Agamemnon (Shakspeare version)—

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !‡

* History of Greece, vol. x. part ii. ch. lxxx.

† Decline and Fall, ch. xxvii.

‡ Troilus and Cressida, Act I. Sc. 3.

Rather elliptically expressed, perhaps; but of unmistakable, and (Mr. Gibbon's gallantry would say) unimpeachable meaning. Charles, on the other hand, would have found in another part of the same play another rhyming couplet, more to his mind,—to wit, where Cressid, angling for her lover's thoughts, sententially affirms, that

—to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.*

Saith not an Apostle,† that every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things—this doing to obtain a corruptible crown, or keep it, or add to its lustre? “*Je n'aimerai pas, se dit l'ambitieux, je commanderai à mes affectueux de s'attédir; qui sait où elles pourraient m'entraîner?*”‡ Indeed, as Pandæmonian councils remind us,

Among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,§
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he, surnamed of Africa,|| dismiss'd,
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.¶

The sage and self-restrained Sully, even when hankering after a match with Anne de Courtenay, recalled this maxim to his remembrance, for his proper guidance at such a juncture: “*Que celui qui veut acquérir de la gloire et de l'honneur, doit tâcher à dominer ses plaisirs et ne souffrir jamais qu'ils le dominent.*”** Ugly little carroty-headed, big-whiskered Tilly used to lead a monastic life, we are told, in the midst of the din and licence of his camp, and boasted “that he had never touched wine or women”—a note-worthy vaunt in a commander who had reached his threescore-and-thirteenth year. Charles the Twelfth—the lower part of whose face, by the way, was disagreeable, and who had (unlike Tilly) scarcely any beard or hair—is set forth by Voltaire as “perhaps the only one of all mankind, and hitherto the only one among kings, who has lived without a single frailty:—he carried all the virtues of heroes to an excess,”†† &c. *Effectivement*, Voltaire makes a defect effective of what Polonius calls this “effect defective,” in the Caroline constitution. It is a wonder he lays not more stress upon it, in his history of the hero. But in other of his writings, of a lighter and more familiar kind, Voltaire makes this effect defective a pet illustration. One and another fine lady he entertains with it, and compliments by means of it. When he sends them copies of his *Histoire de Charles XII.*, he turns the matter to flattering account in a neat copy of verses. Never mind who the *belle dame* may be—the same compliment will serve in any such case. Now it is Madame du Châtelet, whom he thus addresses, *en lui envoyant l'Histoire de Charles XII.*:

* Troilus and Cressida, Act III. Sc. 2.

† 1 Cor. ix. 25.

‡ Gustave Planche, *Moralité de la Poésie*.

§ Alexander the Great, after the battle of Issus.

|| Scipio Africanus.

¶ Paradise Regained, book ii.

** *Economies royales*, (Mémoires) de Sully.

†† *Histoire de Charles XII.*

Le voici ce héros si fameux tour-à-tour
 Par sa défaite et sa victoire :
 S'il eût pu vous entendre et vous voir à sa cour,
 Il n'aurait jamais joint, et vous pouvez m'en croire,
 A toutes les vertus qui l'ont comblé de gloire
 Le défaut d'ignorer l'amour.*

Another time it is Madame la Duchesse d'Aiguillon, to whom he begs to forward copies of the History aforesaid and of the *Henriade*, with these accompanying verses about most continent Charles XII., too susceptible Henri IV., and irresistible Madame :

Deux héros différents, l'un superbe et sauvage,
 L'autre toujours aimable, et toujours amoureux,
 A l'immortalité prétendent tous les deux :
 Mais pour être immortel il faut votre suffrage.
 Ah ! si sous tous les deux vous eussiez vu le jour,
 Plus justement leur gloire eût été célébrée ;
 Henri quatre pour vous aurait quitté l'Estrée,
 Et Charles douze aurait connu l'amour.†

Voltaire, any more than Sir John Falstaff, was not at all stinted in wit; but, like Sir John, he knew how to economise it on occasion; as perhaps Mesdames d'Aiguillon and Du Châtelet would have agreed, had they met to compare notes, as once upon a time did those merry wives of Windsor, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

In his "Age of Louis Quatorze," Voltaire pronounces Charles and his Muscovite adversary, Peter the Great, the two most singular personages on the face of the earth. Charles he there describes as the more courageous of the two, but the less useful to his subjects—a man born to command soldiers, not peoples—one who, living, was hailed the foremost hero of the age, but who died with the reputation of an imprudent king. "The desolation of the North, in a war that lasted eighteen years, owed its origin to the political ambition of the Czar, of the King of Denmark, and of the King of Poland, who would fain profit by the youthfulness of Charles XII. by seizing on a portion of his estates (1700). King Charles, at sixteen, beat them all three. He was the terror of the North, and was already regarded as a great man at an age when other men are still engaged in their schooling. For nine years he was the most formidable king in the world, and for nine others the most unfortunate."‡ The History of Charles XII. is but an expansion of this text.

Many an admirer has Voltaire had, whom he has yet failed utterly to convert into an admirer of Charles the Twelfth. Among his contemporaries, of British birth and breeding, such polite *littérateurs* and noble lords as Bolingbroke and Chesterfield were sufficiently akin to Voltaire in heterodoxical tendencies; but to neither of them was the Swede an object of hero-worship, even in the lowest degree. Bolingbroke, in his remarks on the Spanish War of Succession, makes a supposition of a certain system of blind, vindictive policy on the part of Dutch William, and says of this mere hypothesis, that it would have been "worthy of Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden, who sacrificed his country, his people, and himself at

* *Poésies mêlées* de Voltaire, 49.

† *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, ch. xvii.

‡ *Ibid.*, 39.

last, to his revenge."* Chesterfield incidentally observes, in a letter dated 1749, that "the heroism of Charles XII. of Sweden (if his brutal courage deserves that name) was universally admired, but the man nowhere beloved." In another, addressed (in full pomp of panegyric) to Voltaire himself, three years later, Earl Philip says: "You have long ago given us the history of the greatest and most outrageous madman (I ask your pardon if I cannot say the greatest hero) of Europe." And in a subsequent one to his Young Hopeful, my lord thus recurs to Voltaire's work: "How delightful is his history of that northern brute, the King of Sweden! for I cannot call him a man; and I should be sorry to have him pass for a hero, out of regard to those true heroes, such as Julius Cæsar, Titus, Trajan, and the present King of Prussia,"† who, his lordship is pleased to add, cultivated and encouraged arts and sciences; whose animal courage was accompanied by the tender and social sentiments of humanity; and who, unlike Charles, had more pleasure in improving than in destroying their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Buckle—whose admiration of Voltaire as an historian is very freely confessed—prefaces his critical remarks on the history in question by some protesting notes, so to call them, against the bellicose Swede himself, whose only merits are, says the historian of Civilisation in England, that he ravaged many countries and killed many men. Mr. Buckle's sympathy is with the king's unfortunate subjects, the accumulations of whose industry supported the royal armies; and he complains of the brilliant Frenchman's lack of pity for those nations who were oppressed by this "great robber" in the immense line of his conquests from Sweden to Turkey. "Indeed, the admiration of Voltaire for Charles is unbounded. He calls him the most extraordinary man the world had ever seen; he declares him to be a prince full of honour; and while he scarcely blames his infamous murder of Patkul, he relates with evident emotion how the royal lunatic, at the head of forty servants, resisted an entire army. In the same way, he says, that after the battle of Narva, all the attempts of Charles were unable to prevent medals from being struck at Stockholm in celebration of the event; although Voltaire well knew that a man of such extravagant vanity must have been pleased by so durable a homage, and although it is quite certain that if he had not been pleased, the medals would never have been struck; for who would venture, without an object, to offend, in his own capital, one of the most arbitrary and revengeful of princes?"‡ At the same time the fact is recognised, that Voltaire eventually became somewhat ashamed of the praises he had lavished on the Swede—witness various letters of his, between 1735 and 1759, in one of which, for example, he characterises Charles as a mere *fon extraordinaire*, who, like Don Quixote, tilted full charge against windmills—so fighting, literally like one that beateth the air.

We may therefore infer that Voltaire was gradually drawing closer to Pope's stand-point, as regards conventional Greatness, and popular Hero-worship:

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies,
Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?

* Letters on the Study and Use of History, by Lord Bolingbroke: Letter viii.

† Letters of Lord Chesterfield, edit. 1810, Nos. 210, 268, and 292.

‡ Buckle's Civilization in England, vol. i. p. 473.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.*

The collation of Charles with Alexander, in the fourth line, reminds us of one incidentally set up by Gibbon, in his memoir of Caracalla: "We can easily conceive, that after the battle of Narva, and the conquest of Poland, Charles the Twelfth (though he still wanted the more elegant accomplishments of the son of Philip) might boast of having rivalled his valour and magnanimity."† But it is a cold collation after all—this of one ravaging conqueror with another—now of the Macedonian with the Swede, now of the Swede with Cæsar—as where Campbell pauses, "with horrent brow, to rate What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!"—or to tell us of the fate that bleeding thousands bore,

March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore.

File after file the stormy showers benumb,
 Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
 Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
 And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
 Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
 Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
 The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
 Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
 Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
 And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!‡

A fancy picture—rather washy in the colouring—which we give for what it is worth, notes of admiration and all.

Old Fritz has recorded, in the *Anti-Machiavel*, that Charles, from his boyish days, always carried about the *Life of Alexander the Great*, and regulated his own conduct by it, so that many, who intimately knew him, affirmed, that it was *Quintus Curtius* who ravaged Poland and Saxony; that *Stanislaus* owed his crown to the promotion of *Abdolonymus*; and that it was the battle of *Arbela* which occasioned the defeat of *Pultawa*.§

Old Fritz, by the way, imitated Charles in at least one *capital* point. *Menzel's* description of the latter includes this particular—that he wore "a small hat on his closely-shaven head (a style that was afterwards imitated by *Frederick the Great* and *Napoleon*),—and a coat of coarse blue cloth with copper buttons, with enormous boots and a long sword."|| *Goldsmith* has reported his inspection of the coat, as preserved in the arsenal at *Stockholm*, together with the buff waistcoat worn at *Lutzen* by *Gustavus Adolphus*. All the rich furniture which *Goldy* saw in that spacious museum—all these Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards, which filled several chambers—the crown jewels even, and all the rest of it—were far less interesting to him than the wardrobe relics in question. "But what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious, spoils of the two

* Pope, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv.

† *Roman Empire*, ch. vi.

‡ *Pleasures of Hope*, part ii.

§ *Anti-Machiavel*, p. 86. (Lond. 1741.)

|| *Geschichte der Deutschland*, § 229.

greatest heroes the North ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus and the intrepid Charles XII. died by a fate not unusual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm.* Oliver adds, that the hero's saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable—the meanest soldier having been in this respect noway inferior to his gallant monarch, of whose character The Traveller pronounces courage and inflexible constancy to have formed the basis—and appends the reflection, What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction! Charles, he affirms, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and glory of his age.—The reader who cares for anecdote, especially of that kind concerned with the boyhood of great men, may find in Goldsmith's essay two or three stories about the Swede, not always to be met with in more systematic biographies.

Inflexible constancy is perhaps an indulgent epithet for one of the two predominant characteristics of our hero. At least, it is a sort of quality which may be, for it *has* been, expressed by some less graceful synonym. Some people will hail in the same man, as inflexible constancy, what others decry as pig-headed obstinacy, of biggest boar-pig dimensions. What some will glorify as chivalric courage, others will scout as mere run-a-muck rashness. Now of Charles, like Goethe's representative man, it may be said, that

Fate had endowed him with an ardent mind,
Which unrestrain'd still urged him on for ever,
And whose precipitate and mad endeavour
O'erleaped itself, and left earth's joys behind.†

He was one of those who, once in the saddle, can never be brought to pull up. He never knew when to stop, or where. When he drew the sword, he flung away the scabbard with a vengeance. When M. de Narbonne was remonstrating with Napoleon against the Moscow expedition, he ventured to remind his very imperious and imperial master, under a kind of *mutato nomine de te fabula* argument, that Peter the Great was enabled to inflict a Pultawa on Charles XII.—à faire trouver à Charles XII. un Pultava—not so much by any genius of his, the Czar's, as by the error of his antagonist. “Si Charles XII. en effet, ce prince plus soldat que général, s'était moins avancé dans la Russie, ou s'était retiré à temps, s'il n'avait pas continué ses manœuvres d'invasion, au fort même de l'hiver, alors que l'extrême froid lui tuait un millier de soldats dans une marche, il n'eût jamais été vaincu, il eût couvert la Pologne et tenu à distance de la frontière le Czar enfermé dans ses vastes Etats.”‡ Don Quixote is not the only Quixote among Dons to subject himself to honest Sancho's remonstrance: “What the dickens! can a man do

* Goldsmith's *Essays*, The Bee, No. II., 1759.

† Faust, Study Scene.

‡ Vie de M. de Narbonne, par Villemain, ch. xviii.

without common prudence, then, and go ahead without looking where his foot may fall? Knowing how to hurry on is not all a man need know; he must sometimes know when and how to draw back.* By the battle of Pultawa, not only was a great and dreaded conqueror, as Alison says,† at once overturned, and ere long reduced to captivity; but a new balance of power was established in the North which has never since been shaken. And what follows, on Sir Archibald's part, may serve as pendant‡ to the foregoing excerpt from M. de Narbonne's historical parallel: "Marlborough sympathised warmly with the misfortunes of the heroic sovereign, for whose genius and gallantry he had conceived the highest admiration. But he was too sagacious not to see that his disasters, like those of Napoleon afterwards in the same regions, were entirely the result of his own imprudence; and that if he had judiciously taken advantage of the terror of his name, and the success of his arms, in the outset of his invasion, he might have gained all the objects for which he contended without incurring any serious evil." Pultawa's disastrous day—on which the Swede was "totally routed and irretrievably ruined by the Muscovite forces," commanded by Peter in person—occurred in 1709; and in a despatch of Marlborough's to Godolphin, dated in the August of that year, we read: "If this unfortunate king had been so well advised as to have made peace the beginning of this summer, he might in a great measure have influenced the peace between France and the Allies, and made other kingdoms happy. I am extremely touched with the misfortunes of this young king. His continued successes, and the contempt he had of his enemies, have been his ruin."§ Pultawa's day classes him with those heroes, *glorieux, magnanimes*, of whom we are told there are so many, who have lived one day too long—*ont vécu trop d'un jour*.

Du Midi jusqu'à l'Ourse on vantait ce monarque
Qui remplit tout le Nord de tumulte et de sang.
Il fuit; sa gloire tombe, et le destin lui marque
Son véritable rang.

* Don Quixote, II. 4.

† See an essay of Sir Archibald's in *Blackwood*, No. 369, p. 43.

‡ So, in verse, may Byron's lines, which also compare the Muscovite experiences of Charles and Napoleon, a round hundred years apart:

"'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all."

MAZBPFA, *Introduction*.

§ Marlborough's Despatches, V. 510.

Ce n'est plus ce héros guidé par la victoire,
 Par qui tous les guerriers allaient être effacés :
 C'est un nouveau Pyrrhus, qui va grossir l'histoire
 Des fameux insensés.*

Well-known is Byron's picture of the flight of Charles after the battle, "stained with his own and subjects' blood; for thousands fell that fight to aid: and not a voice was heard to upbraid Ambition in his humbled hour," though truth might now speak out, undaunted by kingly show. His horse is slain, and he escapes on that of a follower, who dies the Russians' slave. Worn-out, he lays him down by a savage tree—his limbs stiff with wounds—stark with cold. But in this hour and power of darkness, still king-like the monarch bears his fall, and makes, even "in this extreme of ill, His pangs the vassals of his will."† That army of his, which had left Saxony in triumph, was virtually annihilated—one-half having perished with hunger, and the other half either been massacred or made slaves: Charles XII. had lost, in one day, the fruit of nine years' labour and of almost a hundred battles.‡ It only remained for him to make his way into Turkey, and there perhaps hatch the nest-egg of a future army, at the charges of the Turk.

Bitter enough his feelings must have been, as he lay under the tree, while his enemies beat the bushes around, to find the fugitive. But there he lay, as safe, and even more at ease, to all appearance, than did our Merry Monarch, perched aloft, inside *his* tree. There was no semblance of affinity to the bearing of Milton's proud defeated spirit, "gnashing for anguish, and despair, and shame, to find himself not matchless, and his pride humbled by such rebuke."§ It is true that, like another of Milton's principalities, "as one he stood escaped from cruel fight, sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,"|| but not like him, "cloudy in aspect," or despondent in diction. His plight on reaching Ottoman territory may resemble a Greek tragedian's description:

Ἦκε γὰρ ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων κενὸν δόρυ
 Ἐχων, πόνοισι μυρίοις ἀλώμενος,
 Σμικρὰ σὺν ἀλγῇ τῶν λειψιμμένων φθλων,¶

but his spirit might be characterised in the apostrophe of a yet older poet—whose *ipsissima verba*, however, lest the reader be overdone with well-sounding Greek, we dilute into Mr. Pope's heroics:

—O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
 Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
 Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
 And never, never be to heaven resign'd? **

'Tis like what Hannibal exclaimed of Marcellus—"Gods! what can be done with a man that takes good fortune and bad with equal indifference? What other man is there, who will neither give any time to rest, when he is victorious, nor take any, when he is beaten? We must even resolve

* Odes de J. B. Rousseau, l. ii. 10.

† Maseppa.

‡ Voltaire.

§ Paradise Lost, book vi.

|| Ibid.

¶ Euripides, Orestes.

** Homer's *Odyssey* (by Pope and Co.), book xii.

to keep up the fight with him for ever; since, whether successful or not, he is constantly impelled to new enterprises and fresh deeds of daring.* Indeed, Charles might have sat for Plutarch's portrait of Pyrrhus: "But he was persuaded, that neither to annoy others, nor to be annoyed by them, was a life insufferably languishing and tedious. Like Achilles, he could not endure inaction; 'he pined in dull repose; his heart indignant bade the scene change to war, to wounds, and death.' . . . His hopes grew as fast as they were cut off; if he met with success, he only considered it as a step to greater things; and if with disappointment, he endeavoured to compensate it, by some new advantage, and would let neither his victories nor his losses put a period to his disturbing both the world and himself."† It was of another King of Sweden, his namesake, Charles the Tenth, that Dryden‡ wrote,

The ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,

but the lines have the look of being meant for Charles the Twelfth—at first sight at least, and to unchronological eyes. Not only up to Pultawa's day, but up to the last day of his life, was it the ambitious Swede's practical doctrine that, as the old admiral in Massinger has it, "men are men only when they dare look down With scorn on death and danger, and contemn All opposition, till plumed victory Have made her constant stand upon their helmets."§ But, to apply the criticism of another of our old dramatists,

He put too much wind to his sail: discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And nurs'd together, make a conqueror :||

but somehow Charles was "made a conqueror" without the aid, presumably indispensable, of one of the alleged twins, discretion; in whose absence, however, be it as freely stated, he was also *unmade*.

The long episode of his doings on Turkish ground, what a grotesque narrative it is! How full of whimsical adventures, preposterous incidents, farcical situations! It is a very mild version of his obstinate sojourn at Bender to say of it, as Earl Chesterfield does, that Charles "showed a romantic pride in withstanding both the orders of the Sultan and the dictates of common sense."¶ His Majesty's freaks of temper, during his five years' passive mood at Bender—a passive voice as irregular in its moods and tenses, as the active voice of the same verb, *rowre*, had been, for the nine years preceding,—were a world's wonder, a Sultan's despair. Budge he would not. Not all the power of the Porte, physical and moral force combined, could stir him a peg. There he lay, "obstinately dormant," as Mr. Carlyle phrases it, urging the Turks to destroy Czar Peter—which they absolutely could not, though they now and then tried; and viziers not a few lost their heads in consequence. "Charles lay sullenly dormant; Danes meanwhile operating upon his Holstein interests and adjoining territories; Saxons, Russians battering continually at

* Plutarch's Lives, Marcellus.

† Ibid., Pyrrhus.

‡ Astræa Redux.

§ Massinger, The Unnatural Combat.

|| Fletcher, Bonduca.

¶ Hist. of England, by Lord Mahon, vol. i. ch. vii.

Swedish Pommern. . . . But Charles XII. would not yield a whit; sent orders peremptorily, from his bed at Bender or Demotica, that there must be no surrender.* At length, however, and all at once, he starts from his strange lethargy to show fight for his neglected estates, and scampers off incognito through Germany, arriving, all of a sudden, at his town of Stralsund, before the best informed circles of that town and town-ship had so much as heard of his departure from Bender.

To many loyal hearts in Sweden it might now seem as though the five years so ingloriously wasted in that distant refuge, on the soil of the circumcised and turbaned Turk, were but an ugly dream, from which there was now a healthy awaking—that they but resembled in fact that ugly episode in the life of Great Babylon's king, his seven years of bestial sequesterment—and that now, in Charles's case, as in Nebuchadnezzar's, his reason had returned unto him, and that, for the glory of his kingdom, his honour and brightness would return unto him, and his counsellors and his lords seek unto him, and he be established in his kingdom, and excellent majesty be added unto him. Thus might sanguine loyalty hope and argue.

Charles was now about thirty-two years old—and four more would bring his rule of years to an end, as it were a tale that is told. But these were, at any rate, to be crammed with enterprise and action. He reached Stralsund, in a cart, an hour after midnight, on a dark November morning. For well-nigh three weeks past he had not been to bed, so to bed he went now; but they had to cut the boots from his legs, which were too much swollen to allow of the ordinary process. "As he was in want both of linen and clothes," writes Voltaire, "they furnished him with a wardrobe the best the place could afford, and with all expedition. Having slept for a few hours, he arose, and went off directly to review his troops, and visit his fortifications. The same day he despatched orders to all parts, for renewing the war against his enemies with greater vigour than ever."† It was the awaking of a giant refreshed with wine. Only the wine had got into the giant's head, and never indeed got out of it. He had just let them cut off, it is true, the seven-leagued boots in which he came to Stralsund; but there remained a sword of sharpness, and shoes of swiftness, by aid of which he would yet again startle Europe from her propriety.

So, as Mr. Carlyle says, "Here is Charles XII. come back; inflexible as cold Swedish Iron," in repudiating the treaties and arrangements entered into, in his absence, and to his prejudice, by negotiating neighbours. "Is he a bankrupt, then, that you will sell his towns by auction?" Louis XIV., at his last gasp, tries hard to take Charles's part with effect; but dies, the grand monarque, *ré infecté*,—dies while Charles, his ally, is arguing and battling against all the world, "with only a grandiloquent Ambassador to help him from Louis." Frederick William of Prussia, too, who "had a true personal regard for Charles XII., a man made in many respects after his own heart," would fain have persuaded him into mildness and policy. But Charles would not be persuaded, would not listen to reasons

* History of Friedrich II., book iv. ch. v.

† Histoire de Charles XII., ch. vii.

of policy, would not believe that his estate was bankrupt, or that his towns—Swedish Stettin, for instance—could be put into pawn. “Danes, Saxons, Russians, even George I. of England have to combine against him, and see to put him down.” But, on the whole, the siege of Stralsund, to which the campaign pretty soon reduced itself, was done mainly by the Prussian monarch—the details of which siege, again to quote Mr. Carlyle, are still on record, and had once a certain fame in the world. “It lasted till mid-winter, under continual fierce counter-movements and desperate sallies from the Swedish Lion, standing at bay there against all the world.” But in vain—baited as the roused lion there was by veterans who had learned their art under Marlborough and Eugene. “The Lion King’s fierce sallies, and desperate valour, could not avail. Point after point was lost for him.” We see him in the Isle of Rugen, dashing, like a fire-flood, against ditch and palisade; tearing at pales which prove impregnable to his cannon and him; storming and raging forward, again and again, now here, now there; but met everywhere by steady deadly musketry, and forced to retire, wounded and discomfited. “Poor Charles, there had been no sleep for him that night, and little for very many nights: ‘on getting to horse, on the shore at Stralsund, he fainted repeatedly; fell out of one faint into another; but such was his rage, he always recovered himself, and got on horseback again.’” Poor Charles: a bit of right royal Swedish-German stuff, after his kind; and tragically ill bested now at last! This is his exit he is now making,—still in a consistent manner. It is fifteen years now since he waded ashore at Copenhagen, and first heard the bullets whistle round him. Since which time, what a course has he run; crashing athwart all manner of ranked armies, diplomatic combinations, right onward, like a cannon-ball; tearing off many solemn wigs in those Northern parts, and scattering them upon the winds,—even as he did his own full-bottom wig, impatiently, on that first day at Copenhagen, finding it unfurlthersome for actual business in battle.†

“In about a month hence, the last important hornwork is forced: Charles, himself seen fiercely fighting on the place, is swept away from his last hornwork; and the general storm, now altogether irresistible, is evidently at hand. On entreaty from his followers, entreaty often renewed, with tears even (it is said) and on bended knees, Charles at last consents to go. He left no orders for surrender; would not name the word; ‘left only ambiguous vague orders.’”‡

About nightfall, on the 19th of December, 1715, he made his way, in a little boat, to a Swedish frigate that lay above a mile out, through solid ice that had to be cut piecemeal as he went on. The King of Prussia is said to have been benevolently anxious that he should escape, and the King of Denmark malevolently resolved that he should *not*. Escape he did, however,—though a Danish frigate, they tell us, all but took him in the act. Stories, seemingly fabulous, are told of his hair-breadth ‘scapes, and moving accidents by flood, as formerly by field. All that is certain is, that he “vanished at this point into Scandinavia; and general Europe

* Buchholz, I. 36.

† Köhler: *Münzbestimmungen*, XIV. 213.

‡ Carlyle, *History of Friedrich Wilhelm II.*, book ii. ch. v.

never saw him more. Vanished into a cloud of untenable schemes, guided by Alberoni, Baron Görz, and others; wild schemes, financial, diplomatic, warlike, nothing not chimerical in them but his own unquenchable real energy;—and found his death (by assassination, as appears) in the trenches of Fredericks hall, among the Norway Hills, one winter night, three years hence. Assassination* instigated by the Swedish Official Persons, it is thought. The bullet passed through both his temples; he had clapt his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and was found leant against the parapet, in that attitude,—gone upon a long march now.”†

The Modern Orlando, moralising on the fact that so few of “Earth’s living thunderbolts, her warrior kings,” have “burnt out upon their pillow”—an uncomfortable quasi-Hibernian sort of metaphor, perhaps; and, by the way, is not the Modern Orlando Dr. Croly?—introduces a description of the scene and circumstances of the Swede-King’s final exit:

I sometimes visit scenes, where famous men
Have dropped that restless particle, the soul.
This led me, Fredericks hall, to thy wild glen,
The field of battle nearest to the Pole,
Where Charles, the hero, found the warrior’s goal.
You make the land, by Norway’s storm-beat beach.
Up-helm; and follow, where the Ocean’s roll
Bursts roaring thro’ a mountain’s marble breach;
All, thundering surge without,—within, a dark deep Reach.

Now, climb the hill-top! In the vale below,
Lies, like a group of molehills, Fredericks hall,
The shattered guardian of its realm of snow;
No longer worth the waste of shell and ball.

* Since Mr. Carlyle wrote, it should be remarked, the Swedish government, anxious to set at rest the question whether Charles fell in fair and open fight, or was done to death by foul means on his own side, directed a careful examination to be made of his remains. This was accordingly done in August, 1859; when, in the presence of the reigning king, Charles XV., and of not a few dons and big-wigs, medical and magisterial, the royal sarcophagus and coffin were opened, and the state of the head, where the fatal wound was inflicted, very closely scrutinised. A previous *post-mortem* examination had taken place in 1746.

At the inquest in ’59, we are told, among other little details, collateral to the main issue, that, in place of a cap, the head of the royal corpse was encircled with a “withered wreath of laurel;” that the top of the head was bald, but the back and sides covered with thin light brown hair, interspersed with grey, and about an inch and a half long; that the face was of course shrunken, but still showed the aquiline form of the nose; that the upper-lip was somewhat drawn back—the eyelids slightly open—the skin parchment-like, and of a greyish-yellow—while the expression worn by the features was very calm and solemn.

Examining the fractured skull, the commissioned *medici* were of opinion that the fatal missile, which had evidently passed through the king’s head from left to right, was probably a musket or grape-shot, and that it must have been fired from a distance—its velocity having, manifestly, been partly spent before it struck him. Nor was there any evidence of his having been struck by more than one missile. On the whole, the commissioners, like good Swedes, were rejoicingly of one accord that it was not by foul play that Charles met his death.

Their report of the investigation was duly submitted to the public in the journal *Hygeia*—an accredited organ of the Swedish Society of Physicians—in the spring of 1860. And in the following autumn an abridged account of it appeared in the *Medical Times*, from the pen of Dr. W. D. Moore, of Dublin.

† Carlyle, I. 438.

A simple pillar marks *his* nameless fall,
Whose name once made the ears of Europe ring.
Oh, Fame, thou jilt of jilts! and is this all?
His all, who clipped the Russian Eagle's wing;
The man of iron soul—ay, “every inch a King?”

His end was sudden;—yet it might be worse;—
Sebastian perished in a den, or dyke;
Luther's old Cæsar, with a nun for nurse;
The Lutzen King, by pistol or by pike;
Others by poison, spleen, or what you like.
But thine, bold Charles, was death without a groan,
Thy hand upon thy sword, in act to strike;
Thy forehead to the foe.—Thy spirit flown;
Escaping, at one gasp, gout, heartache, and—a throne!*

So, at any rate, vanished Charles the Twelfth,—to take leave of him in the words of quite another moralist; so he vanished, “the distressed Official Persons and Nobility exploding upon him in that rather damnable way,—anxious to slip their muzzles at any cost whatever. A man of antique character; true as a child, simple, even bashful, and of a strength and valour rarely exemplified among men. Open-hearted Antique populations would have much worshipped such an Appearance;—Voltaire, too, for the artificial moderns, has made a myth of him, of another type; one of those impossible cast-iron gentlemen, heroically mad, such as they show in the Playhouses, pleasant but not profitable, to an undiscerning Public.† The last of the Swedish Kings died in this way; and the unmuzzled Official Persons have not made much way of kinging it in his stead. Charles died; and, as we may say, took the life of Sweden along with him; for it has never shone among the Nations since, or been much worth mentioning, except for its misfortunes, spasmodic impotences and unwise-ness.”‡ Whether, however, Charles's peculiar mode of government may not have been concerned in bringing about the alleged national collapse, may be here left as a vexed, if not properly an open, question.

* The Modern Orlando, canto v. st. 52-56.

† “See Alderfeld (*Military History of Charles XII.*, London, 1740, 2 vols., ‘from the Swedish,’ through the French) and Köhler (*Münchelustigungen*), for some authentic traits of his life and him.”

‡ Carlyle, *ubi supra*.

A FEDERAL FORAY.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY. MRS. BUSHEY.

"The contrast is frequently drawn by our old men between the conduct of the English, in the war of 1812, and the conduct of the hordes of Lincoln now. The English invaded us, but respected the property and regarded the rights of unarmed citizens. The same counties have been invaded by Lincoln. He has devastated and laid them waste."—*Letter from Captain Maury, C. Navy, on American Affairs, to Admiral Fitz Roy, R.N., Meteorological Department, Board of Trade and Admiralty, London.—Athenæum, Dec. 21, 1861.*

It was a bright but somewhat cold morning, when a party of marines and soldiers—the latter a portion of a regiment of volunteers from one of the Northern States of the Union—descended the side of the Federal sloop of war *Indiana*, which was lying at anchor at the mouth of a tolerably large river which empties itself into the sea on the coast of North Carolina, and got into some boats that were tossing on the waves beneath. The men were all well armed, and the whole party seemed in high spirits, with the single exception of the captain of the sloop-of-war, who looked somewhat downcast and uneasy. He, however, gave his orders in a clear, firm voice, but he appeared displeased at the jests which some of the men, with little regard to due subordination, were bandying with each other about the work they "guessed" they were to be employed on, and thundered, "Silence, there! You are to do your duty, and not to babble among yourselves."

And what was the duty on which they were going to be engaged?

They were starting on a marauding expedition. They were to march a little way inland, towards a few country-houses, where some of the most opulent families in the neighbourhood resided, and were to pillage them and burn them to the ground. It was a chivalric enterprise certainly, reminding one of the days when the Norse pirates used to make descents on the shores of France, England, and the north of Scotland, ravaging and destroying everything that came within their reach, and then escaping with their booty to their own wild fiords and fastnesses. But it was not exactly a mode of warfare to be expected in the nineteenth century, and among a people deeming themselves civilised and Christian, however consonant to the ideas of the followers of Odin, whose highest anticipation of delight in the future world was to drink mead, or probably some more celestial beverage, from the skulls of their slaughtered foes.

Nevertheless, plunder and destruction of property, if not slaughter, were the avowed objects of this gallant band, who were commanded by Captain Weston, of the sloop of war *Indiana*, Lieutenants Davidson and Muggins, of the New England Volunteers, and a non-commissioned officer of marines. A few sailors made up the rather heterogeneous party.

Captain Weston was not only the commander-in-chief, but also the guide of this fraction of the Federal forces, for he knew the locality well,

having been not long before employed on a survey of the coast—a peaceful survey—made for the general good, before the disruption of the Union had taken place. While employed on this expedition, he had been most hospitably received by the families in the neighbourhood, and had visited on particularly intimate terms at the house of Mr. Villars—the very one which, being nearest the coast, was to be first attacked. No wonder that Captain Weston looked grave and uneasy. Was memory busy conjuring up the scenes that had passed in that house—the pleasant hours he had spent there, the kindness he had received from all its inmates? Could the fierce passions aroused by civil war annihilate the cherished feelings of the past, and awaken a stern pride in performing the dreadful duties entailed by it? Perhaps so—for

The human heart is fearfully and wonderfully made.

The party marched on, without any display of flags, or sound of bugle or drum, through the quiet country, passing by a little village, or fishing hamlet, without attempting to do the slightest injury to its humble inhabitants, some of whom gazed at them with curiosity, while others fled in terror.

“Suppose we try our hand on this hole we are passing,” cried Mr. Muggins, “and make a nice little bonfire of it?”

“And so give warning to the country round that we are coming, and bring the dragoons down on us, if they are at —,” replied Captain Weston, sharply. “That would be a wise act indeed!”

“I would rather meet these same dragoons,” exclaimed Lieutenant Davidson, “than go only to encounter and frighten a parcel of women and children.”

“Why should you think that the place is denuded of men?” asked Captain Weston.

“Because I suppose the gentlemen—at least the young ones—have gone to serve in the Confederate army as volunteers, and are absent, therefore, from their homes, as I am from mine. Weston, I don’t half like being turned into a land-pirate. I would fight the rebels with all my heart and soul in a fair open fight, but this sneaking sort of work I can’t endure.”

“Go back to the *Indiana*, then; I dare say we shall be able to manage the business without you.”

“Well, there’s no fun in fighting without getting some booty, say I!” exclaimed Muggins; “and I’m not very particular where it comes from. I dare say the people we’re going to touch up first are tarnation rich.”

No one answered him, and almost unbroken silence was maintained during the rest of the march, which was shortened by Captain Weston’s knowledge of the neighbourhood. Instead of adhering to the circuitous route by the highway, he led them occasionally across meadows and fields, and through by-paths, so that it was not long before they came in view of Rosemount, a handsome house standing on the lower declivity of a hill that was thickly wooded half way up. In front of the house was a sloping lawn, that looked like a gigantic carpet of green velvet, while on one side were some tall shrubberies, and on the other smiling gardens, ornamented by jets d’eau, pretty summer-houses, and terraced walks bordered with

magnificent flowers. At a little distance lower down were to be seen the negro houses, forming a neat little settlement, shaded by trees, and with a rivulet, clear as crystal, flowing past it. It was a picturesque and a peaceful scene.

But no living creature was to be descried, nor even the bark of a dog to be heard. Had the family been apprised of the intended attack and deserted the place? Perhaps Captain Weston wished in his heart that this might be the case; but he made no remark, while Davidson could not refrain from expressing his hope that they might find nothing but the bare walls, and Muggins intimated to his companions his fear that there was a trap laid for them. Captain Weston thought this was not improbable, and therefore proposed that most of the party should conceal themselves in little groups behind walls, bushes, and trees, while he, Lieutenant Davidson, and half a dozen picked men should go forward to reconnoitre the premises. This arrangement was of course agreed to by all, except by Muggins, who dreaded that Weston and Davidson would possess themselves of whatever money and portable articles of value could be found before they called him and the men in ambush up. He judged of others by himself, and his suspicions being aroused, he refused to remain behind; so the three officers and the six others proceeded towards the dwelling-house. Not a soul was visible, and the front door was closed.

"Wait here a moment," said Captain Weston; "I will just go round the corner quietly. The library is there, and one of its windows can be opened, I know, from the outside, if the shutters are not fastened."

The lieutenants and their men halted before the two or three broad steps in front of the house, and Captain Weston stole softly up the narrower gravel walk by the side of the house. He tried one of the windows, and the sash, as it had often done in days gone by, yielded to his touch. He stooped and jumped into the room, but he had hardly raised his head when he perceived a young lady, who had opened a door on the opposite side of the room, enter the library at the same moment.

Captain Weston stopped short, while he exclaimed, "Aurora! *You here?*"

"Charles, dear! dear Charles!" cried the young lady, bounding forward, her beautiful face lighted up with joy. "What miracle—what especial blessing of Providence sent *you* here just now? We are threatened with an attack from some Federal—" she hesitated a moment—"some lawless men, who have assumed the name of Federal troops; but now that you are here, you will protect us, and prevent their outrages."

"When did *you* come here?" he asked, hurriedly. "I thought—I hoped you were safe at your father's house."

"My uncle had to go to Norfolk on business. My cousins are both away with General Beauregard's army, and my poor aunt has been lately such an invalid that she could not be left without some companionship. I came to stay with her, and arrived here only yesterday evening. Oh, dearest Charles! this is a cruel war—a dreadful state of things! How little we anticipated such a meeting when we parted last!"

She had taken one of his hands between both her own, and was pressing it with her soft fingers. She did not perceive that it lay there cold and rigid, like the hand of a corpse.

"Aurora, you must not stay here ; your sunt and you must take shelter somewhere else. Go at once to the negro houses—to old Tibby's will be best ; you will be safe there."

"But, Charles, you are a Federal officer ; you must have some influence over these marauders. You will never let them plunder my uncle's property and destroy his house ! Good Heavens !" she cried, "here they come. Oh, Charles, save us !"

The tramp of feet was heard on the gravel walk, and presently Muggins, followed by Davidson, entered the library by the open window, while the six men formed a semicircle round it on the outside.

"Halloa !" cried Muggins, with an oath and a coarse laugh, "this is one way of reconnoitring—dilly-dallying with a pretty gal. I dare say you've had a kiss, and it's my turn now."

Aurora dropped Captain Weston's hand and drew back a few paces, while she looked at the vulgar intruder with a flashing eye.

Davidson quickly placed himself between her and Muggins, and bowing respectfully to Aurora, he said,

"Young lady, you had better not remain here, nor indeed in the house. Seek safety somewhere else, I beseech of you."

"Captain Weston knows us well !" said Aurora, without evincing the least alarm. "He will not allow any one to injure us."

"That's a good 'un !" cried Muggins, thrusting his tongue to one side of his wide mouth. "What did he bring us here for, then ? He said he knew even every rat-hole in the house ; that he had often been

Up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber.

He was a tarnation lucky dog—eh, Davidson ? But he's come on another errand now, I guess, than billing and cooing ; he's come to do a little job first in the way of booty, and then to make the house too hot for the rebels that live in it."

"It is false," cried Aurora, stamping her little foot in anger on the ground. "You slander him basely."

"Ask Davidson if you don't believe me ; ask those fellows out there ; ask himself, he can't deny it."

Captain Weston was standing as motionless as if he had been suddenly transformed into a pillar of salt or a statue of stone. Aurora sprang forwards, and grasping his arm, cried in great agitation,

"Charles ! oh Charles ! tell me that this is not true ; tell me that you have not come here to rob, and murder, and destroy ; tell me that you have not thrown off the ties of friendship, the ties of——" She stopped a second, and then went on—"the ties of affection, the faith that you so lately vowed. Speak, Charles Weston ! speak, and deny this monstrous accusation !"

Captain Weston glanced for a moment at the beautiful girl, whose usually sweet and placid countenance was glowing with emotion ; then, averting his eyes, he answered in a low and husky voice :

"I must perform my duty to my country at every cost, and at every sacrifice of personal feeling, my honour demanded——"

"Hush ! Do not speak of your honour ; you have forfeited *that*," she exclaimed, imperiously.

"We did not come here only to hold a palaver, as the Indians say ;

instead of stamping your foot, and taking the airs of a tragedy queen, you had better show us quietly where the money and the plate is kept," cried Muggins, rudely. Then turning to Weston he said, "Captain Weston, if you're going to turn tail, I'll take the command. Come along, young ooman," he added, laying his broad red paw upon Aurora's shoulder.

Captain Weston started, and at the same moment both he and Davidson seized Muggins's arm, and released Aurora from his rude touch.

"Come with me," cried Weston, "and you shall get what you want."

"Presently," replied Muggins; "but a word with the men first."

He strode to the open window, said something to the men outside, who immediately disappeared, and then followed Weston out of the room.

Aurora and Mr. Davidson were left alone.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, calmly, "but do I understand aright that the object of this visit is to sack the house, and then to burn it?"

"It is, I am sorry to say," he replied; "and when the rest of the men come up, I fear there will be wild work. Let me entreat you to seek for yourself, and any other ladies who may be in the house, a safer shelter. We have orders not to touch the negro houses. Let me escort you to one of them."

"Thank you, we shall find our own way. You must remain to do your *duty*," she answered, with a sneering emphasis on the word duty.

"This discreditable and odious duty was not sought by *me* at least," cried Davidson; "it was forced on me."

"Was it also forced on Charles Weston?" she asked, eagerly.

"I think not; he might have avoided it."

"I am much obliged to you for telling me the truth in regard to your friend, and——"

"He is *not* my friend," said Davidson, interrupting her, "nor is that brutal Muggins. I am unhappily associated with them, but I despise them both."

After hastily thanking him for wishing to provide for her safety, Aurora left the library, and hurried up-stairs to the chamber of her invalid aunt. She found the poor woman in the utmost consternation, wringing her hands in helpless terror, while Phœbe, her sambo waiting-maid, was trembling like an aspen-leaf, and groaning dismally.

"Aunt, put on your bonnet and shawl; fill your pocket with all the money in your desk, and as much of your jewellery as you can carry, and make your escape directly to the negro houses. The ruffians who have just broken into the house have orders not to touch the negro houses. Go to old Tibby's, you will be safe there. And you, Phœbe, make up quickly a small parcel of your mistress's clothes, and take her through the shrubbery to your grandmother's house. Be quick, be quick, or you will be burned alive!"

"How do you know that we shall be in less danger at the negro houses than here, Aurora? Who told you so?"

"Charles Weston," gasped Aurora. "He desired me to get you out of this house and down to Tibby's immediately."

"Charles Weston!" echoed the old lady, in great astonishment. "What brought him here? When did he arrive? Did you expect him? Ah, I dare say, you sly girl, you knew he was coming, though

you did not tell me. Well, thank Heaven he *is* here. Phoebe, go and call Captain Weston to me; tell him I must see him immediately. Aurora, I shall put the house and ourselves under his protection," she added, unpinning the shawl which her niece had just wrapped round her.

"He cannot protect you, aunt, if he would; he is the leader of the marauding party."

"You must be mad, child, to say so; terror has turned your brain. Charles Weston, our friend, your lover, almost your affianced husband? Impossible!"

"It is too true, aunt; and hark that crash! The work of destruction has begun."

There was a knock at the door; Phoebe crept under the bed to hide herself, and Mrs. Villars sank almost fainting on a sofa. Aurora walked firmly to the door, and opened it. She had half hoped that Charles Weston himself might have come to assist in her aunt's escape, but it was only "Uncle Louis," as he was called, one of the head domestics, who had lived in the family from his infancy.

"Miss Rora, you and missis mus go to de neger house, maum; dese dom Yankees will be up here soon."

"Where is Captain Weston, Louis?" cried Mrs. Villars.

"Trying to break open massa's bureau, missis; he and one of dem debils—beg pardon, Miss Rora, it is de terrible trut."

"I know it is," replied Aurora, bitterly; "but, Louis, *you* wish to save your mistress's life, and your master's property, I am sure. Run to the stables, saddle Bayard—the fleetest horse there, I think—and ride for your life to the barracks near — town. See Major Fitzwilliam, tell him what is going on here, and beg him to send some of the dragoons directly. Stop, I will write a line to him, and if he is away, give it to whatever officer is in command."

She turned to a pretty writing-table, and scrawled off a hurried note, mentioning the attack by the Federals and their intention to burn the house after having plundered it, and entreating that he would either bring or send assistance without delay. She concluded with:

"Save my poor aunt—save my absent uncle's property—and rely on the deep gratitude of
"AURORA VILLARS."

"Take this, Louis, and do not lose a moment; but before you go, if you can see Robin, send him to me."

Louis went, and almost immediately after Robin, an elderly negro man, who was a confidential servant, came.

"Robin," asked Aurora, "how many of these wretches are there?"

"Me no count dem yet, Miss Rora, but dere is a good many."

"What are they about?"

"Some of dem is stuffing away in de kitchen and de pantry; some of dem is in the dining-room, stealing de silver forks and spoons from de luncheon-table; some in de pore drawing-rooms, breaking our beautiful chaneys. Oh, Miss Rora! what sall we do?"

"Listen, Robin: take the key of the wine-cellar—pretend to be on their side— inveigle them into the cellar, knock in the head of a puncheon of old rum, show them the brandy and the champagne, encourage them

to drink, and, depend on it, most of them will soon be in a state of stupid intoxication."

Robin grinned from ear to ear, as he replied:

"Eh, eh, Miss Rora! You raily one good giniral. I hope dey will drink till dey all dead carpses."

With this charitable wish old Robin departed, and Aurora managed to get her aunt and Phoebe quietly down a back staircase and safely within the shelter of the shrubbery, a path through which led down to the negro houses. She left them there, and, telling Mrs. Villars that she would speedily rejoin her, she returned to the house she had just quitted, in order to watch the success of Robin's mission.

When Captain Weston had withdrawn Muggins from the library, he took him, as he had promised, to a small room near, which was appropriated entirely to the use of Mr. Villars. It was called by the family "the armoury," because Mr. Villars, who had a passion for the weapons used in war by different nations and in different ages, had gathered together, and hung round its walls, old swords, sabres, and battle-axes, boomerangs, tomahawks, clubs—in short, specimens of almost every description of missile belonging to savage tribes as well as to civilized nations.

"What's the use of any of this rubbish to me?" asked Muggins, angrily. "I don't care for nasty old rusty swords and daggers."

Presently he perceived a large old-fashioned bureau in one corner of the room, and rubbing his hands, he cried:

"Ah! that's more to the purpose. I dare say there's a lot of money in that old thing. Where can the keys be?"

"I suppose Mr. Villars has them," replied Weston. "You won't find them."

"Never mind, we'll break it open. And this stout old axe will just do," said Muggins, taking an ancient battle-axe from its place on the wall. "I have not been a butcher for nothing. I've killed lots of oxen, and know how to give a good strong blow."

The redoubtable Mr. Timothy Muggins, lieutenant in the —— regiment of New England Volunteers, had been a butcher at Boston—a person in that grade of butcher-life who killed the animals with his own hand, and cut them up to boot. Up to the time that the civil war broke out he had been quite content with seeing the brute creation suffer and bleed, but after that period he was seized with martial fire, and quitted the shambles to try his hand on human carcases. By means of bribery he was made a lieutenant, and, not being at all humble-minded, he considered that he was quite on a footing even with General McClellan himself. The stout oak bureau resisted for a long time the axe and the butcher-lieutenant; at length, however, it was broken open, and, after wiping *il sudor* from his brow, the panting Muggins commenced his search for the "almighty dollars." Pigeon-holes and secret drawers were all ransacked one after the other, letters and papers were scattered on the floor, and the eager search for money went on with a perseverance worthy of a better pursuit.

In the mean time, some of the marauders had ascended to the drawing-rooms, and, in wanton mischief, were destroying everything there; breaking the beautiful Bohemian glass vases, alabaster statuettes,

and costly china, dragging down from the walls the valuable pictures, stabbing them through and through and breaking the frames, ripping up the chairs and sofas, and cutting the handsome carpet. The mirrors and chandeliers had as yet escaped, but it would be their turn next.

The greater number of the Federal intruders, however, were in the lower regions. They had burst into the store-room, and were cramming themselves and their pockets there, when Robin stole in among them, and, holding up a large key, said to those nearest to him:

"Come wid me. I hab steal de wine-cellar key, and we'll hab a nice jollification. Nigger like rum and old wine as much as white man do."

The bait took. The men rushed to the cellar, where Robin pointed out the brandy and whisky, the champagne, and other wines, and, knocking in the head of a cask of rum, invited the men to help themselves. There was another rush to the pantry cupboards to obtain tumblers, cups, bowls—everything they could lay their hands on that could hold liquor—and then the thirsty intruders returned to the charge, and did full justice to the sagacity of Aurora's scheme. The usually quiet house was like a perfect pandemonium, with uproar above and uproar below, and old Robin began to fear at length that the wine and spirits the men were pouring down their throats, instead of stupifying them, would but render them more savage. Only one or two had become *hors de combat*, a few were trying to steady themselves as they staggered among the broken bottles, but most of them were still with flushed or deadly white faces quaffing the potent liquors.

It is said that habits of intoxication are prevalent in the Federal army, notwithstanding the stringent efforts made by the commanding officers to suppress them. Perhaps Aurora had heard of this, and that the report, whether true or false, had suggested her scheme to her. After some time, she appeared for one moment in the stone passage leading to the wine cellar, and making a sign to old Robin, he stole out and joined her, as she drew back for fear of being observed.

"Lock them in now, Robin," she whispered, "and give me the key. Be quick!"

As quick as thought her order was obeyed; the door was shut in a second, and the heavy key turned twice in the lock. With a low, chuckling laugh, Robin handed the key to Miss Villars, and then asked what he was to do next.

"We can do nothing more just yet; we can only watch them," she replied. "I hope to Heaven the troops from — may arrive before they set fire to the house. Hark! What is that?"

Old Robin glided like a spirit up the stairs, and was down again in less than a minute:

"De debile is trying to break open de plate-closet, ma'am. Oh, dat I should lib to see dis day! And Captain Veston—oh, Miss Rora!—*He wid dem!*"

"Is he helping to break open the closet?" asked Aurora, calmly.

"No, maum, no! But he dere wid dem."

"Where can the other officers be?"

"One is tumping at de pore closet door wid all him might; de oder hab dissappear. Perhaps he is stealing at de top ob de house."

The worthy Robin, however, wronged Mr. Davidson, who was taking

no part either in the thefts or the destruction of property that were going on. He had tried in vain to prevent the men from demolishing the ornaments and furniture in the drawing-rooms, and had then proceeded farther up-stairs, and was nervously pacing up and down the corridor into which the bedrooms and dressing-rooms of the family opened. A little negro girl, in her fright, had shown him which were Miss Rora's and old missis's rooms, and he was keeping watch upon them, lest any of the rude soldiery should attempt to intrude into them. "They shall not be insulted, if they are still in this house," he mentally vowed. "But perhaps they have taken refuge in the negro houses, for all seems quiet in these chambers."

The busy group in the cellar soon found out that they had been caught in a trap, and they began to shout for their comrades, as well as to try if they could not force the door; but it was an exceedingly strong one, and resisted all their attempts to break it open. The bottles and stone jars inside could not serve as battering-rams, so they found that egress by the way they had entered was not to be obtained. The window, to which they had turned their attention, was quite out of their reach, being placed near the roof, on a side of the cellar in which there were no shelves by means of which to mount up to it, and it was, besides, well secured by thick iron bars. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to submit to imprisonment until some of their party should miss them and come to their relief; and, in the mean time, they resumed their potations. Any one passing near might have heard drunken shouts, hoarse laughter, snatches of songs, and all manner of oaths, issuing from that improvised place of confinement. But no one did pass near it except old Robin, who now and then stole softly down, to listen to what the enemy were about.

While perambulating the corridor up-stairs with no very enviable feelings, Mr. Davidson suddenly caught a glimpse, from a window in a recess, of a female figure, hastily traversing a garden path, which was sheltered by trees and tall bushes from the view of any one in the drawing-rooms or lower apartments of the house. It disappeared, and then appeared again, according to the somewhat winding course of the path. He gazed eagerly at this flitting figure, and soon perceived that it was Miss Villars, who presently entered a narrow but somewhat high building at one extremity of the garden. The building was in the form of a tower, and had loopholes in its sides for windows. Mr. Villars had erected this imitation of an ancient tower, in order to obtain from the upper part of it a good view of the surrounding country, and the top was reached by a winding staircase inside.

Aurora had gone there, not to seek a place of refuge—as Davidson supposed—but in order to watch for the anxiously wished-for approach of the Confederate troops from — town.

"Would Major Fitzwilliam come? If not himself, would he send assistance? Oh! surely, surely," she thought; "for my uncle's sake, for the sake of humanity, he will—though *I* have no right to expect anything from him."

And why had Aurora no reason to expect any attention to her wishes from him?

Because she had slighted him for another, and had, as *he* thought,

almost jilted him, although *she* considered that she was only exercising her right of choice.

The fathers of Henry Fitzwilliam and of Aurora Villars had been intimate friends from their boyhood. They were both men of fortune and influence in North Carolina, and resided not far from each other. Each had an only child, and Henry, who was some years older than Aurora, had known her from her infancy. When a child, she was to him like a little sister; but as time wore on, and he had passed from boyhood to manhood, and she had grown into a lovely girl, his feelings assumed another tone, and he became her ardent admirer. He was a high-principled, fine young man; well educated, gentlemanly, and agreeable in manners. He had spent some years in Europe, where he had mixed in good society, and had not neglected to avail himself of the means of improvement to be found in its great capitals.

Aurora was on intimate terms with him; she danced, rode, drove, and sang with him, and talked more to him than to any other gentleman. He had, therefore, some grounds for concluding that he stood pretty high in her good graces, and she was wrong to leave him under this impression—for though he had never made any direct proposal to her at that time, she pretty well knew what were his intentions, and she was fully aware of the wishes of the elder branches of the two families. But she had no warmer feeling for him than friendship, and she used to say to her aunt at Rosemount—for she had no mother alive, or no sister to be her confidante—that though she *liked* Henry, she did not *love* him—at least according to her ideas of what love might be. “And you know, aunt,” she would add, “I can’t tell him to go about his business, and think no more of me, when he has never yet come to the point.”

Aurora frequently stayed with her uncle and aunt at Rosemount—in fact, their house was her second home—for though they had two sons, they had no daughter, and she was like one to them.

It was during a visit she was paying at Rosemount that she met Captain Weston, of the United States navy. He was, as before mentioned, engaged in making a survey of the coast, but he was much on shore, having been very hospitably received by all the families who resided in the neighbourhood. At Rosemount, in particular, he was most kindly welcomed, and soon became quite *l’ami de la maison*. Of Mrs. Villars he was an especial favourite, and it was not long before he became the same of her pretty niece. Captain Weston was very handsome, and had great fascination of manners, when he chose to exercise it. He found Aurora a very agreeable addition to the family circle at Rosemount; she was a charming girl, and, moreover, she would have a large fortune. Captain Weston had nothing but his pay; the heiress was worth trying for; so he paid her the most decided attention, and soon won her heart.

Captain Weston never let the grass grow under his feet where his interest or his inclinations were concerned; to marry the beautiful North Carolina heiress was consonant to both, and he was still more determined to make good his purpose when he found that he had a rival “to cut out.” Mrs. Villars decidedly favoured his pretensions; but her husband and his brother, Aurora’s father, both wished her to become the wife of Henry Fitzwilliam, and the uncle, therefore,

was rather cold to Weston, when his eyes were opened to what was going on.

Henry Fitzwilliam was the more amiable and trustworthy of the two, but Charles Weston was the most showy, and had more self-confidence than his rival. Young ladies do not always choose well or wisely, any more than young men; but Aurora thought her dear Charles perfection, and was vexed that her father would not take her word for this. She was resolved, however, to have her own way, and when the two gentlemen proposed, which, oddly enough, they did on the same day, she refused Fitzwilliam, and accepted the naval officer. This was a great triumph to Weston, and a terrible blow to Fitzwilliam; it was also a great disappointment to her uncle and her father. The latter was at that time at New Orleans, on business connected with property he had in Louisiana, and he declined ratifying the engagement until his return to North Carolina; but Aurora and Mrs. Villars both assured Weston that the old gentleman would be quite willing and anxious for the marriage when he became personally acquainted with him.

Thus matters stood when Captain Weston was recalled to the North by an order from the naval department of the United States government, and not long after that the unfortunate civil war broke out, which has done such fatal injury, not only to individuals, but to the country at large.

We have seen under what circumstances the lovers met again, and the dreadful revulsion of feeling on Aurora's part may well be conceived. She could form no apology in her own mind for Captain Weston; his conduct seemed to her inexcusable—indeed, he had scarcely himself endeavoured to excuse it. If Mr. Davidson were to be believed, Weston had chosen to join in the attack on the property of his friends; but, even supposing this were an unfounded and malignant assertion, he was commander on board his own ship, and unless he came to protect Rosemount—which he had not done—he might surely have deputed the task to one of his lieutenants which ought to have been odious to himself. No: she perceived that she had been mistaken in him. It was a terrible pang to admit this even to herself, and she felt humbled as well as angry that she had allowed herself to be so duped.

"It must have been my fortune he wanted," she exclaimed bitterly to herself, "and not me that he cared for, or he *could* not have come on such an errand here this day. He perhaps thought that I would hold him to his engagement, and that he would be burdened with a pauper wife, as my father could not be expected to bestow wealth on a Federal and a foe. Oh! it is too shocking to be so suddenly and rudely awakened from the dream that has been so delightful, the fancies that have been so cherished!"

Such and other thoughts were chasing each other through Aurora's mind, as she stood gazing through the highest loophole of the tower at the road from — town. She imagined she saw something like a cloud of dust. "They are coming!" she cried—"coming to stop all the devastation that is going on yonder!" But she looked again more intently, and then perceived that what she had mistaken for a cloud of dust was only a mass of decayed leaves, swept by the sharp autumn wind in eddies from the trees that bordered the road.

"Can that be artillery?" she thought, as she caught a glimpse through

the trees of some ponderous vehicle coming along the highway. Ah, no! she discovered it was only a heavy cart, when it came more fully into view. She was like sister Anne, in "Bluebeard," watching for the rescue which seemed to be never coming. But it *did* come at last. Yes; these were assuredly the dragoons, and Major Fitzwilliam himself was at their head. But who could be in that carriage which was following the troops so closely? Could it be her uncle returning unexpectedly; or her father himself, who had heard that a Federal ship-of-war and Federal troops were off the coast, and was coming to remove her to a place of more safety? If so, how cruelly different would be the meeting between him and Weston now, from what it might and ought to have been!

Lieutenant Davidson was the first to notice the approach of the Confederate troops, and he hastened to apprise Weston and Muggins of it, and to collect the men together, so as to defend themselves, if they could, from the enemy. But to gather their whole party appeared to be impossible; those who were destroying the drawing-rooms, and various stragglers about the house, were indeed collected, and charged to fight for their lives; but where were all the rest? Their mysterious disappearance was quite unaccountable to every one. In vain the black servants were questioned; in vain the outhouses and negro houses were searched. No one could tell or imagine where they were; in fact, no one knew except old Robin, and he would have cut his tongue out rather than have told. The men he had locked up had become tired of shouting and roaring to no purpose; in fact, they had all become more or less stupified from indulgence in the seemingly inexhaustible stores of drink at their disposal, and they expected that when they were missed their officers would find out where they were shut up, and have them released.

When Muggins heard that the Confederate troops were at hand, he suggested that the house should be instantly set fire to; and Weston approving the plan, the soldiers, sailors, and marines who had been called together by Davidson, and ought to have formed a compact body to receive the enemy, were speedily scattered again to bring fagots and lighted brands wherewith to commence the conflagration. They consequently fell an easier prey to the dragoons, who soon arrived, and with very slender opposition made prisoners of them all. Major Fitzwilliam was surprised to find such a mere handful of men, for old Louis had represented that there were "a goodish many;" of course he concluded that the negro, in his terror, had exaggerated the number, but old Robin beckoned him aside, and disclosing to him "Miss Rora's idea," told him where the rest of the party were in durance.

They were released—only, however, to be transferred from one place of confinement to another. Before removing the prisoners, Major Fitzwilliam gave orders that they should be searched, and all their plunder taken from them. These orders were rigorously carried out, first on the common men, and then on the officers, who had been permitted to remain in the dining-room, while the men were outside of the house. Muggins looked very corpulent; he was the first searched, and many were the dollars, the gold pieces, and the portable articles of plate rescued from his capacious pockets. He had resisted the search to no

avail. Davidson, who was the next taken in hand, submitted quietly to the operation, but nothing whatsoever was found upon him, except what was clearly his own property. It then came to Captain Weston's turn, and warmly did he protest against such an insult to a gentleman and an officer of the United States navy—but his protestations were as unheeded as the resistance offered by Muggins had been—and from him were taken a small packet of papers, labelled "Government despatches—Important," and a miniature of Aurora, which belonged to her uncle. When this was found, he coloured crimson up to the very roots of his hair, and cast a look of deadly hatred upon Major Fitzwilliam, to whom the miniature and the packet of papers were handed. To do him justice, he had neither appropriated to himself money, jewellery, nor plate.

It was at this moment that the door opened, and Aurora Villars entered the dining-room. She walked straight up to Major Fitzwilliam, and said:

"I have a great favour to ask of you. I trust that you will kindly grant it to me."

"Certainly I will," replied Fitzwilliam, "if it be not inconsistent with my duty."

"My prayer to you is for the liberation of one of your prisoners. Oh! Major Fitzwilliam, do not refuse to listen to it, if you have the power of setting him free."

Fitzwilliam turned as pale as death; the colour forsook his very lips, while he demanded, in a husky voice:

"Which of them, Miss Villars?"

He expected to hear her name her lover, Captain Weston, and Weston himself felt certain that it was for *his* freedom she was making the appeal. To the great surprise of both, therefore, she named Mr. Davidson.

"He has behaved in the most gentlemanly and courteous manner," she said, eagerly, "and would not have permitted any rudeness to my aunt or myself. Make some difference between him and the others, I beg of you."

"I am very sorry," replied the major, "that I have not the power to comply with your request, or I should cheerfully do so, but I will make immediate representations in his favour to the proper authorities; in the mean time, Mr. Davidson," he added, going up to him, "take back the sword which you have not disgraced." And he handed the lieutenant's sword to him. But Davidson refused to accept it, and declared his wish to be treated exactly as his companions were. At the same time he thanked Miss Villars for her kind intercession. Aurora, who looked much disappointed, was about to go, when Captain Weston stepped forward, and, apparently making a great effort, asked Fitzwilliam if he might be allowed to say a few words to Miss Villars.

"If she wishes it—certainly," was the reply.

Aurora stopped, and then led the way to an alcove at the other end of the room, where they could both be seen, but might speak without being overheard.

"Aurora," he said, without, before so many witnesses, even attempting to take her hand, "my conduct to-day must seem strange to you, but let me entreat you to suspend your judgment until you can hear my explanation. You have promised to confide to me the happiness of your future life, and you will not think harshly of him to whom you made

that promise. You will forgive me, I know, love, for what may have seemed unkind."

He threw much pathos into the tone of his voice, and much tenderness into the expression of his countenance.

"I will forgive you, as a Christian ought to do, Charles Weston; but I can never forget the events of this dreadful day. No explanation you could possibly offer would remove the impression made by them."

"I had no idea that *you* were at Rosemount, Aurora."

"But you knew that your kind friend, my poor aunt, was here; you knew that this was my uncle's house, and yet you were the leader of a party to pillage and destroy his property, and to frighten her into her grave. Captain Weston, can such an outrage be excusable on any plea?"

"Have I permitted a hair of your head to be injured?"

"You did nothing to prevent any injury to me. However, had it been only myself in question, I might, in my folly, have overlooked your most unaccountable behaviour; but your ingratitude, your treachery towards those excellent people, who received you, a stranger, as if you had been a member of their own family, how should I ever excuse all this?"

"I think I might expect some feeling for *me* also from my affianced wife, Aurora. I think you might believe my word that I can explain all, and that to speak of his 'treachery' to your future husband is rather strong language. Do not let this short interview end in bitterness, dear Aurora. It is hard enough on me to be in the power of a rival whom I abhor—of the presumptuous fellow who fancied, forsooth, that *you* were ready to be his at his slightest word, or rather at his mere bidding."

"You mistake him; he has no such overweening opinion of himself."

"I *will* not hear you defend him and praise him. I know he was encouraged by your uncle; but have you not assured me over and over again that you did not care for him, that you loved me, and that you would marry me, however your family might prefer him?"

"I acknowledge that I did, and I am, perhaps, deservedly punished for my opposition to the wishes of my good father. I do not accuse you of deceiving me, for, alas! I deceived myself. But the scales have fallen from my eyes, and henceforth we can be nothing to each other."

"You are speaking under the influence of angry and excited feelings, Aurora. You will regret these words when you reflect calmly upon them. I shall, therefore, excuse them, and try to forget them. But the engagement, so solemnly entered into, my Aurora, cannot be thus lightly broken. I will not relinquish it, for *my* sentiments towards you are unchanged. I hope that we may soon meet again under happier auspices, and that I shall then have the felicity of making you my own."

"No; everything is at an end between you and me. An angel from heaven could not have prejudiced me against you, Charles Weston; but your own actions have dispelled my infatuation—my madness, I may call it. Take back the pledge I accepted so gladly, and valued so much; it is worthless to me *now*." And as she said these words she drew from one of her slender fingers a turquoise ring, which Captain Weston had given her as a *gage d'amour*, and held it out to him.

He stood motionless for one moment, while a gust of fury seemed to sweep over his features, and every vein in his forehead swelled with passion; then he exclaimed:

"Cold, unfeeling girl! The time may come when you may repent

your heartless conduct—when you may sue to me again for protection, as you did this day. Yes! when we have crushed your rebel country, and the proudest among you are crawling in the dust before us, you—haughty as you now are—may seek by all means in your power to renew the ties you now wish to sever, and may be too thankful to become my wife.”

“Never, Captain Weston—never! In no circumstances of life could I marry a man I had learned to despise.”

He snatched the ring from her hand, threw it on the floor, and stamping fiercely on it, crushed it to atoms. This was the work of a moment; in the next, Aurora had left the alcove, and walked back to the group, who were waiting at the other end of the apartment. Captain Weston followed her immediately. She stopped only to shake hands with Mr. Davidson, and then saying, with a slight bow of her head, to Major Fitzwilliam:

“Henry, we shall hope to see you soon,” she left the room without so much as casting a single glance on Charles Weston.

The removal of the prisoners then commenced. The men, though some of them could hardly stand, were to march to the adjacent town, but Major Fitzwilliam requested the three officers to make use of the carriage he had brought to Rosemount in case the ladies might need it, which would otherwise have to return empty.

There was great joy among the negroes when the cortège moved off, and as it left the avenue and gained the high road, a shout, or rather yell of triumph, broke harshly on the ears of the discomfited prisoners. Aurora, meanwhile, had hurried to her own chamber, and locked the door. Then all her firmness forsook her, and she burst into a passion of tears, while she sobbed, in broken words:

“And it is all over—all, all over! Oh, Charles—Charles! What a meeting—what a parting! Would that I had died before I had seen this miserable day! Heaven help me to subdue these wild emotions—this ill-fated affection! Traitor! I will tear him from my heart—I will tear him from my thoughts! Would that he had never crossed my path!”

Poor Aurora! To efface from the heart and the thoughts the image that has been engraven and cherished there, is, alas! no easy task. God help those whom duty or necessity compel to attempt it!

The prisoners were lodged in the gaol at — town; the best quarters that could be found there were allotted to the officers, and every possible kindness and indulgence were shown to them all. Major Fitzwilliam, as he had promised, had applied for, and obtained, an order for the liberation of Mr. Davidson, but that gentleman declined to avail himself of it; he would not even accept the permission offered him to go out on his parole, but expressed his determination to share in all respects the fate of his companions. However, he could not be so churlish as to refuse to receive the numerous little articles of comfort and luxury which were often sent to him, he pretty well guessed by whom.

After the prisoners had been rather more than two months in “durance vile,” an exchange of prisoners was agreed on, and those at — town were included among the number. The morning on which they were to be set at liberty happened to be an unusually brilliant one; the skies were clear and cloudless, the air balmy though bracing, and all nature seemed to be revelling in a joyful holiday. The Federal sailors and

volunteers were to march, escorted by a detachment of Confederate troops, to a place a little way from the town, where conveyances of different kinds were to be in waiting to take them to the canal, by means of which they were to be transported to their destination. Shortly after leaving the prison, they had to pass through a square in which was situated the principal church of the little town. Here, however, they were compelled to halt nearly opposite the front doors of the church, for the space almost to the foot of the church steps was crowded with people of all colours: it seemed as if the whole population of the town and the adjacent district had turned out and had gathered in that not very extensive part of the square, while just at the foot of the broad steps leading up to the church stood a row of carriages.

"What's up, I wonder?" cried Muggins. "What's all this mob for? To see us pass, I suppose?"

"No," said one of the soldiers of the escort; "it is a grand wedding that is going on. The lady is a great beauty and a great fortune."

Presently the air was rent with hurrahs, and the men in the crowd waved their hats and the women their handkerchiefs, for the bride and bridegroom had just passed through the centre door of the church, and appeared on the platform at the top of the steps. They came forward to descend the steps, followed by the young bridesmaids and groom's-men, and some older persons. The Federal officers looked up earnestly at them, and Captain Weston bit his lips till the blood sprang from them, for in the newly married pair he beheld—

Major Fitzwilliam and Aurora Villars!

"I say, Weston, that's the pretty gal you used to keep company with, I think, as well as I can see through that veil of hers. Jilted you, by Jove! Well, never mind, my boy; there's plenty of tarnation pretty gals to be found in the North, I guess."

"Be quiet, Muggins; hold your tongue, and let the poor fellow alone!" said Davidson in a low tone, but with that air of authority which always silenced the ex-butcher. "Don't you see how much he is annoyed already, without your disagreeable remarks?"

Weston had turned his head away, and kept his eyes studiously fixed on the grass in the centre of the square.

Just as she was about to descend the steps Aurora perceived Mr. Davidson, and kissed her hand to him. She looked very beautiful in her wedding-dress, and Major Fitzwilliam seemed the happiest and proudest of men. They were hastening to escape the gaze and the acclamations of the crowd, but were obliged to stand there a little longer, for the horses were being removed from their carriage, and a number of negro men from Rosemount were harnessing themselves to it. When this manœuvre was accomplished, Major Fitzwilliam handed the fair bride in, and the carriage was drawn off amidst loud shouts and lower blessings from the excited crowd.

The other carriages followed in succession, the people began to disperse, and the prisoners, with their escort, were able to move on again.

Perhaps amidst the dark chaos of passion, anger, mortification, and regret into which Captain Weston's mind was thrown, a small still voice might have made itself heard, reproaching him for the part he had borne in that "Federal foray," which, so wantonly commenced, had ended only in discomfiture to the whole party, and in such a loss to himself.

THE HEART VIA THE HEAD.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

SURELY the holders of rich livings can never die young. Looking along the general tenor of their lives, so many circumstances present themselves favourable to longevity, that an early death seems quite improbable. Temperance, exercise, and mental serenity are the great essentials to health. The two first must characterise the life of every Christian minister. The last is not so easily secured. The poor curate's most heavenward thoughts will be sadly dulled and marred by fear of debts and dread of duns. These troubles, at all events, cannot beset the well-beneficed clergyman. The waters of the stream of time will be to him calm and clear. They will bear his bark gently and pleasantly into the great haven.

But it may be questioned whether strict duty sanctions this quiet, unlaborious course, be the clergyman rich or poor. "Is it unlaborious?" may be asked. Prayers are read, sermons preached, in which men are told to believe and to exhibit the fruits of faith, the sick are comforted, children are taught, and the dead are interred with due ceremony. It is much, but we claim more from our religious instructors. While exhorting, beseeching us to believe, they should show us more completely why we should believe, and should more thoroughly remove from our path the stumbling-blocks in the way of faith.

Now here we must say a few words about faith. We are sorry for your protest, reader, but such few words are necessary to the purpose of this essay. The subject is as a river in our way, which must be forded. Let us ford it together. We shall soon be over.

The word faith seems to us to be generally misused. Faith is that full adhesion to revealed truth which must issue in good works. But the mass of men stand stoutly on their faith, while of good works their lives are anything but savoury. To explain this apparent discrepancy between doctrine and fact, we are advised from the pulpit of the existence of two kinds of faith—that of the intellect, which is barren, and that of the heart, which is fruitful. Yet surely there presents itself a better solution than this mystifying theory. There cannot possibly be two kinds of faith. The judgment once satisfied, belief inevitably ensues. If those fruits which faith, we know, must bear, be not exhibited, then the judgment has not been won. The man may say he believes, but he does not. Sin still wars, passion still rages, not because while his intellect has yielded to, his heart has rejected, the truth, but because to that truth his intellect has never been faithfully applied, and by it, therefore, has never been savingly convinced.

A familiar illustration of this difference between apparent and real belief may be drawn from daily life. A statement is made to us in a subject wherein we feel little or no interest, but the narrator is respectable, and we are not disposed to question his veracity. After languidly listening, and just catching about one word in ten, we interrupt the speaker as he is drawing to a close, by expressing our acquiescence in all

that he has said. Yet there is no other foundation for our words than a vague impression of the possible truth of what we have heard, and a profound indisposition to be at the trouble of closely examining it. Now this is not belief, and on such a mental effect not the least action would follow. But suddenly there falls from our visitor a few unexpected words which entirely change the character of our thoughts. We were beginning to deem the man a bore, and his story a nuisance. Now we see we have a great interest in both the narrator and the narrative. With trembling eagerness we call for a repetition of every word of the statement. We sift and criticise. In the nicest scales of our judgment we weigh every probability. And the result is conviction. So we declare. Mayhap we use only the very same words we used just now when we had heard but a tenth of the story, and hardly understood even that tenth. But how changed is the feeling within us! We said then we believed. It was not true, we merely did not deny. But now we in reality believe, and vigorous action will manifest our faith.

Now thus it is men treat religious matters. Mental effort is seldom loved for its own sake; the prize to be won is the stimulus to exertion. Is religious conviction a prize to be won? Own it, every unconverted heart, it presents a prospect anything but tempting. And the effort required to attain to it is severe. The mysteries of religion are many and profound. The moral constitution of man is a great mystery. Conscience, drawing us to the side of truth, is ever struggling with lust, which now beckons, now drags us to the camp of the enemy. The lesson of mortality is so constantly before us, that we might almost fancy death stalking openly amongst us, yet nearly every man lives on as though the whole world beside might, indeed, die, but he would still walk the earth in health and strength. The same bodily frame which encases an intellect of the highest order holds within it a heart occupied by grovelling vice. And the apparent variance in the ways of the Creator to different individuals is another great mystery. A marked inequality there seems. A man is tainted at birth. Black qualities in one or other or both of his parents show themselves in the luckless offspring at the very earliest period of intelligence. As age advances the most untoward circumstances tend to aggravate the evil. Wrongly advised, he adopts an occupation which of all others is most calculated to crush out every hope of amendment; and link by link is added to the chain, which becomes stronger as it lengthens. It is all drawn out at last, and then it snaps, for the miserable being breaks away into the Eternal World. We say there is a vast difficulty overhanging this subject of the effect of circumstances upon responsible creatures, for although it is eased, it is not removed, by the supposition that each of us will undergo a separate trial, in the which differences in opportunities and temptations will be taken into account. But beside the utter incapability of conceiving any mode of making allowance for differences in length of life, it is not, humanly speaking, by any means clear that a man who has done evil under evil circumstances, even with every consideration, might not have done well under better circumstances, although more would have been required of him. In other words, there does not appear any certainty that a man who will have to render a bad account of one talent, might not, had he been entrusted with ten talents, been enabled to exhibit with joy the fruits of laborious fidelity.

In the present day difficulties in revealed truth are being somewhat roughly rehandled. Troublous questions suggested in former times have rearisen now, and controversy rages. Against certain portions of Holy Writ are waged charges of absolute falsehood, and in support of the indictment, men of learning and power are found to plead. It is a period of intellectual activity. Science has accomplished such things that men's stock of wonder at her achievements is almost exhausted. Theology may become the great subject of the day. The tendency seems in that direction. What new views, new doubts, new hopes, new fears, may agitate the thinking world in the next few years, who shall venture to surmise? When controversy once begins, who can foresee the result, or anticipate the altered convictions to which it may lead all truth-seeking men?

We are quite prepared for the remark that, if examination into religious truth be thus laborious and thus uncertain in its issue, they are wisest who impose on themselves no such task. Friend reader, the remark is specious, but it is not true. We dare not leave these subjects alone. We want the influence of conviction, and we must work to conviction. Thoughtful examination and vigorous controversy may, indeed, lay bare difficulties, may alter views, may efface some impressions and substitute others, but, through the influence of inquiry, the old grand truth, which has been since the world began, will only settle more firmly and shine out more brightly. You *must* convince the understanding before you can convert the heart. Every man, according to the measure of his ability and opportunities, must dwell upon truth until the most absolute and profound assurance shall occupy, stamp, and saturate his judgment, so that he may find his heart meekly yield to its teaching, and his ways and words exhibit a faithful consistency.

We say "every man according to the measure of his ability and opportunities." No man will be excluded Heaven because he has not had the capacity of profound thought, and devoted it to deep theological study. The savage is ignorant of anything worthy the name of religion, has never heard of the Bible, and bears the scalps of his enemies appended to his girdle. Yet there may be a paradise above even for these children of the prairie. The old white-haired labourer, sitting with his hands clasped upon his staff, gazes affectionately up to the face of the minister, and believes every word he utters. The dying child speaks of a Saviour, and of a happy land into which he is gliding, where dear forms and faces, lost on earth, will be seen and never lost again. In these cases, of course, there can be only a most limited view of truth. But a sufficient view there must be, as a reward of sincerity. The duty is equally incumbent on the puniest as well as the mightiest intellect, to search reverently after God. And success is sure. The darkness brooding over the first part of the journey will lessen gradually, until it be dispersed. Doubts and difficulties will fade and die, and an ever active, ever abiding conviction, imparted by the Spirit, will seat itself in the soul, and seal it as God's own for evermore.

Now, if we are right in this definition of faith, we have established ground of complaint against that large majority of the clergy, who direct all their efforts to the feelings, and none to the judgment of their hearers. We appeal to you, reader, whether in the pulpit addresses which you ordinarily hear, you do not remark a most unfair proportion of exhortation to instruction. It is so easy to hammer away at the sensibilities of men;

and it is so much more effective. We say *effective*, meaning, of course, that people greatly prefer this style of address, not *effective* in the true sense, for we have just been urging the contrary. You know well what is generally meant by "a beautiful sermon." The preacher has dwelt upon "mouldering bones," carried you to the side of happy death-beds, and lifted you up to the bright blue heavens. It was very charming—so charming that we feel almost ashamed at questioning its usefulness. And yet we must question it. Alas! the emotions are so untrustworthy. Listening to the minister's deep voice, gazing at his earnest face, marking his fervent gesture, the stricken hearer felt exceedingly inclined to cry, and fancied he experienced within him all the heart and resolution of John Bunyan's Christian. But outside the church, in the fresh air, the sun shining, and the mob, in best attire, gazing and talking, the effects of the sermon begin instantly to fade, and a nod from Jones and a "How d'ye do?" from Brown, sweep them clean from his thoughts.

Yes, this is the style of preaching which mostly finds favour. It gives you no trouble. There is no argument to follow. You may shut your ears, lose nine words, and hear the tenth. No matter, the sermon never had any thread, therefore you have lost none. The preacher urges upon you that sin is very black. "You have heard that a great many times before, and have admitted it freely. You admit it again—very freely." You must die, urges the preacher. "Aye, that is very true, too; there is room for you in the family vault." Why do you not repent? "Well, you hope you are repentant," and, "a very good preacher is our rector." You are exhorted to look into your daily life, and weigh well your sins of commission and omission. "Ah, yes, we all should do that," but "it is some comfort to think you can do it less anxiously than that scamp Jones." More and more earnestly, still, the preacher proceeds, and there are signs of pocket-handkerchiefs in the adjoining pew. You, yourself, are considerably melted—"Certainly a fine flow of words." Outside the church, everybody is enthusiastic in favour of the sermon, and for at least five minutes repentance is the rage.

Now this seems unkind, and yet—receive it from our heart, reader—we shrink from the thought of unkindness to any man who ever filled a pulpit. Always provided the preacher be sincere, we esteem and we love him. Unkind to the man who seeks to do us the greatest good which a fellow-man can confer upon us! Never! But we are all fallible, we all may take contracted or even wrong views. Our clergy must hear something on a subject on which every man can tell them something, namely, his own heart. Let every reader of this essay honestly lay bare his heart, and say whether the evanescent emotion we have described is not the only result, generally speaking, with which the style of sermon alluded to can be credited. We insert the qualifying phrase, because to a congregation entirely of uneducated persons, sermons of this character are probably the best that can be delivered.

We have been speaking of addresses possessing, at least, the merit of vigour or persuasiveness. Alas! it is an old grievance that the majority of sermons lack both. We are often puzzled, on hearing the text, at the thought of how it can be possible to found a forty-minutes' discourse on so contracted a basis. And the truth is soon revealed that the text was "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Out of a text of

half a dozen words the preacher fashions half a dozen pegs, and on each peg he hangs so many sentences of exhortation, regulating the number, one would surmise, by the number required for the entire discourse.

Have we not a right to complain of inefficiency like this? It is in one of Theodore Hook's novels, if we mistake not, that an easy-conscienced man explains as his motive for substituting the Church for the Bar as his profession, that in the Church "there was nobody to reply." Yes, that must be a wonderful comfort to a minister. He has you at his mercy. His sermon is prepared, and he means to preach it, and the beadle will preserve order. The dose must be administered. It is the old black draught once more, as muddy and nauseous as ever. It never did you any good; you are sure it never will do you any good. Perhaps not; but the worthy man's pharmacopoeia furnishes no other medicine. Be a good boy, and take it quietly, for it is the nurse's duty to put it down you with a spoon.

And thus the old grand account of God and of Eternity, happy and miserable, still falls feebly on men's ears. Sunday succeeds Sunday, the bells ring out from thousands of church steeples, into the temples of prayer and praise throng masses of, seemingly, eager worshippers, and yet cold and dead as ever is the world to its Creator. In that Creator it even now does not believe. If a preacher were to commence his sermon thus: "My friends, I am about to speak to you of God, but let me first prove to you there is a God," we suppose a tumult would arise, and, undeterred by that statute of Queen Mary which rose from its long sleep, and made so much noise in connexion with the St. George's-in-the-East riots, an indignant congregation would hiss and howl at the seeming insult. Indeed, the reader is half inclined to think the idea shocking. Shocking! How many inhabitants in London city have advanced to this point of belief? Night and day are crowded with evidences of incredulity. Men are practically atheists. The merchant chuckles over his fraud, and prays to Heaven by turns. The base betrayer of the other sex now triumphs in his intense villany, and now bends low before the holy altar. The preacher who should begin in the way we have described, would show his intimate knowledge of men. What is the use of appealing to men's feelings, when the very basis of your appeal is so little understood, so imperfectly gauged by the intellect, that it is in effect discredited? You may read men a moral lesson. For that you do not want explanation and argument. The instincts of a man's heart go along with and impress your teaching. But in religion you must, in homely phrase, begin at the beginning. You do not thrust into Virgil the schoolboy who is yet boggling over *musa*, a song. The preacher must actually first prove the existence of Deity. He must exhibit the authenticity of the Scriptures. He must meet fairly all the objections ever made to them. He must show how accurately fitted is the house which Revelation has built, to be the peaceful happy dwelling-place of man. He must point out, if he cannot explain, the difficulties of Divine Providence. He must be ready with references to the lives and writings of gifted holy men in all ages, in support of the truth which he is urging on his hearers. Thus he must assail the obdurate intellect of man. That citadel unstormed and untaken, he may have possession of the heart for a time, but the brief success will be useless. The play upon the sensibilities, the appeal to

the amiable qualities of our nature, the touching allusions to loved ones dead, the earnest forewarning of death's approach, the fervent sketching of Heaven's delights—very beautiful, very fascinating are all these modes of address, but the emotion, in most cases, will be only evanescent. First crush, overwhelm the judgment, with irrefragable testimony, with irrefutable argument; give it no chance, compel it to surrender, and then, when it has yielded its sword, and is helplessly your prisoner, you may warm the imagination with the most glowing pictures of Heaven, and you may ply the heart with the strongest appeal to its brightest and best emotions.

The style of preaching here advocated is that which characterises the Rev. Henry Melvill. Selecting a text which does not, at first sight, present any peculiar feature, he claims for it the possession of marked import under two or three points of view, and this proposition he proceeds to establish with a lucidity and closeness of reasoning absolutely marvellous. No broken or wandering thoughts mar the discourses of Mr. Melvill, no imperfect or obscure modes of expression tantalise the hearer. He never dallies on the way, and is never lured into by-paths. His eye fixed immovably on the one point he is seeking to prove, he sweeps on towards it with untiring, irresistible vigour. His sentences, indissolubly linked together, form a chain reaching from his proposition as he stated it at the outset, to the conclusion at which he finally arrives. You will find in them, of course, some repetition. Repetition is absolutely necessary when the ear of a mixed assembly is addressed. But Mr. Melvill is never diffuse. You know that every thought which he expresses is an essential portion of the track by which he is hurrying you to the goal. You cannot listen in any slipshod fashion. You cannot disengage your attention and refasten it without loss. You have, indeed, scarcely the power to disengage it. A vigorous grasp is upon you. You may not, perhaps, understand how the road you are travelling can lead to the foretold destination. With allowable ingenuity, the preacher has, at the commencement, rather enlarged upon, than smoothed, the difficulties of the way. But your trust is perfect; and it is justified. Under that strong but fascinating conductorship you pass through the regions of difficulty and doubt, and find yourself at the goal of absolute conviction.

And now you are a prisoner; you are the captive of your guide; he told you frankly whither he would lead you, and you went with him; he announced to you distinctly that if you accompanied him in the reasoning opened up by the text, there was an inevitable conclusion at which you would arrive. Smilingly you took his hand, and confided yourself to him; but now that your journey is ended, you shrink back scared and trembling.

For there, it stares you in the face, that crushing conviction. By reasoning to which you have assented step by step, and would be ashamed afterwards to attempt to dispute, the heinousness of sin, generally, or of some particular sin, as the case may be, has been proved beyond even debate. Some great criminal in Scripture history is before you. His face is yours, his heart is yours, his sin is yours. The preacher told you he should prove this, and he has proved it. You acknowledge it yourself, and you lie humbled in the dust.

But the victor is merciful. He has you in his power. Now for the bright beams of love, now for every kind, touching, earnest appeal to

your better nature. Now to exhort you by every lofty consideration, now to persuade you by every high and holy thought of heaven and of God. Again you are on a journey ; but this time it is a journey involving no toil ; a rich warmth is around you, and a bright light encompasses you. A glowing imagination opens before you the blessed land which shall break upon the view, when this dark and oppressive night shall for ever have gone by.

The only other living clergyman whom we have heard who addresses mainly the reason of his audience is the Rev. Dr. Thomson, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. We ought, however, to state that we have not listened to Dr. Thomson elsewhere than in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, where the majority of his hearers would be, in an especial degree, assailable only through the gate of their understanding. Resembling the Rev. Mr. Melvill in the one respect, the bishop differs essentially from him in others. We have described the great effects of portions of Mr. Melvill's sermons, his overwhelming outbursts which thrill his auditory, as being led up to by other portions, which, in so far, are subordinate. His fervent appeal is the natural sequence of his successful argument, his grand declamation is the legitimate laurel of logical proof. No such features characterise the addresses of Dr. Thomson. His discourses fall into no well-marked divisions of argument and application. He has no terrifying surprises, no startling contrasts. He is never either on the mountain or in the valley. He provides the imagination with no food, and plies the heart with no touching entreaty. The Bishop of Gloucester takes higher ground. Face to face with broad and solemn truth, he brings you shrinking and reluctant. In language admirably terse and accurate, dread realities are spread before you ; they gain no colouring from his treatment ; however much you may wish they were less dark and certain, you feel you cannot charge upon the speaker the slightest exaggeration. Never extending in the least beyond what is either manifestly true, or is based on Scriptural authority, there is not anything upon which you can found question or cavil. And yet what a mine of thought is laid bare ! With what fearless candour are difficulties admitted ! How manfully are the many met, how honestly is the contest with some declined ! His course of sermons, delivered not long since, upon sin under its various aspects, its heinousness, its selfishness, its deceitfulness, showed how absorbingly interesting a subject even of this general character, and which in most hands would be indeed wearisome, can be rendered when dealt with by a master-mind. You had the inmost heart revealed to your gaze. Its surface workings we all know, and can talk about, but there are inner workings and motives hidden in its deepest recesses which Dr. Thomson dived for, traced, and brought into the light of day.

A style like this is marked by some defects, which will suggest themselves to the reader. There is a slight tendency, sometimes, to heaviness and monotony. The bishop does not warm as he proceeds, but rather the reverse. Commencing a fresh line of thought, he speaks with a vigour which is scarcely sustained throughout. Occasionally, indeed, he bursts into an abrupt boldness, which is rather peculiar. Breaking through the trammels of rigid composition, he dashes, in a few short rough phrases, straight at the convictions of his hearers. It is the manner of a man so

in earnest that he has become impatient. But this deviation from his solemn tread is seldom more rare than might be wished. You miss the light and shade, both in thought and expression, you miss the wonderfully varied modes of address, preventing the slightest sensation of fatigue, the smallest relaxation of attention, which mark Mr. Melville's sermons. As those deep, measured, little-changing tones continue to fall upon your ear, some slight feeling of oppression may now and then be felt. It is a glorious night. Clear and bright the stars shine out. It is calm and intensely still. But it is night. The plea of the imagination for sun and warmth is unlistened to. Brilliant, fascinating, or even beautiful, in the ordinary sense, the Bishop of Gloucester never is. Impressive and powerful he is always.

It was not without emotion that we, who had heard almost every sermon delivered by this gifted man in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, listened to him on the last occasion of his filling the pulpit there. There, as he himself assured his auditory, never would he be heard again. The crowd which flocked into that small building the last few Sundays ere the bishop's final leave-taking, represented a satire upon human nature. For some years before, on the Sundays in Term, had Dr. Thomson poured out the riches of his mind, and though there was always a large congregation, there was seldom lack of room. But now that he was leaving, and that a further marked elevation had been conferred upon him, men became enthusiastic, and the pew-openers were affrighted and overwhelmed by the invading mass which blocked up the aisle.

As the sermon, a noble but unostentatious discourse, drew to a close, curiosity might have been experienced as to the literally last words of the preacher. Might it have been altogether wondered at if those final words had in some way or other exhibited the least touch of pride? Remember how remarkable has been the worldly success of the Bishop of Gloucester. The son of a tradesman (the newspaper is our authority), he enters holy orders, is elected head of a college, becomes the popular minister of a West-end church, is appointed preacher before an audience which in power of criticism is second to none, probably, in the country, and is elevated to a bishopric, all ere he is forty-three years old. And then, look at his qualities both of mind and body. We have touched upon the former, so far as they are connected with his preaching, now for his physical attributes. The bishop is a man of commanding presence, tall, strongly made, erect, and possesses a head and face strikingly handsome. Yes, in his very last words to this distinguished assembly—in the words themselves, or their mode of utterance—we must have excused him if there had appeared just a faint consciousness of this singular combination of the gifts which most men prize so dearly. Imagine us sitting there beneath him, clinging to him, so to speak, for in a minute we lose him. Hush, those last words are at hand. The book is about to be closed. The preacher's voice is drooping. The sentence begun is the last he will utter here. His face and tone expressing the deepest devotion, this favoured son of fortune, as men would style him, this possessor of so many and great advantages, quotes the words which formed the touching anthem of the day, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

PARK-LANE.

IT was past six o'clock when he reached his home, and not caring to undress, Sabretasche threw himself down on one of the luxurious couches of that favourite room of his on the ground-floor, which adjoined and opened into his beloved studio, where the morning light, which he had bade his servants admit through the half-closed persiennes, fell full on his easel, on the portrait of Violet Molyneux (which he was doing in pastel for her father, the Francesca being hung in Violet's morning room at the Dilcoosha), which beamed from the canvas with such a radiant, animated, spirituelle light upon it, that it was hard to believe it was but paper and coloured chalks. He lay full length upon the couch smoking his perfumed narghilé with that voluptuous indolence habitual to him—looking at the picture where his own art had recreated the beauty of his young love—feeling in memory the loving, lingering touch of her lips—and dreaming over that fresh happiness whose solitary reveries were dearer to him now than the society or the sleep which he had used to court as Lethian draughts.

His life had never seemed so sweet, the peace he had won so perfect, and when his servant rapped gently at the door, though infinitely too sweet-tempered, and, truth to tell, too lazy to irritate himself about trifles, he was annoyed and sorry to be disturbed.

"I told you not to interrupt me till I rang for my chocolate," he said, in that low voice which somehow or other gained him more obedience than the louder tone or more angry command of other men, from his servants, who stayed with him long, and liked no other service after his.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," answered his man, submissively. "I should not have interrupted you, but there is a person asking to see you upon business, and, as he said it was of great importance, I did not know, sir, what would be best to do."

"What is always best to do is to obey me to the letter—you can never be wrong then. The person could have waited. What is his name?"

"He would not give it, sir; he wished to see you."

"I see no one before two o'clock in the day. Go, tell him so."

The man obeyed; but in a minute or two he returned.

"The gentleman will take no denial, Colonel. He begs you to see him."

"What an impertinent fellow!" said Sabretasche to himself, with a surprised hauteur on his delicate features. "Tell him I will not see him, that is sufficient. I see no one who does not send in his card."

"But, sir—but——"

"Well, what? Speak out," said Sabretasche, irritated at the dis-

turbance. It seemed to let in the disagreeables of outer life, and jar on the sweet thoughts so dear to his poet's soul and lover's heart.

"But, sir, he says his business concerns you, and—and Miss Molyneux, sir."

The man hesitated—even servants living with Sabretasche caught something of his delicacy and refinement, and he knew intuitively how the mention of her name would annoy his master. A flush of astonishment and anger rose over Sabretasche's pale forehead. He was but too sensitive over Violet, perhaps, from what he considered as the deep disgrace of his first marriage, and he almost disliked to hear servants' lips breathe his idol's name. "Show him in," he said, briefly, signing the man away. He lay still, full length on the couch, smoking from his hookah, stroking the Cid with one hand, but the flush of anger had not left his face, and a vague dread had taken the place of his peaceful and luxurious happiness. His past had been too fateful for him to join in Violet's cloudless and fearless trust in the future. One of the bitterest curses of sorrow is the *fear* that it leaves behind it, making us, with the sweetest cup to our lips, dread the unseen hand that will dash it down, hanging the funereal pall of the past over the most glittering bridal clothes of the present, and poisoning the sunshine that lies before us with the memory of those clouds which, having so often come before, must, it seems to us, come yet again. When sorrow has once been upon us, we have no longer faith in life—we have but Hope, and Hope, God-given as she is, is but fearful, and fluttering, and evanescent at best.

He lay still; the fair morning sunlight falling clear upon him and upon the brilliant and witching face glowing on the easel at his side. Vulgar and cruel eyes looked in on the scene—at the luxurious and beautiful studio, where every trifle was a gem of art; where the morning sunlight fell sweet and subdued through the rich folds of the curtains, and the air was redolent of a dreamy and delicious perfume—at the man of aristocracy and refinement, with all his grace and beauty, all his delicate and artistic surroundings: and a vulgar and cruel mind gloated with delight on the desolation and torture he had power to introduce into that peaceful and brilliant life. Sabretasche lifted his eyes with his characteristic indolence and hauteur—as he did so, the slight flush upon his face died utterly away; he grew pallid as death. He saw Guiseppe da' Castrone—the man linked with his hours of greatest shame, of most bitter misery—the brother and the emissary of his faithless wife. Involuntarily he rose, fascinated by the sight of the man connected with the deepest wrong and deepest sorrow of his life, and the Italian looked at him with a smile, that showed his glittering white teeth, as a hound, who has seized the noblest of Highland royals at bay, shows his in the cruel struggle. Sabretasche spoke first, in Italian, with all the loathing that he felt for this man who had stooped to live upon gold wrung from the husband that his own sister had wronged.

"Signór Castrone, this is a very unexpected intrusion. Your negotiations with me are at an end. Allow me to request you to withdraw."

"Wait one moment, Signór Sabretasche," answered the Neapolitan, with a cunning leer in his bright sharp eyes. "Are our negotiations at an end?"

"So entirely, that if you do not leave my presence I shall be compelled to bid my servants make you."

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The Italian laughed. The cold, contemptuous tone of the high-born gentleman stung him, and gave him but the greater gusto for his task.

"Not so fast, buon' amico, not so fast; we are brothers-in-law, remember! It would not do for us to quarrel."

The blood crimsoned Sabretasche's face up to his very temples; a passion of scorn quivered over his delicate lips.

"The tie you dare to mention and appeal to, ought to be your bitterest disgrace. Since you are dead to shame, I need feel none for you; and if you do not leave the room, my servants will compel you."

"Per fede!" said the Italian, with a scoffing laugh. "You will scarcely call your household in to witness your connexion with me. They can hear the secret if you choose; it matters nothing to me; only I fancied that now, of all times, you would rather have kept it underhand. You are going to be married, cara, I hear, to a lovely English girl—is it not so?"

Sabretasche answered nothing, but stretched out his hand to the bell-handle in the wall nearest him. He felt it beneath him to bandy words with such a man as Gaiseppe da' Castrone, who, a sort of gentlemanlike lazzarone, half swindler, half idler, a Southern *Bohémien*, had lived on his wits till, as inevitably in that precarious mode of subsistence, he had lost all the traces of honour, or delicacy, or better feeling, with which he perhaps might have begun life. He touched Sabretasche's wrist as the Colonel's white, slender hand was approaching the bell. Sabretasche flung off the grasp, as if it had been pollution; but before he could ring, the Neapolitan spoke, still with a smile, half cunning, half malicious:

"Would it not have been wiser, Eccellenza, before you had taken one wife, to have made sure you had lost the other?"

With all his calm nerve and habitual impassiveness, Sabretasche started, and a deadly anguish of dread fastened upon him. But he spoke with the proud and contemptuous tone for which Castrone hated him so bitterly; for though he had done dirty tricks enough to brazen him to any shame, the Italian was still too sensitive, amidst his coarseness, not to shrink from the disgust which the fastidious Englishman had never scrupled to conceal in the short interviews they had had during twenty long years.

"Yours is a very stale device," said Sabretasche, calmly. "Too melodramatic to extort money from me. If you want a few scudi to buy you maccheroni, or game away at dominos, ask for them in plain words, and I may give you them out of charity."

He stood leaning his arm upon the top of his easel; his tall and graceful figure erect; the pride of the patrician, and the scorn and loathing of the man of honour and refinement, written on his pale features, and in the depths of his soft, mournful eyes; speaking gently and slowly—but, how bitterly!—in his low, silvery voice. The tone, the glance, the mien, woke all the darkest malice that slept in the Italian's heart for his sister's high-born and high-souled husband. His eyes glittered like an angry animal's; he dropped the smoother tone which he had used before, for the one of coarse and malicious vindictiveness natural to him.

"Santa Maria! don't take that proud tone with me, carissimo, or I may make you glad to change it, and turn your threats into prayers. You are not quite so near happiness as you fancy, my fine gentleman.

That is your young love's picture, no doubt? Ah! it is a fair face; it will go hard to lose it, I dare say? It would go harder still if one of the proud, fastidious Sabretasches were tried for bigamy! It would not look pretty in the London papers, where his name has been so often as a leader of fashion and——"

Before he could end his sentence Sabretasche had sprung at him, rapidly and lightly as a panther, and seized him by the throat:

"Wretch, you lie! How dare you to insult me! By Heaven! if it were not too great honour for you, I would kill you *where you stand!*"

So fierce was the grasp of his white slender fingers in the passion into which his sweet temper and gentle nature was at length roused, that the Italian, almost throttled, struggled with difficulty from his hold.

"You lie!" said Sabretasche, flinging him off with a force that sent him reeling from him. "The woman whom you venture to recal as my wife is dead!"

"Per Dio, is she? You will find to the contrary, *bel signór*. Basta! but your hands have no baby's grasp; you had better have joined them in prayer, best brother-in-law. If you marry the English beauty, you will have two wives on your shoulders, and one has been more than you have managed!"

Sabretasche's eyes were fixed upon him, fascinated by horror as an antelope by a rattlesnake. "Two wives—two wives!" he muttered incoherently, like a man in delirium. "She is dead, I tell you—she is dead!" Then the sense of what the Neapolitan had said came clearer to his mind, and, with an effort, he regained his calm and haughty tone, speaking slowly between his teeth. "*Signór* Castrone, once more I will request you, for your own sake, to leave this house quietly, without compelling me to the force I am loth to use, out of regard for the dead. With her, the grave buries all past errors; but with you, I still shall treat as with any other swindler and perjurer who tries to coin money through stories only fit to chicané boys. I am not a likely person to be terrified by secret innuendoes or open insults. This time I will let you go—you are beneath my anger—but if you intrude yourself into this house, or venture to approach me again, I shall call in the law to rid me of a pest."

Something in his voice, which had ever a strange spell for man or woman, and which now, soft as it was in the utterance of his native Italian, bore that subtle magic of command which superiority of character and of mind always confer, had awed the coarser nature into silence while he spoke; but when he paused, Castrone broke out into a long, discordant, malicious laugh, jarring like jangled bells upon every nerve and chord in the listener's heart.

"Diavolo! *buon' amico*, it will be I more likely who have the law upon you! Sylvia is alive—alive! and your lawful wife, Colonel Sabretasche, from whom nothing but death can ever divorce you; and I do not think she loves you well enough, *milor*, to let another woman reign in her stead without making you pay the heaviest penalty she can for your double marriage! Wait! you saw the death of a Sylvia *de' Castrone* in *Galignani*, I dare say? You had the certificate of such a death from Naples? Very possibly, but her aunt Sylvia *de' Castrone* died last May in Naples, and it was her obituary that you saw. If Sylvia

died (as Santa Maria forbid!), it would be recorded as what she is, and what she will be while life lasts—however you may try to alter it—the wife of Vivian Sabretasche. Sylvia lives—nay, she is in London, ready to proclaim her right to your name to the Signorina Molyneux—is not that your new love?—or, if your union with the English girl takes place before she can do so, she will then prosecute you according to your English law. She was married in England, you remember; she has not lost the certificate, and the register is correct in Marylebone Church—I saw it but this morning. It is no idle tale, I tell you, buon' amico. I know you too well to try and palm one off upon you unless I could substantiate it. Your wife is alive, fratello mio! I fear me there will be some few difficulties in the way of your marrying your young beauty!”

As the Italian spoke in his coarse brutal tones, with his low, malicious laugh like the hissing of a serpent, every word he uttered falling like seething fire on his listener's heart, Sabretasche stood gazing upon him. In his parted lips, his eyes wide opened with the horror of amazement on every feature, already blanched and wan, was marked the deadly anguish of despair, mingled with the vague and almost dreamy terror of this shock, so sudden and so horrible—then, as the full meaning of the words he heard cut gradually into his brain, his strength gave way, and he sank down upon his couch, covering his face with his hands, while great drops of agony stood upon his brow, and a bitter cry broke from the great passion that had grown and strengthened and entwined itself around his heart, till it were easier to drain that heart of its life-blood than its love.

The Neapolitan stood by, gloating at the ruin he had wrought, watching with the fiendish malice of a coarse and brutal nature the suffering of a higher and a nobler. He had often longed to revenge the silent scorn, the cutting contempt, the high-bred hauteur with which the man upon whose gold he lived had treated him—he had often thirsted for the time to come when Sabretasche should be humbled before him—when it should be his turn to hold the power which could at will remove or let fall the sword that hung above his victim's head—when it should be his to torture that only too sensitive and too deeply feeling nature, and to see, writhing in anguish before him, the haughty gentleman at whose glance and whose word he had so often flinched and slunk away. He stood by and watched him—unspeakably dear to the vindictive Italian was the mute anguish before him. Sabretasche had forgotten all sense of his presence, all memory of the coarse, cruel eyes that saw the grief of one who so long had persuaded the world that he valued life too little to give it aught but smiles: heart, mind, and sense had all flown to her, his young, pure, true, idolised love, who now might never be his wife. The hissing, mocking tones of the Italian broke in on the sanctity of his silent grief. Castrone laughed the laugh of a devil at the fell despair wrought by his own work.

“Milor does not seem charmed to hear of his wife; it does not seem to bring him the connubial rapture one would expect?”

The jeer, the taunt, the mockery of his woe, stung into madness the heart of the man whose over-refinement and susceptibility taught him to shrink even from the delicate sympathy of friends, and whose keen sensitiveness had oftentimes won him the imputation of lack of feeling,

because he felt too deeply to bear to unveil his sorrows to the glare of daylight and the sneers of men.

Sabretasche started, as at the sharp touch of the knife at a fresh wound, and shivered as if with cold, the cold of death in Arctic regions. He lifted his face, aged in those brief moments as by long years of woe; but the old pride and shrinking refinement were not dead in him yet. He caught the eyes of Guiseppe da' Castrone; and though he had died, not another sign should have escaped him of the anguish which would have been food for ridicule and joy to the foe he loathed. But he could not hide his face from the Neapolitan's cruel gaze, and *there* the brother of his wife read desolation enough to satiate a fiend.

"If this alone were your errand," he said, with effort—and how hollow and altered his voice sounded even in his own ears—"you have no further excuse for intrusion. I shall take means for verifying your story; and now begone, while I can keep my hands from revenging your insults."

"Here is your proof," said Castrone, briefly.

Sabretasche mechanically read what he held to him; that too was brief:

"If you will it, you can see me once more to-day—but only to remind you that while I live no other can call herself your wife.

"SYLVIA SABRETASCHE."

Though he had not seen it for more than twenty long years, he knew the writing to be his wife's—the woman from whom no laws would rid him. All hope died in him then; he *knew* that she lived—the wife who had wedded him to misery and disgrace; the wife who now came forward, after the absence and the silence of twenty years, to ban him from the better life to which a gentler and a purer hand was about to lead him.

"I see her!" he repeated, indignant passion flashing out amidst the unutterable anguish of his face. "I see the woman who made my youth miserable, my manhood purposeless; who disgraced my name, who betrayed my love; who for twenty years has lived upon my gold, yet never addressed to me one word of repentance, regret, remorse; never one word to confess her crimes; never one prayer to ask forgiveness of her falsehood! I see her! How dares she ask it? How dares she sign herself by the name she has polluted? Go, tell her that she will bribe me no more, that she is free to do her worst that devils can prompt her, that she may proclaim her marriage with me far and wide; I care not! She may write her lying story in all the papers if she will; she may persuade all England and all Italy that she is a fond, deserted wife, and I a cruel, faithless husband; she may bring my name into courts if she choose, to sue me for her maintenance; but tell her, once for all, I give her no more bribes. I disown her, though the laws will not divorce her. Now go; go, I tell you, or by Heaven I will not let you leave in peace!"

The fierce but coward nature of the Neapolitan quailed before the mighty anguish and concentrated passions flashing from the calm and melancholy eyes of the usually gentle and impassive Englishman. He spoke more softly, more timidly, smoothing down the coarseness of his natural tone.

"But, signora, listen. If you feel thus towards my poor sister, and will not believe that your hatred to her is without cause, would you not rather that the world knew nothing of your marriage?"

"Since it cannot be broken, all the world may know it. I will bribe you no longer. Begone!"

"Nay, one word—but one word, signora. If I could show you how you might still wed your young English love——"

How iron a nerve Sabretasche needed to still the anguish that seized him with the chill horror of a death spasm, as the Neapolitan's rough hand touched the dearest thought, the strongest passion, the wildest despair of his life, his love ever so tenacious over its secret, now full of such anguished tenderness! The struggle lasted but a moment, but that moment was time enough for the Neapolitan to note the torture he inflicted, while the fierce gesture of his listener warned him to hasten, if he would be heard; for coarse though Castrone's own thoughts were, and deadened his susceptibilities, instinct told him how sharper than a dagger's thrust, and more bitter than poison to the man of pride and reserve and refinement, was this rending of the veil of the one sacred temple by a coarse and sacrilegious hand.

"Listen," he said, in his sweet, swift language, with the glitter of cunning in his keen bright eyes. "No one now living knows of your union with my sister save yourself; and Sylvia, and I. It is utterly unknown in England; men do not dream that you are a married man, much less will they think of turning over the register of Marylebone Church for a date of more than twenty years ago. Your young love, her father, her friends, all your circle, need never know your wife is living unless you, or she, or I tell them. If any question ever arose about your first marriage, your word and the certificate, if you had it, of a Sylvia de' Castrone's death (and our aunt Silvia was the same age as her niece), would be amply sufficient. They would never insult a gentleman like Vivian Sabretasche by doubting his word, and prying into details of his past history! Sylvia and I are poor, signór mio, very poor; per Bacco, she has luxurious habits, and I—an Italian who is noble—cannot soil his hands with work! We are Southerns, we love our dolce, our pleasure, our ease, and, Santa Maria! we have none of the three. Signór mio, we are as poor as the rats in the Vicaria; and if, as you say, you will not support your wife as you have done hitherto, she must apply to your law courts for maintenance. She *will* do so, and, basta! it is no more than her rights; had she followed my counsels, she would not have let them lie unasserted so long. But she bids me make you this offer, and it is a noble and a generous one from a wronged woman; still, she feels that you hate her, and would not force herself upon you, nor, now that her own life is blighted, ruin yours in return. If you will pay us down twenty thousand—it is but a drop in the ocean out of all your wealth—only twenty thousand, signór; we are very moderate!—we will bind ourselves—your wife and I, sole living witnesses of your marriage—by every oath most sacred in your eyes and in ours (and we Catholics keep our oaths; we are not blasphemers like your churchmen, who kiss the book in your law courts and perjure themselves five seconds after!)—we will swear by every oath in earth or heaven never to reveal your marriage to any mortal soul. You may wed your young English love—see, her fair face woos

you from the glowing canvas—she will never know that another lives who might dispute her title; you may win her and marry her; you may have all the rapture for which your heart thirsts. Man say you love her strongly well—and you are more than half Southern, signor; yours will be no calm and frigid happiness, such as content the cold tame English. With that face—see how the fond brilliant eyes follow you even from the dumb canvas, as though in prayer to you never to desert her—with that face beside you, that heart beating with yours, gods might envy you your paradise! And if our lips are silenced—and silent they will be as the grave—none need ever know, need ever guess that any woman ever bore your name before her. You need have no scruple, far, since you say you disown her, whatever the law decrees, you must feel as thoroughly divorced as though men's words had unlocked your fetters, and, per Dio! if twenty long years' separation is not divorce in Heaven's sight, what is? Accept Sylvia's offer—your marriage is virtually dissolved as though no tie of law existed—and long years of love and happiness await you with the woman you idolise. Refuse it, your marriage will be known all over England beyond hope of concealment or dissolution, and as long as her life lasts you will be the husband of my sister, and you will see your English girl the wedded wife of some other and some happier-fated man. Choose, signor—and the choice is very easy—you who have never hesitated to pay any price for pleasure, will hardly refuse so small a price for happiness! Choose, signor, the game is in your own hands."

With what subtle ingenuity, what devilish skill, was the temptation put! The Neapolitan watched the speeding of his poisoned arrows, and saw that they had hit their quarry. Sabretasche leaned against the wall, pallid as the dead, his lips pressed in to keep down the agony within him to which he would not give vent; a shiver as though of icy cold again passed over his frame, burning as it was with feverish passions; he breathed in quick, short gasps, as if panting for very life; his eyes were fixed on what his tempter had truly termed that fond and brilliant face, whose loving gaze turned on him from the canvas, tempted him, how fiercely! how pitilessly! as woman's beauty has ever tempted man's honour to its fall, as the Philistine tempted the Nazarene from his vow, the Lydian Queen Alomene's son from his strength, the Egyptian syren "lost Anthony" from glory, victory, and life! The Italian saw the struggle, and glatted in his vengeance. Heaven knows we need be strong indeed to suffer in such a struggle and come out victorious in the fight! Sabretasche had been more than mortal if he had not wavered and trembled under it; he to whom pleasure had been law, and to wish was to have! How fierce was the temptation no man could ever know! Was he a god to put aside the glittering cup of life, and take up with unshaking hand the deadly poison that would wither all the future?

On the one side was a brilliant and golden life for him and for the woman dearest to him on earth; on the other hand was desolation, dark, dreary, hopeless, for them both. Not he alone would suffer; it was her doom that his own will would seal, her head on which the blow would fall, unless he choose to arrest it; she out of whose young life he would crush all the glory; she whom he was called upon to murder with a more cruel stroke than the blow that honour forced from the Roman on his sons. If it had chanced that he had lived in those stoic ages, and duty

had bidden him slay the woman he loved, we in these later times should have mourned over his cruel fate, and marvelled at the nerve that, armed by honour, could quench the light from those fond, tender eyes that only beamed for him; yet if *now* he shrink from striking the heart that trusts him, and hangs all its hopes upon him, with a far keener thrust, and banishing for ever from her life its glorious and gracious youth, none will pity him, none excuse him that his hand may tremble, and his breaking heart may fail!

How fierce was the temptation! There on the lifeless easel beamed the fair, fond face, pleading for her joy and his own. Before him stretched two lives: one radiant and blessed, full of the love and rest for which his heart was weary, the beloved companionship, the sympathy of thought and feeling, all that makes existence of beauty and of value; the other dark and desolate, with no hope, no release from the chains that would fetter him as the bonds that bound the living man to the dead corpse, no relief from the haunting passions, the inextinguishable love which would burn within, till stilled in the cold slumber of the grave. All wooed him to the one; all nature, all manhood, all inborn affections rebelled against the other. He *had* disowned his wife; he knew that in the sight of God Violet alone could ever have right to bear the title. In his own heart he considered his marriage annulled since the day he left his wife in Naples, as virtually and as entirely as though dissolved by a jury's verdict; in his own heart he would have held himself fully justified if he had then wedded Violet by vows the most sacred human lips could frame.

All urged him to listen to his tempter—all—save honour, and that shrank from the stain of deceit and falsehood. He had paid down all prices save this for pleasure; he would not pay this now, even though the barter were hell for heaven. He would himself have wagered life, or honour, or soul to win her, but for her sake he would not wrong her. His eyes were still fastened upon her picture, and there her eyes answered his—clear, fond, true, even while tempting him his better angel still. He could not win *her* by wrong, woo *her* with deception, stand beside the altar with her hand in his, and her gaze upon him, and vow there was no impediment between their marriage, while he knew that his first wife lived, who, however he might disown her, would have legal right to tear the wedding-ring from Violet's finger, and deny her title to his name and home. He loved her, Heaven knows, better than life itself; he loved her too well to win her by a wrong, and all the knightly and high-souled thoughts that slept beneath the worldly exterior of the man of fashion and of pleasure revolted from the lie, the deception, and the shame of betraying a heart that trusted him by concealment and by falsehood. How could he give his darling his name, knowing it was not hers; call her his wife, knowing the title was denied her; live with her day by day, knowing at every moment he had wronged her and deceived her; receive her fond words, her innocent caresses, with the burden of that deadly shadow between them, which, if she saw it not, would never leave his sight, nor rid him of its haunting presence? Deadly was the temptation—deadly the struggle under it. His eyes were still fastened on the picture, whose brilliant beauty and grace stirred all his passions, but whose clear, true eyes still saved him from himself. Great drops stood upon his brow, his lips turned white as in the agonies of death, his hands clenched as in

the combat with some actual foe, and the anguish of his heart broke out in a low moan :

"I have no strength for this!"

"Why endure it, then?" whispered the low, subtle voice of the Italian. "Freedom is in your own hands."

But the tempter had lost his power—the man whom the world said denied himself no pleasure and no wish, and whom society had whispered as a heartless and selfish libertine, put aside the joys that could only be bought with dishonour. His eyes flashed with concentrated passion, and over the death-like pallor of his face rose a deep crimson hue; he caught the slight form of the Neapolitan in his grasp:

"Hound! dare you tempt me to wrong *her*—take your price!"

He lifted him from the ground with the iron clasp of his left hand, opened the door of his studio, and threw him down the four steps that parted the chamber from the rest of the corridor leading to it. The Italian lay there, stunned for the moment with the fall; Sabretasche closed the door upon him, and went in again alone—alone, in what a solitude!

Long hours afterwards he reissued from his chamber and entered his carriage, drawing down both blinds. A strange silence fell upon his house; many of his servants loved him, through a service of kindness on the one hand, and fidelity on the other, and they knew instinctively that some great sorrow had fallen on their master. Very few minutes took him to Lowndes-square. The footmen, accustomed to his entrance half a dozen times a day, were about to show him, unasked, to the room where Violet was; but Sabretasche signed them back, and went up the stairs to her boudoir alone. At the door he paused—what wonder? Could his heart help but fail him when he was about to quench all radiance from the eyes that took their brightness only from him? to carry the chill of death into a young life which had hitherto not known even a passing shade? to say to the woman pledged to be his wife, "I am the husband of another!" It is no exaggeration that he would have gone with thanksgiving to his own grave; life could have no greater bitterness for him than this.

Many moments passed; the time told off by the thick, slow throbs of his heart; then he opened the door and entered.

Violet sat in her favourite rose-velvet chair, her birds singing above her head, rich-hued flowers around her; the sunshine full upon her delicate dress, her bright chestnut hair, her lovely face the incarnation of beauty, youth, and joy. She looked up as the door opened, dropped her book, and sprang forwards to her lover, her hands outstretched, her smile full of delight and gladness; not even a trace of long passed shadows on the fair young brow that had never known care, or sorrow, or remorse. In her joy not noticing the change upon his face; she welcomed him with fond words and fonder caresses, each touch of her soft lips falling on his cheek, to him like scorching fire.

"Oh, Vivian!" she cried, "you said you would be here four hours ago, and how I have been watching for you; if you knew how long ten minutes seem without you, you would never be away from me if you could help it. You know I don't believe in military duties! I should be your only thought."

She looked up in his face as she spoke the last words, but as she did so, her gay smile faded, and the sweet laughter from her eyes quenched in the shadow that already fell upon her from the curse he bore.

"Vivian, my darling! you are not well. Oh, Heaven! what is it?"

He pressed her madly in his arms. "Hush, hush, or you will kill me."

The colour fled from her face; her eyes were full of pitiful fear and half-conscious anguish, like a startled deer catching the first distant ring of the hunters' feet. She hid her face upon his breast, and clung to him in dread of the unknown horror, while her voice rose in a plaintive cry, "Vivian, dearest! what has happened—no evil—to you?"

He held her in his arms as if no earthly power should rend her from him; and his lips quivered with anguish. "I cannot tell you—the worst that could happen to us both. Would to Heaven I had died ere I linked your fate to mine!"

Clinging to him more closely, she looked up into his burning and tearless eyes, full of such unutterable tenderness, such unspeakable despair; there she read or guessed the truth, and, with a bitter wail, her arms unloosed their clasp, and she sank down from his embrace, lying on the ground in all her delicate beauty, stricken by her great grief, crushed and unconscious, like broken flowers in a tempest.

BEATEN PATHS.*

It is pleasant to roam over even "Beaten Paths" with so practised a writer and so colloquial a veteran as Mr. T. C. Grattan, even though we are carried back to the time when his eyes first opened on the world in "one of the greenest spots" of the Emerald Island. We are sure in such good company to encounter something at once racy, and tasteful, and piquant. We cannot precisely say that "Old and New Ireland" stand in that category, but there must be a beginning to everything, and it is permissible to an old man to be at times grave and thoughtful. A first scene of home service is also lugubrious enough, but there is a dash of the picturesque, and a local colour about it, that is graphically Irish. Still more national is the character of the recluse of the Slievenamora Mountains, who, blazé with hare-hounds and fox-hounds, has recourse to blood-hounds, and hunts live men. We only feel surprised that he did not also supersede whisky by spirits of wine.

We open upon new and stirring scenes, with an account of a six-weeks' voyage to England; for that was the time that it sometimes took to go from one part of Ireland to another of England in the good old times, not to mention the accessories of starvation, mutiny, and a narrow escape

* *Beaten Paths; and Those who Trod Them.* By Thomas Colley Grattan, Author of "Highways and Byways," "Traits of Travel," "Civilised America," &c. In Two Vols. Chapman and Hall. 1862.

from shipwreck. One would really think that he was reading the adventures of Dermot M'Murrough, on his way to do obeisance to Henry II. Garrison life, as passed or enacted by the so-called "Army of Occupation" in France, embraces the extreme limits of our own memories, and pleasant enough they are. Mr. Grattan gives the names of the most celebrated military amateur actors: they embrace Captain Prescott, afterwards Mr. Ward, and Frederick Yates. Luckily, all did not run stage mad, for the list contains also many names of men who attained both rank and fame in their own noble profession. "Paris Forty Years Ago" is a paper in T. C. Grattan's happiest and most sketchy style.

A somewhat prolonged residence near Bordeaux seems to have been characterised by two prominent features: first, a steady devotion to literary pursuits, and an extraordinary plunge into revolutionary society, which led to a hasty abandonment of the neighbourhood. A trip to Bagnères was attended by an incident which has not, luckily, found its way into one of the many series of "Highways and Byways."

An Irish gentleman, whose name like my own began with G and ended with N, was certainly one of the most amiable, and least quarrelsome among the visitors. He neither drank nor gambled, nor talked politics nor scandal, the great provocatives to disputation and ill-blood, and he led a most quiet and domestic life with a young and pretty helpmate, as unlikely as her husband to excite any feeling that might involve him in danger.

Mr. G——n one day strolled into the public billiard-room with a friend of his, a lieutenant in the British navy. They found a table disengaged, took up their queues, and began to play. Scarcely had they commenced their game when two or three Frenchmen of good appearance came in; and one of them, a young man of a military air, placed himself close to Mr. G——n, stared hard at him, followed his different movements, and watched every stroke he made, with a marked and most troublesome attention. The player did not know what to make of it, but smilingly said something to his friend as to the singularity of the stranger's behaviour. The other thought it equally odd; and as it was persevered in for some minutes longer, Mr. G——n felt irritated, stopped, turned short, and begged his friend (for he did not himself speak French) to ask the meaning of the conduct now evidently intended as a personal insult. The lieutenant, fortunately a man of great coolness, and of some experience in such affairs, fulfilled his mission with politeness, telling the Frenchman that he was convinced he had mistaken Mr. G——n for some other person, as he could have no reason for pursuing so offensive a line of conduct to a gentleman who had never before seen him.

"Pardon! monsieur," replied the Frenchman, with perfect sang-froid, and an air of provoking politesse. "I am not at all mistaken. I know who Monsieur G——n is quite well, and I beg you will do me the honour to tell him *de ma part* that he is a calomniateur and a coquin; and there is my card, so that he may know where to find me in ten minutes from this time—and these two gentlemen are my friends."

It was not easy to translate all this to G——n without rousing him to knock down his unknown insulter with the queue which he still held in his hand. For mild and humane men are at times very subject to an access of rage on great provocation. He was astounded. He knew the meaning of the two epithets evidently applied to him. But he still believed, as his friend had done, that he had been mistaken for some one else.

"Let us go out and think what is to be done," said he to his friend. They took up their hats and went out on the promenade (I forget its name) in which the Café-Billard stood. Half the beau monde of Bagnères were walking or

lounging about, ladies and gentlemen together. The two friends, arm-in-arm, took a couple of turns, discussing the strange and embarrassing occurrence, when suddenly the three Frenchmen met them and stopped; and the one whose behaviour had so outraged Mr. G——n, deliberately spat in his face—a beastly form of insult then rather national in France (and very lately resorted to at a scientific meeting in London by a travelled foreigner, and to his own great disgrace)—saying,

"I hope you understand *that*, if I was not sufficiently explicit just now. *That* requires no interpreter."

G——n rushed at the fellow—he had disinherited himself of his title if he was a gentleman born—but before he could strike a blow the two companions and some other persons interfered.

"There is nothing now for it but an immediate meeting—explanation or apology are out of the question. Let's follow them!" exclaimed G——n, as the Frenchmen walked away.

"Stop a bit," replied the lieutenant; "I'll settle the matter in a minute." And he stepped after the party. He returned almost immediately to G——n. "It's all arranged—they are gone to the old burying-ground—come to my lodgings—my pistols are there—you must shoot him dead."

The few words struck wildly on G——n. They fell with an ominous sound on his mind. He had never fired a pistol in his life. The place of meeting was awfully suggestive. The name on the card was that of a young officer en disponibilité, a notorious duellist—the pest of the neighbourhood—a crack shot who had killed and wounded several, and insulted most wantonly almost every one he had quarrelled with. G——n felt himself a doomed man. He thought of his wife, just then expecting him at home for their usual walk. "Come quicker," said he to his friend. "There's not a moment to be lost—*she* will be sure to hear of it—every one saw what passed—somebody will, no doubt, tell her. For God's sake make haste, before the police can know anything!"

Within ten minutes the whole party were on the ground, an old and almost abandoned churchyard that lies on the rise of the hill towards the Salut; several large gaps in the dilapidated wall admitting the groups that followed the combatants silently and anxiously.

G——n's friend had picked up an acquaintance as they had hurried on, and engaged him to stand by him as the second témoin. He acceded willingly to the request. He did not dislike a fight, and he said openly he hoped to Heaven G——n would rid the neighbourhood of its worst disgrace. Poor G——n shrugged his shoulders, cast up his eyes towards heaven, and pushed on without saying a word.

The conditions were soon arranged. Two lines were drawn at ten paces apart, a walking-cane was laid down on each. The combatants were placed each at ten paces farther back than the respective lines, so that they stood thirty paces distant from each other. They were then left to their own discretion to fire when they pleased, with liberty to advance each before doing so up to the respective canes, but on no account to put a foot beyond them, so that in any case they could not approach each other closer than ten paces; and supposing them to reserve their fire till they got to that short distance, even then they might stand, take aim, and shoot without any signal whenever they chose.

This was a well-established way of settling these affairs in France, trying to the nerves of the coolest and most experienced duellist, terrible to the uninitiated.

Each of the parties were provided with pistols. Those of the Frenchman were of ordinary make, rather old and battered, and both of them marked with two or three slight notches, to note the number of times they had been used by their owner, G——n's antagonist. He poised one of them caressingly in his hand. But when his eye fell on the beautiful English feather-spring weapons which the lieutenant took calmly out of their case, it glistened with delight and ferocious longing.

"I must fight with one of those," said he.

"No, monsieur," replied the lieutenant; "we are not to provide you with a weapon." And he explained to the impatient G——n the request and his refusal.

"Oh! let him have it, for God's sake—what matter? Do go on quickly. She will be sure to hear of this, and——"

"Take it, sir," said the lieutenant; "my friend is too generous."

"He'll be a dead man in two minutes," was the fierce and ruffianly reply, as he snatched the proffered weapon. And the four pistols were loaded by the seconds.

"Be steady, for Heaven's sake! On no account fire till you both reach the canes. The short distance is your only chance," said the lieutenant, as he placed a pistol in G——n's hand. The latter scarcely knew how to hold it. An instinct of common sense made him point it straight before him; but he was afraid to put his finger on the trigger, for he was warned that the slightest touch on the feather-spring would cause it to go off prematurely.

The Frenchman flourished his weapon, levelled it with a theatrical air, called out loudly some words that G——n did not understand; but all was done clearly with the object of throwing him off his guard, and hurrying him into firing at the farthest distance, with a certainty of missing. Failing in this design, the Frenchman then stepped rapidly up to the cane, his barrier, his arm at full length, and G——n could see into the barrel of the pistol levelled straight at him. He had just presence of mind to reflect that a good shot at twenty paces—the distance now between them—was sure to hit his man, while he would be as certain to miss; so by a sudden impulse he ran impetuously up to his barrier, giving the idea to all the spectators that he had utterly lost his head, and was rushing full tilt against his foe, whom he covered straightly enough. So thought the latter. And he, astonished and startled by the extraordinary movement of his intended victim, unconsciously pulled the trigger with a jerk—the sensitive feather-spring threw the bullet wide of its mark—and at the same instant the report of G——n's pistol told that he, too, had fired, having stopped firmly and steadily at the barrier; and with a scream of agony, the desperate duellist bounded into the air, shot through the brain, and he dropped forward stone dead, on one of the weed-covered mounds which dotted the burial-ground.

G——n stood utterly stupefied. He knew no difference between life and death, or who had fallen, who escaped. From first to last he had given himself up as lost. He never dreamt of killing his enemy with his unpractised hand, nor of having a chance of safety from the unerring skill opposed to him. There was now no time for thought. His friend rushed up to him.

"Come, come on, come on; don't you see the wretch is dead? The people will tear us to pieces."

And so it would have been, had not the two friends bolted through the crowd that, insatiably curious, thronged round the corpse; and before they could disengage themselves to look for the two foreigners, they had scrambled over the broken wall, ran through some narrow lanes, and found shelter in Mr. G——n's house, where he met his wife, entirely ignorant of the fearful scene that had been acted. The second témoin had escaped by another route.

Almost immediately the yells of the people were heard outside. Their fury against the Englishmen was roused to the highest pitch, and could not be controlled by the few gentlemen who were present at the catastrophe, and not one of whom lamented it, for the lot had fallen on him who deserved it, and who left none behind to mourn for him. G——n and his friend fastened up the doors and windows as best they could; but they would not have long resisted the assaults of the crowd, had not fortunately a small detachment of mounted gendarmerie galloped up, and surrounded the house. The officer commanding it demanded admission, which was gladly given to him. His conduct was admirable. His first care was to tranquillise the lady, who, like a true woman, was

calm, resolute, and active for her husband's safety, generous and unselfish for her own. The officer assured her of his protection, and also undertook to guarantee the safety of the lieutenant; but as he was unable to answer for that of the principal in the homicide, knowing the nature of the infuriated mob and the state of national feeling at the time, he devised the only plan for his escape, in case they overpowered the half-dozen gendarmes and forced an entrance. He therefore called on one of his men to come inside while the rest sat in their saddles, sabre in hand; and he made G——n at once change clothes with the soldier-policeman. This was done quietly and speedily. Then leading him to the door, he saw him mount the horse of the man he personated, putting an apparent letter hastily prepared into his hand, professedly for the magistrate of the town. G——n well played his part. He rode calmly through the people, who offered no remark, trotted along in the direction he was told to take, and very soon left Bagneres behind him, relying on the courage and the chivalry of the Frenchman who saved him, to protect his wife, and the friend less compromised than he was.

He was joined on the same evening by both those objects of his solicitude, who came under safe escort, and he turned his back for ever on the place where he had seemed to have experienced such a fearful dream. And now comes the explanation of the startling event.

Mr. G——n, naturally for a man of his quiet habits, was fond of reading. He was a subscriber to the circulating library; and he one day had in his turn a volume that touched on the great war against Napoleon, and contained some sentence rather disparaging to the French army in connexion with the battle of Toulouse. Some reader of the book had written in pencil a short remark on the passage, approving its tone and enforcing its truth by a severe epithet. Mr. G——n scarcely observed this, if he saw it at all; but he in due time returned the book to the library, and forgot all about it.

Passing from one subscriber to another, the volume fell into the hands of the young fire-eater whose unhappy fate I have just related. Harried away by passion, by furious hatred of all Englishmen, so indiscriminate that he cared not on whom he vented it, he rushed to the circulating library, inquired who among the subscribers had last had the volume, was answered vaguely; but the name of Mr. G——n was mentioned as one of the last, and the person in the shop pointed out that gentleman, who happened to be passing at the time. That was enough. The self-doomed victim, the virtual suicide rushing on his fate, darted out, engaged his two attendant friends to accompany him, followed the two unsuspecting Englishmen into the billiard-room—and the reader knows the rest.

From the sunny south, Mr. T. C. Grattan repaired to Paris, as a more permanent literary abode; and we are indebted to his residence there for many pleasant sketches of contemporary notabilities, both English and French. Here is a sketch of the kind of society in which Messrs. Grattan, Moore, and others of note, found themselves at times:

I remember particularly one day that Moore, Washington Irving, and myself went out to some distance from Paris on a long invitation, to a different style of repast, to meet Kemney, Horace Smith, Poole, the dramatic writer, Howard Payne, once known as the "American Roscius," but at the period I now refer to an adapter of pieces from the French for the London theatres, and withal a very unassuming and amiable man. Poole was somewhat of a contrast to him, but not without a sly, dry humour that was more amusing than kindly. There were several other persons present. We arrived at the hour fixed, and were welcomed by our host and hostess. Never yet did the chance-medley distribution of matrimony throw together a couple more dissimilar in appearance and manner; but I believe they were not only tied but attached to each other. He was small, nervous-looking, and narrow-shouldered. She stout-built, talka-

tive, and using action enough to form a dozen orators according to Cicero's recipe. The host was a mere nobody when she was present; yet she did not by any means bully him. As she expanded he shrank into himself; but there was neither tyranny on one hand, nor submission on the other. Only that in speaking of the pair you would naturally say wife and man—Mrs. and Mr. M.—and rather call her his sirloin than his rib.

The quart d'heure de Rabelais was on this occasion spun out most intolerably. It seemed as if some dreadful accident had occurred in the kitchen, and that dinner was put off *sine die*. The confusion of the family and the hunger of the guests combined to make the scene very painful. Mr. M. became distressingly fidgety, paced up and down the room, rang the bell, and made excuses. The lady bustled about and made exits and entrances innumerable. Several servants and children were running hurry-scurry through the house. Everybody was worn out. Appetite which so sharpens wit lost its own edge. Not a joke was started nor a pun flushed. There was plenty of steel and flint, but nothing to bring them into collision. Of the dozen guests there was certainly not one so completely flabbergasted, as Shakespeare expresses the French idea, so thoroughly flabbergasted, as Moore.

At length, after a mortal hour and half of expectation dinner was announced, and down stairs we went in solemn procession, more suited to a funeral than a feast. The weather was extremely hot. The dining-room small, a profusion of viands was steaming on the table. But 'tis a jeu de règle on such occasions—the soup was cold and the wine warm. Yet that was the case only with those bottles of vin ordinaire which garnished the table, our provident hostess having had placed a couple of dozen at least of high-priced growths and promiscuous kinds in a capacious tub filled with water. Unluckily, however, the various paper labels pasted on the different flasks were all washed off, and they floated on the surface like fishes, leaving the contents of the flasks to be guessed at. The invitations to drink wine, and the hobnobbing à l'Anglaise, not abolished in those days, commenced quickly. "What do you prefer? White or red? Sauterne or Chablis? Madeira or sherry? Bordeaux or Burgundy?" were questions naturally put and innocently answered, no one imagining the difficulty of giving a practical reply. A clumsy servant plunging his hand into the tub to extract a bottle of Madeira, several of which had, contrary to all the rules of taste, been put into the water with the champagne and other boissens, seized on a bottle of Burton ale, uncorked it, and filled a bumper into the glass of the Poet. It was dead and unfrothing. So Moore without remarking the colour drank it off. Imagine his astonishment and disgust when his palate recovered the shock. He was upset totally. He could not even attempt to rally. Smith could not muster a pun. Irving, as usual with him at a dinner-party, fell asleep in his chair. Nobody had strength to shake off the wet blanket that covered the company; the stories which every one had come prepared with, no one had the heart to tell; and we were all sinking into silent stupidity when our hostess roused us into wonderment by suddenly calling on Moore "to give us a song!"

This was really electrical. The best-devised effort to overcome our torpidity could not so effectually have succeeded. A loud burst of laughter escaped from the whole party. Our hostess had tact enough to profit by the opportunity. She rose, and with a couple of ladies, her guests, beat a retreat. Irving in a fit of desperation roused up from his nap, and began to tell "a real snake story," as the Yankees say, or some other kind of story, no matter what. It quite answered the purpose meant. We became all at once gay and garrulous. Heaven knows what turn the conversation took. When the coffee was announced we were in high glee; and the road to Paris echoed with many a hearty laugh from the carriage in which Moore, Irving, myself, and one more (Villamil, I believe), went back late in the night, for the fun of which the day had held no promise.

The sketch of Thomas Campbell is anything but complimentary, but

what else could be expected? Campbell was not only a poet, he was also editor of the *New Monthly*, and if an editor does not insert the contributions proffered by an acquaintance, fill his pages with the lucubrations of a friend or accepted contributor, or panegyrisé the bantlings of his contemporaries in prose sufficiently exalted for their taste, he has nothing but hostility—not always of the most temperate kind—to encounter and to suffer from, even after his manes are supposed to be in peace. The sketches of Coleridge and Wordsworth are scarcely more encomiastic. There is something in them that reminds one of heroes as depicted by their valets de chambre. They are too homely, too familiar, but perhaps those who like to see great men in *déshabille* will prefer them for that very reason. There is something still more peculiar about the sketch of poor Edmund Kean. (Scrope Davies was scarcely worth setting up as a lay-figure merely to be knocked down.) The great tragedian is brought forth from his first appearance as a strolling player and fencing-master at Waterford, to bask in the sunshine of the most brilliant success, only that his break-down in Mr. Grattan's great and portentous work, "*Ben Nazir, the Saracen*," should constitute a greater contrast and a more tremendous catastrophe. Edmund Kean had lost his memory: Mr. T. C. Grattan shows satisfactorily that he has not lost his.

Several years' residence in France, and subsequently in Belgium, Holland, and Germany furnish our veteran author with other sketches not less open to criticism, on the score of personality, but far less so on that of detraction. Among these, those of the American notabilities, Christopher Hughes, Preble, and Davezac, stand pre-eminent—Davezac with his "*ensanguyned plains of New Orlines*," where John Bull was so thoroughly licked—i. e. outwitted—dropping down to the old beau-diplomatic, with brown coat and brass buttons, yellow waistcoat and flashy scarf, black curly wig, green patch over one eye, and an enormous tumour ("*Decency*," says Mr. T. C. Grattan, in his protest-preliminary against autobiography, "*commands the concealment of physical disease. It is trafficking in the infirmities of nature for base lucre*") is a portrait penned by a master's hand, not to be surpassed in its way, and all the more sarcastic for being so vividly and distinctly brought out. Mr. T. C. Grattan has one hero and contemporary in whom he believes, and that is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. His account of his interview with that great man, and the reflections it gives birth to, constitute an admirable point of culmination to "*Beaten Paths*."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

GERMAN politics are decidedly at a discount in this country at present, and that is probably the reason why so little attention has been paid to the very grave events now performing in Berlin. To those, however, who can see beyond the moment, it is plain that the way is being paved for a struggle between absolutism and constitutionalism, and that the King of Prussia is resolved, coûte que coûte, to try and restore an enlightened despotism, and place the government once again under the rule of the sabre. That any regnant should attempt such a thing after the European experiences of the last two years would be surprising, except in the case of the Prussian king, who, regardless of the past, and the lessons of 1848, would sooner imitate the last King of Naples and be hurled from his throne than allow his prerogative to be encroached on. Already the signs are remarkable; the second Chamber has been dissolved on a point of conflicting authority, and there is confusion in the liberal camp, for none of the constitutional ministers seem inclined to accept the responsibility of the royal acts. The best way to judge the matter will be to compare the present with the past, and show how the king behaved during the most eventful period of his life, namely, from 1845 to the close of 1848. The publication of a very remarkable book, containing information of a secret nature, fortunately enables us to show that this royal leopard has not changed his spots.* But first a word as to the writer of the volumes. Varnhagen was a gentleman who held a very respectable status in Berlinese society as politician and man of letters. Each night, ere retiring to bed, it was his fashion to record the gossip and conversation of the day with illustrated commentaries, and probably chuckled as he thought of the bomb-shell which his death would discharge among his friends. The whole of Varnhagen's writings and correspondence was left by him to his niece, Ludmilla Assing, who has already produced an intolerable scandal by publishing the letters of Alexander von Humboldt. After two or three less important works, she opened the Pandora's box again for the publication of these journals, which for virulence and scandal surpass anything the century has known. In proof of this, we will select a few illustrative passages, though we shall direct our attention principally to the character of the present ruler of Prussia.

At the beginning of 1845 the late king resolved to establish two Chambers, and give his people a constitution. He drew up the programme himself, and though, as Minister von Bülow told our author, there was much in it that would not gain the favour of the public, there was, on the other hand, much that would surpass expectation. The king said, "Am I not bound to carry out what my father promised? The question is, whether I am an honest man or a rogue? If my brother William is opposed to me it will grieve my heart, but not have the slightest influence on my head, and nothing can or shall make me alter my resolution." The king was in earnest, and to give an idea of his conscientiousness, we may state that he did not sleep for three nights

* Tagebücher. Von Varnhagen von Ense. Vols. III. and IV. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

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while settling the point whether the universities should be represented in the Upper or Lower House. The aristocracy were furious at the king's constitutional ideas, and said that he would repent of them, and end by going melancholy mad. He ought to think about amusing himself, and leave legislation alone. Here is a delicious little bit of scandal :

The king, Von Bülow told me, does not at all vacillate in his resolution, hardly any attempts have been made by Austria and Prussia to change him, and if they were, they would be of no avail. But the king is having a hard fight of it with the Prince of Prussia. The prince seemed ready to yield, but, after a long conversation with the minister of the interior, Count von Arnim, who was at first on the king's side, but is now with the prince, the latter has repeated his protest more energetically. He has had legal opinions fished up which grant him the right of veto, but the king has opposed to them others which deny that right. How strange that such a question should be even possible in Prussia ! But it had been discussed before, and I learned for the first time a hitherto entirely unknown fact : namely, in 1806, the brothers, Henry and William of Prussia, had dared to try and prevent King Frederick William III. from continuing the war with France. At least, they threatened to increase their opposition into resistance ; to which the usually so undecided king at once replied, that they might try how far they could get, but in such a case he should consider himself authorised in cutting their heads off.

So far did matters proceed, that it was regarded as a proof of a bad way of thinking to be on the king's side ; the prince's was the good cause. Here is a curious remark of our author, which we cannot help thinking an *ex post facto* judgment : "The Prince of Prussia hardly thinks that while he is opposing the constitution he is bringing about what he hates and fears much more—a revolution." Even the princess said to a gentleman that it must not be supposed she had any influence over her husband ; for when he was in his obstinate fits, no one could bring him to reason. But the king was equally unsatisfactory through the opposite defect of character. Here is an instance of his amiable theorising :

The king lately asked the manufacturer Diergardt of Elberfeldt who is now here, whether he had read "Le Juif Errant ?" He answered in the affirmative. The king thereupon asked whether he could establish something with his thousand workmen such as is described in an iron-factory in that novel ? To this M. Diergardt replied in the negative ; and afterwards wrote a short memoir, in which he drew the king's attention to the distinction between romance and reality. What strange notions occur to our Frederick William !

While the constitution was still in embryo, a terrible excitement was aroused in Berlin by Von Arnim giving the Badois deputies, Itzstein and Hecker, notice to leave the city, through an alleged informality in their passports. Varnhagen declares that the minister was a Prussian Polignac, and would meet with the same fate. We cannot help noticing, by the way, the great number of his predictions which proved true ; and it leads us to the suspicion that these passages were, to some extent, inserted after the event. Here is a curious reflection, which cannot be regarded as the effect of chance :

The people lived in France in 1787 and 1788 just as quietly as we are doing now, but the very next year there was a tremendous change. We are already in the midst of a silent revolution. Prussia must either disappear in Germany, or Germany in Prussia. Prussia has gone too far ; she can neither go back nor stand still ; she must advance.

While spending the summer at Hamburg, Varnhagen heard from the Countess von Edling that there really existed an autobiography of the Empress Catherine, in which she described her personal affairs with brutal straightforwardness, and among other things was a full account of her husband's deposition, in which circumstances spoke greatly in her favour. The Empress Elizabeth lent the countess one of the volumes for a week, and the Emperor Alexander intended to destroy the work, but the reflection that his grandmother appeared better in it than in most histories, restrained him, while he also learned that certainly two, but probably more, copies existed, which might easily be falsified were the original destroyed. This anecdote is a confirmation, were such needed, of the authenticity of the volume M. Herzen published in 1859. We can recommend the whole of the diary relating to Kissingen, as full of anecdotes about Lord Levison, Mr. Grote the historian, and other English notabilities. While here, Varnhagen heard from General von Botte that the Emperor of Russia had said to him, two years before, "Je suis persuadé que je mourrai d'une mort spontanée." Here, too, is a capital story he picked up about the Russian Church :

The Weimar Pope Sabinier tells me many things about the Greek Church ; among others, a neat little story of a Russian mujik who goes to confess. "Oh, dear papa, I have stolen pigeons." "Pigeons! And what have you done with them?" "They are lying in that corner." "Leave them there." And the father-confessor imposes a penance and confiscates the pigeons. The next time the peasant confesses again: "I love a beautiful girl, and she has not been unkind to me." "What! a beautiful girl! What is her name? Where is she?" "Oh no, dear papa, that is not the same as with the pigeons."

We will pass over a considerable amount of scandal connected with our Queen's progress up the Rhine, and return to Berlin, where our author finds the king busily engaged in arranging the costume of the members of the new Chambers. During the visit of the Empress of Russia the king held a grand review, and was greatly dissatisfied with the manoeuvres. He spat, in his passion, scattered much flowery language around in the shape of "horned cattle stupidity" and "asses' tricks," abused the Prince of Prussia, said that if it had been a real engagement an entire corps would have been cut off, and shouted to the troops, "Get out of that, you villains!" As a compensation for this, Humboldt told the author that the whole court at Sans-Souci was solely occupied with the question, whether the Jews went through the Red Sea on a Tuesday or a Wednesday? Nothing else was talked about but this most important point, which emanated from the publication of Bunsen's "Egypt." The Prince of Prussia, during this time, was forming the various systems of Freemasonry into one lodge, and was very proud of his handiwork. Of course the Pietists, who detested the prince, declared his schemes unchristian, and there were numerous petitions to the king to put down Freemasonry with a strong hand.

At the beginning of 1846, when the *Times* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* were crying shame on the Prussians for allowing themselves still to be blinded by the royal promises, the government organ, the *Rhenish Observer*, had the audacity to print the insane flattery that Prussia seemed destined under the present government to set her mark on the

nineteenth century. It appears, however, from the whole of this correspondence, that the late King of Prussia was a well-meaning man, who would have proved highly respectable anywhere but on a throne. He was very fond of coarse jokes, and would laugh at them until, to use his own words, "he perspired most improperly," and every now and then displayed a dry humour, of which the following is a specimen :

Dr. von Wiebel of the état-major is not satisfied with having the Star of the Red Eagle set in brilliants, but longs for the blessings of the great ribbon. As the man has not distinguished himself in any way, such a favour could not be shown him, though he draws the king's attention to it on the occasion of each festival. On the last festival he went at an early hour to the king, to whom he had free access, and after tormenting him for a long time, the latter said, "Well, my dear Wiebel, I will say good-by to you now, but we shall meet again at the festival." "I am not going to it," Wiebel replied, angrily. "Why not?" "I have received nothing." "Is that really so? I must have a look. Give me the list of promotions lying there." And after the king had looked through it a little while, he said, "You really are right; you are not in it. Well, I congratulate you sincerely, for you will not be obliged to be present."

From Herr von Bülow, Varnhagen learned a lamentable state of things existing at court. According to this minister, the king was an unhappy man. Though called king, he was not really so, for a clique governed him—a clique of pietistic, hypocritical, ignorant, and selfish men, who held firmly together, and of whom the king was afraid, as he could not permanently resist their will. And yet no other ministry could be formed, as the nation which had boasted of standing above all others was utterly deficient in knowledge and insight. Von Bülow concluded with the remarkable words: "While the government is growing stupid and retrograding the people is powerfully progressing. Through this contradiction the state of matters must ever become worse, and we are drifting into the most fearful revolution." Very true and pointed was his remark that Prussia was isolated in Europe, the government in Prussia, and the king in the government. Varnhagen's own opinion is contained in the following reflections :

Difference between the state of France in 1789 and our own : in France an enormous pressure on the nation, barbarous archaism in the system of government, progress and activity in all classes of the people : In Prussia the national life generally flourishing, pressure and misuses to be endured ; but, on the other hand, the state machine grows daily more unserviceable, the government will not go on, but constantly stumbles over self-prepared obstacles. Our finances are still good, but if they become bad all at once, and there was a shortness of money, all would be at an end.

Here is an anecdote which seems to show that *Punch's* ridicule of the last King of Prussia and his fondness for the Widow Clicquot was not unfounded :

A little while back the king threw himself sharply on his bed after a copious meal. The bed broke down, and with much abuse he ordered people to be fetched to repair damages. When they arrived, however, the king had fallen asleep in the hole, and no one dared to wake him. The carpenters waited half the night, till the king woke, wondered where he was, but soon began scolding and abusing again. One of the workmen, standing outside, said in delight, "Why, he does it better than one of us."

Another of the king's fancies was not to miss one of Cerrito's per-

formances, although the last king's partiality for the ballet had been sharply reproved by him when crown prince. An eye-witness told Varnhagen that the king and Duke George of Strelitz, who were sitting in the same box, were so delighted with the ballerine, that they rose, shook hands, and, in the overflow of unanimous admiration, embraced each other. Here is Varnhagen's own idea of the king: "I said to Bettina (Von Arnim) that the king accepted everything like a poet, emotionally, and yielded to the impressions without feeling at all certain what their results would be. This was the way in which he regarded the death of Aunt William, the Polish insurrection, Cerrito, an old tapestry, a magisterial petition, &c. Bettina said that this was an *ebauche* for a genial prince, but only an *ebauche*." The Aunt William alluded to had just died, and it created a pleasing sensation in Berlin, says Varnhagen, that she refused to see a clergyman in her last hours.

In September, 1846, some disturbances took place at Cologne, which the king was graciously pleased to overlook. The prince and a great number of general officers foamed with passion at the king's answer, especially the passage in which the king said he would order the military authorities to inform the citizens before employing their weapons. They considered this a dangerous weakness and humiliation of the troops. All this while the king was coquetting with the constitution, and laying before ministers tame and frivolous objections. Says Varnhagen: "The king will not succeed in this creation, for nothing succeeds with him." And a Swiss paper impudently wrote: "The character of the king, his person and government, are all expressed in one word—impotence!" While this was being printed abroad, a tradesman was arrested in Berlin for saying that he supposed the king was drunk, as usual, when he had a fall. Towards the close of November, 1846, there was an unpleasant affair with the Prince of Prussia at the Stettin railway station. He accompanied the Grand-Duke Constantine there, but not finding things right, he bullied the station-master, seized him by the collar, and dashed him against a wall. He also abused a Hamburg tradesman, who was walking about with his hat on, but the latter replied sharply that he was a stranger, and could not recognise princes. The affair reached the king's ears, and he said, ironically, "That is excellent for a prince who wishes to be so popular."

Early in 1847 the constitution really appeared an accomplished fact. The Emperor of Russia declared that if disturbances broke out in consequence of the changes, he should interfere, for the burning of a neighbour's house threatened his own. The Prince of Prussia asserted that he had opposed it as long as he could, but he saw that it was impossible to govern with eight ambitious provincial chambers, and that he was now zealously and conscientiously a friend of the new régime. He had hoped, though, that something would be brought about that might last seven or eight years, but the present thing could hardly exist for three weeks! As for the king, he was delighted at being able to satisfy his artistic tastes in the arrangement of the debating halls, the ceremony, &c. On the memorable day when the king held his inaugural address, the people read it in the streets by the lamp-light, and made many piquant remarks about it; such as, "He has forgotten the history of Charles X." "Yes, yes, he is the old man eloquent as usual." "Are we to believe it all?" "Why, it's like

a sermon in church." The king, it seemed, gave the prince his speech to read, and asked him whether he would prefer any alteration. The prince read, and answered that it would be no use making a few changes, and he would rather see the entire address suppressed; but if he insisted on delivering it, he had better do so as it stood! The king's ideas of constitutional chambers were certainly peculiar. "They must obey first. I think like a soldier: first obedience, and then discussion." The Prince of Prussia only gave his assent to the constitution under the threefold condition that: there should be a House of Lords, that no budget should be laid before the Estates for their assent, and that the Estates would not interfere in foreign affairs. These conditions the king granted. Still the prince had an uncomfortable berth of it in the House: he complained that his brother only sent him there to make himself unpopular, while his harsh, arrogant manner aroused the jealousy of the members. Now and then he received a sharp lesson: there was a question which of two amendments should be passed, and the prince rose and said, dictatorially, "I have already told you that the first is the better." For all that, though, the second was passed.

The year 1848 began for Prussia with painful political impressions. The king, through the invitation of Austria, had interfered in the internal affairs of Switzerland, and wished to support the Sonderbund against the legal authority. Neuchâtel, though a Protestant canton, refusing to join the Confederates, was heavily fined by the Diet, and forced to pay, in spite of the king's furious protests. He appealed to the Germanic Confederation to interfere, but it wisely declined; and the king then asked the assistance of Louis Philippe. But all was in vain: Neuchâtel gradually fell off from its obedience, and the Prussian officials were compelled to withdraw. The king was forced to resign his arrogant pretensions, and made himself the laughing-stock of Europe. Even in his own capital, snuff-boxes were sold representing the king led back to back with a Jesuit, and it was regarded as an intense disgrace that the king had flattered Louis Philippe so meanly, and his only reward had been to be left in the lurch by him.

On the other hand, the public temper in Prussia was anything but satisfactory. The arrogance of the officials and the pride of the officers, combined with the daily growing influence of the pietists in Church and State, gave the most frightful evidence of the ruinous direction in which the government was drifting. Promotion was only granted as a personal favour, while the impudence of the police went beyond all bounds. Any man who dared to assert his independence was thenceforth exposed to a thousand annoyances, while a strict censorship was maintained. When the king ascended the throne, he obtained great praise for abolishing the secret police, but the system of espionage existed throughout his reign. By the king's orders his own brothers were daily watched, and when Prince Albert detected it and complained, the king had not the pluck to defend his myrmidons, but sacrificed Herr von Rochow to his brother's anger. Well might Von Rochow say to Varnhagen, shortly prior to his death, that the king was the falsest and weakest man to be found in Berlin.

The Estates of the previous year had been converted into committees, which the king thought it would be easier to mould, but he found a very

severe opposition. The people of Berlin, too, had been considerably changed by the quarrels that took place at court, and which constantly reached their ears. No one could say anything agreeable about the royal princes, but there were countless anecdotes of domineering manner, rough military temper, and scandalous immorality. The disunion in which they lived with the king, and which the Prince of Prussia openly displayed by reproving the king's actions, was injurious to both parties in public opinion. While the king and his pious favourites refused to grant the nation a divorce act, they had the malicious delight of seeing a divorce in the royal family itself, as Prince Albert, for valid reasons, insisted on a separation from his wife. Another cause of serious anger was the way in which the king personally interfered in politics. Forty peasants signed an address to the opposition, and not alone did the officials employ all possible threats and entreaties to make them recal their signatures, but the king himself wrote to tell them that their crime in attempting to have a political opinion of their own was this time unpunished through the royal clemency.

The Guard officers more especially were the open enemies of the Chambers, and constantly spoke of the deputies as foes to the king, revolutionists, and Jacobins. At a court dinner to which they were invited, several general officers went so far as to insult them openly; an ear-witness told Varnhagen that one of them uttered, in a perfectly audible voice, the words: "We are forced to see in the royal apartments these fellows who are too low to clean our boots, these enemies of the nobility, these revolutionists!" Several of the deputies, who were simple farmers or tradesmen, unacquainted with court details, wore black neckties: this was a special crime which threatened the whole state with a speedy overthrow, and the king was not forgiven for neglecting to have these fellows kicked out.

Things were in this state when the news arrived from Paris of the downfall of Louis Philippe. The king, who had just before called the ruler of the French the buckler of monarchy, the arm upraised by Providence, gave him up at once, and merely said in the conclusion of a note he wrote Humboldt, "*Laissons passer en silence la justice de Dieu.*" While the king retained his old confidence, and said he had nothing to fear, as "his person was sacred," the people of Berlin began to grow excited, and the first meeting was held on March 7, and their importance and numbers daily increased. It was well known, however, that the king and his ministers were indisposed to make any concessions, that military measures were being taken, and that the moment was anxiously desired in which to make the insolent populace taste the rod, by shooting and cutting them down. This mode of thinking was openly expressed by the officers of the Guard and the higher authorities. The Prince of Prussia was universally regarded as the head of this party. Owing to his political obstinacy and severe military training, the prince was thought well suited to secure the Rhenish provinces against French movements; and as, too, his presence was most disagreeable to the king, it was arranged that the prince should take up his residence with his family at Cologne. At an early hour on March 15 the prince visited all the barracks, and took leave of the troops, earnestly exhorting them, and reminding them of the duty of obedience. This scene created a sensation, and his language,

which ran from lip to lip, aroused anger and bitterness. When, then, it was suddenly stated that the prince was not going away, it was generally believed that he remained in Berlin because his military zeal was more indispensable there than on the Rhine. The truth was, however, that his journey was deferred because the authorities had reported from the Rhine that the prince had better not come, for he was so hated, that disturbances might be apprehended if he showed himself in Cologne. The king showed the prince the report with some degree of malice, and said, with a shrug of the shoulders, that under the circumstances the journey was impossible. The prince, however, was angered at being sacrificed to the caprices of a nation he hated and despised, and his temper towards it generally became all the more hostile, as his angry, threatening looks amply testified.

On the same evening a popular meeting was held, and the report spread that the authorities were about to interfere. Troops certainly occupied the chief points of the city, and there was a grand display of strength; but the president of police did not think it necessary to interfere. For this he was afterwards reproved by several generals, as the cavalry were present, and he had such a splendid opportunity of dispersing the mob. The Prince of Prussia said to General von Pfuel, who withdrew his infantry when the people began throwing stones, "General, you have destroyed all I had such difficulty in creating; you have demoralised the troops, and must take the entire responsibility: it is *indigne*." Pfuel answered quickly: "Royal Highness, I shall at once appeal to his majesty. What I did was done from good reasons, and was successful." Pfuel went to the king, asked for satisfaction or dismissal, and the prince came in to apologise, and all was well again. On the 17th nothing of importance occurred, but on the following day Berlin was in full revolution. We will quote Varnhagen's own account of what he saw:

In my neighbourhood the desire for barricade-building speedily broke out. On my return from the Linden, I saw everybody at work, and in order not to be shut out, I was compelled to hurry home. Barricades sprang up as if by magic in all the streets I could see from my windows. A few well-dressed men, apparently students, gave orders and instructions, while a motley mass of porters, citizens, old and young, were busily at work. Droschkis and carriages were stopped and thrown over, the paving torn up, casks and chests fetched, while a house that was being built afforded beams, planks, and tiles. On the corner houses, paving-stones and other clumsy missiles were collected, in order to be hurled upon the assailants. The undertaking could still have been easily prevented: if a *bürgerwehr* had been in existence, it would not have permitted the barricades; but now all helped, among them the most honourable ladies and gentlemen. All was executed without noise, but with great regularity and obedience. At times drums would be heard from the *gendarmes'* market, and large bodies of troops soon appeared and destroyed a barricade, after which they withdrew again. The work went on unchecked in presence of the troops, and the determined conduct of the leaders created admiration and confidence. Their number was in reality small, perhaps scarce twenty, but they had round them some two hundred men on whom they could depend. Most of them, however, were unarmed, and the houses were searched for guns. A workman pointed to the Königsmark House, saying that three officers lived there, so there must be arms in it. When the gates were not opened after repeated summons, preparations were made to burst them open, and the angry mob poured noisily through the house. But the leaders were strict; only weapons were to be sought; no one was insulted, not a pane of glass was broken, not a curse uttered; and in spite of the dissatisfaction at not finding the guns, which

the servants had hurriedly concealed in the garden, all was done most politely. The roof of the house was found unsuitable for defence, and hence the mansion was soon left again, but the owners were ordered, under penalty of death, to keep it open all night, as was the case with every house in this quarter: When evening set in and it grew dark, the general engagement became the more violent and terrible. The guns thundered in regular rotation, the platoon fire grew louder, and the superiority of the troops seemed almost indubitable. Still, our neighbourhood was not seriously attacked, and, with the exception of some skirmishing at the barricades, nothing was attempted. In the morning the barricade in front of our house was deserted, and finally removed towards evening, the citizens fetching their own property.

This narrative Varnhagen supplements with much interesting matter. Thus he tells us that on the 16th a letter arrived from the Prince Consort of England, in which he implored the king to grant the country reforms in a truly constitutional sense, as that was the only way of facing the threatening storm which had already broken over a portion of Germany. The king had the letter read to him, but made no remark. The Prince of Prussia, who had no regular command, took upon himself to order the troops. When the first prisoners were brought into the palace, consisting chiefly of cripples and old people who could not fly quickly enough, the prince stepped forward, and said passionately to the Grenadiers, "Why did you not kill the dogs on the spot?" The king, too, was, in a terrible state of alarm. Ten different times did he try to run away with the queen, but the chief burgomaster fell at his feet and implored him to stay, for he would be murdered if he attempted flight. The king believed this, and remained. The alarm was general, and no one knew the real state of the case. The king's conduct was in every respect lamentable.

An unlucky student of theology regarded the disturbances of March 18 as a famous opportunity of displaying his zeal for the king. His attempts to address the people, however, proved a perfect failure, and he was lucky in escaping without a thrashing. Then he thought that on such a day a faithful heart was invaluable to the king, and forced his way into the palace. Here, however, he had the ill-luck to get among the prisoners locked up in the cellars, and then removed to Spandau, with kicks, blows, and ill-treatment, for all of which he consoled himself by the thought that he was suffering for his king.

On the evening of the 19th the king ordered the prince to leave the capital, or the hatred felt for him would cause a republic to be proclaimed. Major von V. procured a carriage, the prince and princess got in, V. stood up behind as footman, and they drove out of the Potsdam-gate, and put up at Schleinitz's house. Early the next morning they drove to Spandau, where the prince remained the whole of the 20th in hiding. Major von V. gave him four hundred dollars, and he managed to get safely to Hamburg, and thence to England.

There seems to have been some misunderstanding about the retreat of the troops. The king said that they should leave the streets and the palace, but not the city. It is said by Varnhagen that the prince, when he heard that the troops had orders to retire, shouted furiously, "Well! they had better march out of Berlin altogether!" This order was obeyed, although the prince had really no authority to give it. On the morning of the 19th was posted up the king's memorable address to "his dear

Berliner;" but the people tore it down, saying that it was too late, and talked about renewing the action.

The royal carriages were ready for a start the whole of the 18th, and it was after the king had made his commissions that he sent for Landrath von Vincke. When he arrived, he remarked to the king, "I cannot say how painful it was to me to enter Berlin under a discharge of artillery." Two generals laughed at this; and Von Vincke turned to them, and said, sharply, "A man who can laugh at this artillery fire is a bad Prussian." The king said, "No one has laughed." "Yes, these two gentlemen laughed; and it is wrong and improper that such a thing can happen." The king, wishing to appease Vincke, invited him to supper; but he answered, "No, your majesty, I never sup," and went away.

On the 19th the people appeared before the palace, and demanded the release of the prisoners, both those still in the cellars, and the others removed to Spandau. The king was obliged to come forward and promise this. He cried, "Well, you shall have them;" and added the bad joke, "I don't know, though, whether they will please you." It was notorious that they had been shamefully beaten and ill-treated, and so people got into a passion at this royal joke. The corpses were therefore fetched. "They could see how he liked them!" was shouted; and then followed the terrible procession, which the king and the queen—who would not leave him for a moment—were compelled to watch. All removed their hats with the exception of the king; but an imperious "Off with your cap!" received immediate compliance. The royal carriages were employed to convey the bodies from the palace to the cathedral. To show what a strange medley of good and evil the king was, we may add, that on the night of the 18th to the 19th, he fell back in his chair, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried, tearfully, "O God! O God! hast thou, then, utterly deserted me?" On the following morning, a Sunday, he insisted on divine service being held, at which he was present.

When the king had begun to recover a little from his terror, he began riding about the city with a national flag, making speeches to the lower classes, and incurring the ridicule of those who had anything to lose. Just fancy a monarch stopping before the university, sending for the professors, and saying to them, in the open street, "Write this up, gentlemen; write this up, I tell you, for it is for posterity! I am going to place myself at the head of Germany, in whose unity and liberty Prussia will henceforth subsist, but not otherwise. Write it up!"

There seems to have been a good deal of curious work going on upon both sides. Thus, on March 22nd—so Varnhagen tells us—a Prussian officer and a bedchamber-woman arrived at Hamburg with upwards of twenty chests, containing the royal jewellery and plate, which was shipped for England by steamer. Hence the King of Prussia evidently made up his mind to pay us a visit in the case of necessity.

A bitter jest was played in Berlin at this time: a cannon-ball was firmly bedded in a wall, and somebody wrote over it, "To my dear Berliner." On March 26, Varnhagen tells us, however, that strenuous efforts were being made to render the return of the prince possible. The nobles and military saw in him their protector, and attempts were made

to induce the Freemasons to get up an excitement about him, but they failed. The Princess of Prussia, our author tells us, also wrote from Babertsberg to —, and asked, with many complaints, whether the dissatisfaction with the prince was not over yet. It was high time to prepare for his return. —, however, honestly told her the truth, that the prince's return could not be hoped for for a long, long time, as he was mortally hated, and the princess herself was not much liked, as it was said that she had no heart for the Prussian people.

The aristocrats were induced by the simultaneous outbreaks through Europe to believe that the Berlin revolution was prepared in Paris; but, as Varnhagen justly observes, if that were the case, the king and prince were in the conspiracy, or, at least, they honestly did their part, the prince by attacking, the king by making concessions! It seems quite certain that at this stormy period of Prussian history nobility and officers had formed a regular conspiracy to effect a *coup d'état*, and bring back their idol the prince. Visiting the Minister von Canitz, Varnhagen finds the ladies engaged in making lint, "but only for our soldiers, not for the barricade heroes." Strange were the tales hovering about society: thus, the rich Jewish bankers had supplied large sums for the revolution in order to secure their emancipation! The Russian envoy at Berlin, on the other hand, saw in the revolution the handiwork of a few French emissaries. Varnhagen answered him sharply: "Well, I bow to these mighty men, for they are really the lords of the world, our kings and emperors."

The fourth volume of these extraordinary memoirs ends with May, 1848, and a survey of the situation. Varnhagen feels convinced that the ultras are making all preparations for a revolution, and that the king is being gradually brought over to their views. He does not feel the slightest anxiety as to the result, but he complains bitterly of the useless bloodshed that must ensue should the troops be ordered once again to attack unoffending citizens.

The thing that will most strike the reader of these volumes is the extraordinary power the King of Prussia must attribute to himself in allowing free circulation to such scandal in his dominions. It is a notorious fact, that, a fortnight before their publication, the Berlin police proposed to confiscate every copy that reached the frontier, but the king at once declined. In this, perhaps, the king wished to emulate his great ancestor, who, once seeing a crowd assembled at the corner of the palace, and a man mounted on the shoulders of another, busily reading a paper on the wall, inquired what it was. On being told that it was a pasquil on his coffee edicts, he calmly ordered it to be brought lower, so that everybody might read it without trouble. This action has often been referred to as one displaying great political wisdom, but we prefer to regard it as a proof of conscious power, and we doubt not but that the present king, in allowing Varnhagen's volumes to circulate, has prepared himself to accept the challenge and try conclusions with the people, should they dare to oppose his prerogative.

Unhappily, the King of Prussia is one of those honest men whose obstinacy is cause of regret to all persons who entertain conservative sentiments; he has, since his accession to the throne, been regarded as the champion of order in Europe, and as a defence against any French tentatives beyond the Rhine. By his present conduct he is playing into

the hands of a man who, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to keep his eye on Prussia, and proposes her as the next power on which to avenge the disgrace of Waterloo. Last year, as we all remember, the Prussians were suffering from a regular panic, and it seemed for a season as if the dream of Germanic unity were about to be realised in the face of the common foe. The King of Prussia had at that time the opportunity to place himself at the head of a united nation, but unhappily has preferred to create dissensions and heart-burning among a fraction of the Teutonic race. It may be—though from his character we can hardly believe it—that he is desirous of avenging the disgrace of March 18, 1848, and proving to the Berliner that he is master in his own capital. But, though he has displayed strong absolutistic tendencies since the memorable coronation at Königsberg, which excited disgust and ridicule in equal proportions, the position in which Prussia stands to England should make the king hesitate ere he resolved a final measure to bow the neck of his people, which in the end would entail his own discomfiture.

This is one of the instances—too numerous, we fear, they are—in which the loss of Albert the Good will be appreciated. Through his position in this country, he was the natural arbitrator in German constitutional matters, and his high disinterested character ever ensured him a hearing from even the most stiff-necked despots. The well-turned periods of Earl Russell will produce but slight effect compared with the penetrating arguments of our prince, who, while German by birth, was thoroughly English through associations, and had the invaluable privilege of being able to institute comparisons. At the same time, great as our loss is acknowledged to be, it will not become our ministers to be silent during this crisis in Prussian affairs; for the interests of this country are largely involved in the stability of the Prussian throne. That nation has attained such a degree of enlightenment, that it must naturally view with disgust such conduct as the king's during the past month, for it cannot but remember that it condoned his great offences, and offered him an opportunity for repentance, which he should not neglect.

Were he a Bourbon, we should not waste our time in alluding to these painful matters; but, standing as he does at the head of a powerful nation, to which Germany has so long looked up lovingly and earnestly for emancipation, we feel sorry at his errors, and can only hope that the present crisis may not take us back at a bound to the barricades of 1848. For, should the king be defeated, he would be expelled without hope of return; while, if he were victorious, he would send his country fifty years back on the path of progress. And, in the present state of the Continent, a powerful and enlightened nation is needed more than ever on the borders of France.

END OF VOL. CXXIV.

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